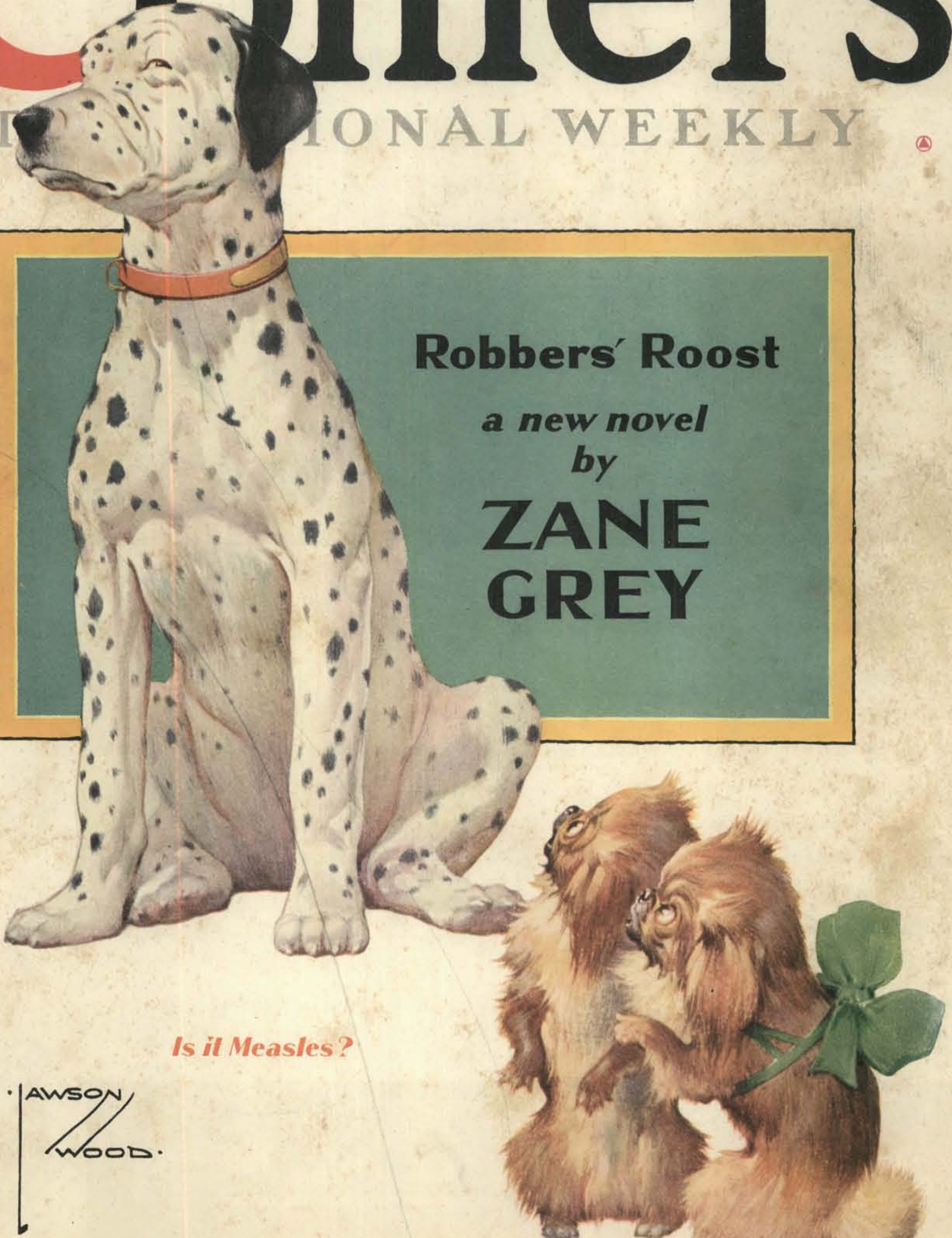
Oct. 1930

5¢ a copy

October 11, 1930

Collier's

T IONAL WEEKLY



Robbers' Roost

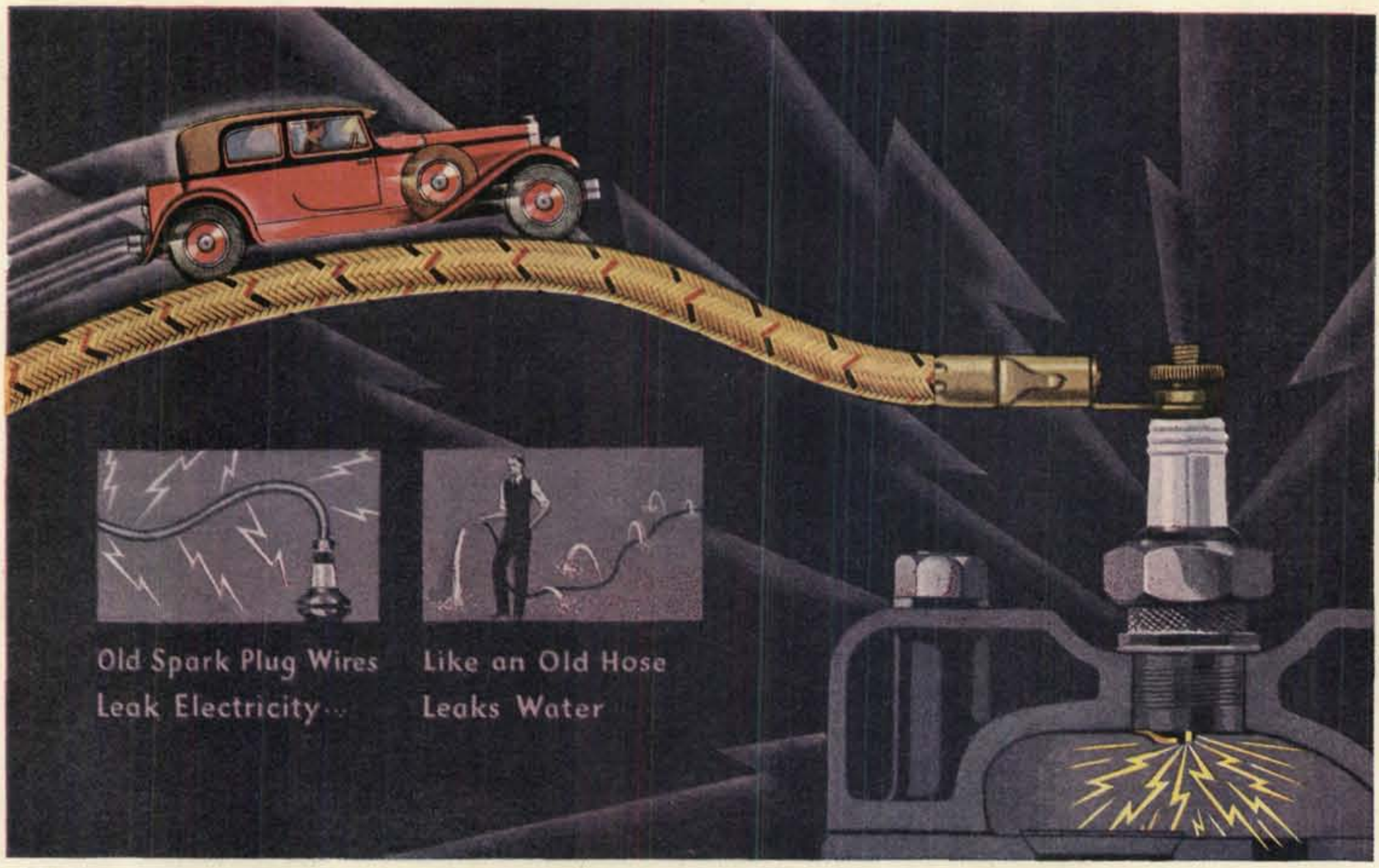
a new novel
by

ZANE GREY

Is it Measles?

Oct. 11, 1930

When your Motor is Willing .... but the Spark is Weak


Old Spark Plug Wires
Leak Electricity...
Like an Old Hose
Leaks Water

Packard
Ignition Cable Set
CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR
CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR
CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Remember Camoah* Robs Spark Plug Wires of Vital Power

It takes more than a good plug to get a good, healthy spark. *Spark Plug Wires* must safely carry a rushing torrent of electricity to each plug. This eager, leaping, tumbling energy leaks out through minute, invisible cracks in faulty *Spark Plug Wires* ... causing modern engines to lag and lose pep. In time . . . every 10,000 miles as a rule . . . even the best of *Spark Plug Wires* spring these unseen leaks!

If that sweet roar of power doesn't come when you call for it, look to your *Spark Plug Wires.* Have your garage man install a new genuine Packard Lac-kard Ignition Cable set . . . the greatest device known to Science for assuring your motor of its *full* electrical punch!

★ Camoah—a word originated to express the six causes of failure of *Spark Plug Wires,* as discovered by Packard Electric Engineers. These causes are Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC COMPANY · WARREN, OHIO
Canadian Sales Offices: 283 King Street, East, Toronto · 1108 McArthur Building, Winnipeg

IN SETS FOR ALL CARS, $1.50 TO $4.75

Packard Lac-kard
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SPARK PLUG WIRES

© 1930.
The P. E. Co.

Big Ben

The Cheery Call... that never fails

Big Ben base model in nickel finish or in beautiful colors, $3.50... with luminous dial a dollar more. Other Westclox alarms as low as $1.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

LEAVE it to Big Ben to wake you right on the dot! He will do it, morning after morning, and whenever you say. You can depend on him; millions do and have for years.

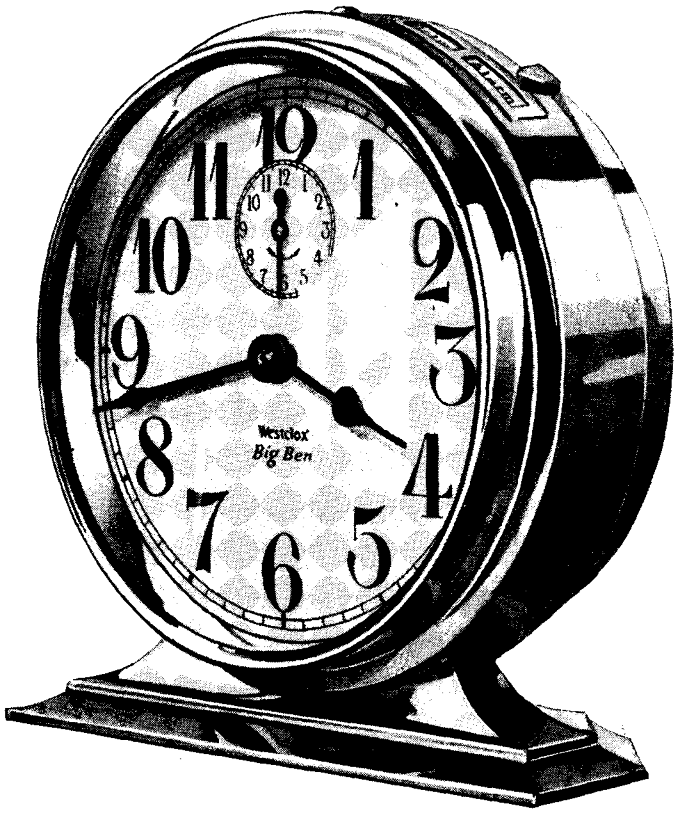
Big Ben stands firm and secure on his artistic felt cushioned base... and a mere touch silences the cheery call that never fails.

Strictly modern in design and finish... sturdy Big Ben carries a definite two year guarantee. He lives long. Serves you faithfully. High quality and thorough dependability make him the most economical alarm clock... the most satisfactory in every way. A better alarm clock, worth his price.

There are many other Westclox, alarms, pocket watches, auto clocks. Some with plain dials, others with dials that tell time in the dark. They are all reliable and you can identify them by the well-known Westclox trade-mark.

Westclox

ALARMS · POCKET WATCHES · AUTO CLOCKS



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

VISITORS at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 were amazed one day to see among the black-haired papooses on the miniature Indian reservation a blond and unmistakably Nordic head. The child to whom it belonged seemed in perfect understanding with his Indian friends, but anyone who addressed him in English would have received no more than a puzzled look. If, however, the inquirer had tried calling him Knute K. Rockne, there would have been an immediate and lively response. Young Rockne was enjoying one of the pleasant detours in his amazing course from Voss in Norway to the football field of Notre Dame. *Next week Collier's begins a series* of eight articles which comprise the saga of Knute Rockne. In the first one Mr. Rockne tells the exciting story of his early life: it is called "From Norway to Notre Dame."

"SO IT was thrust and twist, a flash to the right and to the left, almost in silence, with only the grunting of the three assailants in front—the swish of the thin rapier like the whistling of a little wind, and the panting of breaths in the darkness." That's the situation Don Constanzio is in when the gypsy girl finds him. It is, alas, only the prelude to dark intrigues devised against him by hot-blooded hidalgos and court beauties in the favor of the Spanish king. Emma-Lindsay Squier *tells* you about it in "Don Constanzio Dares."

—

FROM time to time Collier's has brought you detailed reports of the working of prohibition in various parts of this country. You have watched it grow in importance, politically, and have heard it praised and damned in a hundred different ways. The issue is now overgrown with prejudice and private interest which distort and magnify it. In some states it is in a fair way of becoming *the* political issue. This new development finds a striking exemplification in Montana, where Senator Thomas J. Walsh, whose abilities as a statesman are unquestioned, is faced with the possibility of defeat at the polls because of his attitude toward prohibition. Mr. Shepherd tells you about it in "Prohibition's Too Wet."

—

WEBSTER STRANGE held decided views about a father's attitude toward his children. He explained them to his daughter Lola one night, after her mother had deserted him. He would at no time, he said, consider himself justified in interfering with her life or attempting to influence her decisions. He stuck to his principles, too, even on the night when Lola leaned over the balustrade of their penthouse terrace and tried to make up her mind whether it mightn't be best to lean just a little farther. Hagar Wilde has written about it in "Don't Wait Up for Me," a very modern love story.

—

P. G. WODEHOUSE and Zane Grey will once more hold millions spellbound by their serials. There will be stories and articles by Alan LeMay, John B. Kennedy, Uncle Henry, Grantland Rice, and others. Lack of space, not of enthusiasm, stops us.

THIS WEEK

October 11, 1930

Cover—Lawson Wood

Page 7—Zane Grey

Robbers' Roost, Part I: Western romance—a future best seller.

Page 10—Clarence Darrow

"Let No Man Therefore Judge You in Meat, or in Drink": A wet's view of Ontario.

Page 12—Jeffery Farnol

The Man of Destiny: A love story in which the plot goes wrong.

Page 14—P. G. Wodehouse

Big Money, Part IV: The Biscuit retires to the suburbs.

Page 16—Uncle Henry

Affront Page: Our colleague reads the newspapers.

Page 17—Thomas McMorrow

The Art of Mr. Sanzio: A short story which proves that swindlers must be very smart.

Page 19—Aimee Larkin

Fall Clothes Line: How the new styles look.

Page 20—William Pickett Helm

Aladdins of the Test Tubes: Modern magicians.

Page 21—The Short Short Story

Among the Casualties: By F. R. Buckley.

Page 22—Grantland Rice

Why They Win: Football coaches and how they work.

Page 25—George Weston

Jailbirds of Paradise: A love story.

Page 28—Hagar Wilde

Taxi Ride: Also, despite appearances, a love story

Page 30—Kathleen Norris

Lovers' Lane, Part X: Conclusion.

Page 50—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 58—Word Hunt

Page 70—Sol Metzger

Purdue Stages a Comeback

Page 73—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

Ghost Stories: Inspired by Mr. Michelson.

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

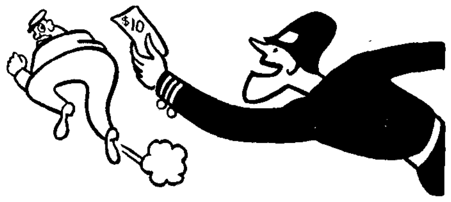
AVOIDING controversy whenever possible, we are compelled to agree with Mr. Henry MacNair of New York, who begins an excellent letter this way: "Collier's has always been preëminently right, editorially, morally, politically and orthographically, as far as my humble intellect can discern." Mr. MacNair was therefore pained to read that we had received a letter from Mr. Bouterse of Bradentown, Florida, and tells us that there is no longer a "w" in the name of that town, the removal having been effected painlessly a few years ago.

Our agreement with Mr. MacNair, already complete, becomes enthusiastic as we reach his last sentence: "But, after all, right or wrong, my Collier's every week." A noble sentiment, well expressed.

—

BUT Mrs. Cora E. McCrory has other ideas. "I do not think Collier's Weekly," she writes, "a paper respectable people should buy. Any magazine that brags the wets all the time and slurs the drys should be stopped by the government." And the government even now with too much to do!

We hope Mrs. McCrory never meets Mr. MacNair. They wouldn't get along well.



THE issue of Collier's bearing Hugh Kahler's short short story "Long Odds"—about the self-conscious thief—had hardly made the news stands when Constable Archambault, standing in the Place d'Armes, Montreal, saw a passing stranger drop a ten-dollar bill. Always courteous, the constable returned the money. But the stranger had just robbed a bank and that guilty feeling was so strong that he fled and became at once, therefore, a suspicious character. He was pursued and captured. Obviously, the thief had not read Mr. Kahler's story, and we rejoice with Constable Archambault, who came out of the affair with two black eyes, a chewed ear and great glory.

Mr. Ralph G. Faris of Danville, Illinois, pointed out the coincidence, but we are beholden to Mr. Andrew Paterson, himself of Montreal, for the details. Twenty-four hours after the capture the offender had received his sentence—ten years and ten lashes—and Mr. Paterson with pardonable Canadian pride notes that we do not dispose of our criminals so quickly, if at all. To which we make no more reply than to say it isn't Mr. Kahler's fault, nor ours. Our record of swift convictions in fiction is nearly one hundred per cent.

—

WHEN we announced that now famous gambling story by Don Marquis, "The Crack of Doom," we said reformers would be pleased. They were. But we were surprised to hear also from some of the reformed. Several gentlemen who, after reading the story, swore off gambling, have written us that this is now a better world. Mr. Marquis, whose evangelistic impulses are very strong, is as pleased as we are. He now affects to believe we paid him too little for the story and has offered to cut for high card, double or nothing.

Trying to reform us, of course.

Volume 86, Number 15. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. *Copyright, 1930, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.* Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts

EVERY HOME Should Own

A GOOD ENCYCLOPAEDIA

50,000 families agree this New BRITANNICA has no equal

BOOKCASE TABLE INCLUDED

This handsome bookcase table, made of genuine mahogany, is included with every set. It's amazing what you get for your money.

EVERY home today needs a GOOD encyclopaedia. No longer can any modern household afford to be without one. For young and old alike it is an absolute necessity. You can choose this completely *new* Encyclopaedia Britannica with full assurance that you have selected the best.

"Its equal does not exist," says the New York Times. That is the consensus of opinion. Already 50,000 families own it. And now you can have it—give it to your family—at a new low price.

"It is a library in itself," says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. It's amazing what you get in these 24 volumes. 35,000,000 words of text. 15,000 superb new illustrations, many in color. 500 maps—a complete atlas. All the world's knowledge made clear and vivid for you by 3,500 leading authorities in every field.

You get more than 500 ordinary books could give you—a range of subjects unequaled by any university in the world. Yet you get all this *in your own home*—literally within arm's reach. This book is indeed "a library in itself"—indispensable to everyone.

"Most comprehensive, useful" —Leon Whipple, noted critic

YOU'LL be fascinated by this *new* Britannica. Here is the greatest knowledge book of all times. Yet it is like no other book you have ever read. It is a book of a million facts, yet it is as interesting, as glamorous as fiction. You'll find yourself reading it by the hour—roaming on and on—spellbound.

This book does away with distance—opens up new horizons. No place is too remote—no voyage too difficult—when you own it. The whole world lies before you. You have only to choose your goal.

"An encyclopaedia for the whole family"—Prof. A. M. Patterson*

FOR you—for your family—the *new* Britannica will prove a practical help—every day. Women like it because it's so up-to-date, because it gives them useful information about whatever they're doing—at home and outside. Men use it for reliable information on business, history, law, world-affairs—use it because it pays them to use it.

Your children will find it a constant help in school and at home—a chance to develop their own special interests. It is indispensable. Your family—every family—should have it.

SPECIAL OFFER
NEW Low Price—$5 down

Always a leader in giving unusual value per dollar, this *new* Britannica surpasses every previous edition. Today you can buy it at a new low price—the lowest, in fact, at which any completely *new* Britannica has been available for over 60 years. Buy it on easy payments, if you like. Under our Time Payment plan, an initial investment of only $5 brings the entire set, complete with its special bookcase table, to your home.

56-PAGE FREE BOOKLET

Brought to you by your postman

Act Now! Send for our free illustrated booklet. It contains numerous specimen maps, color plates, etc., and gives full information. Before you spend a dollar you can see exactly what you get for your money. No obligation. Just fill out coupon and mail today.

---

* Of Antioch College

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME!

"YEARS AGO I wrote in a book about family life, that after chairs, tables, beds and dishes, the most important piece of furniture for a home in which children were to be brought up was a good encyclopaedia.

"After some months of living with the new Britannica, I'd be inclined to revise that advice and put the Encyclopaedia first."

—**DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER**

Author of "The Brimming Cup," "The Home-Maker," etc.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc. 3 Col.-C3
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

WITHOUT OBLIGATION—

Please send me, by return mail, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the *new* Britannica, together with low price offer, etc.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

____

"RCA Radiotrons bring out the full tone beauty"

says

E. F. McDONALD, JR.

President

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

"WE are proud of the new Zenith Radio. It is engineered and built on the basis of RCA Radiotron characteristics—and tested with RCA Radiotrons. RCA Radiotrons bring out the full beauty of Zenith tone... For the full thrill of Zenith performance we urge all Zenith owners to use RCA Radiotrons. Zenith dealers are instructed that the dependable performance of RCA Radiotrons make them the logical choice for initial equipment and replacement purposes."

RCA
RCA
UX-245
POWER AMPLIFIER
FIL. VOLTS 2.5
FIL. AMP'S. 1.5
PLATE VOLTS (MAXIMUM) 250
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)
RCA
RADIOTRON
UX-245

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
HARRISON, N. J.

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.

This is the 23rd in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

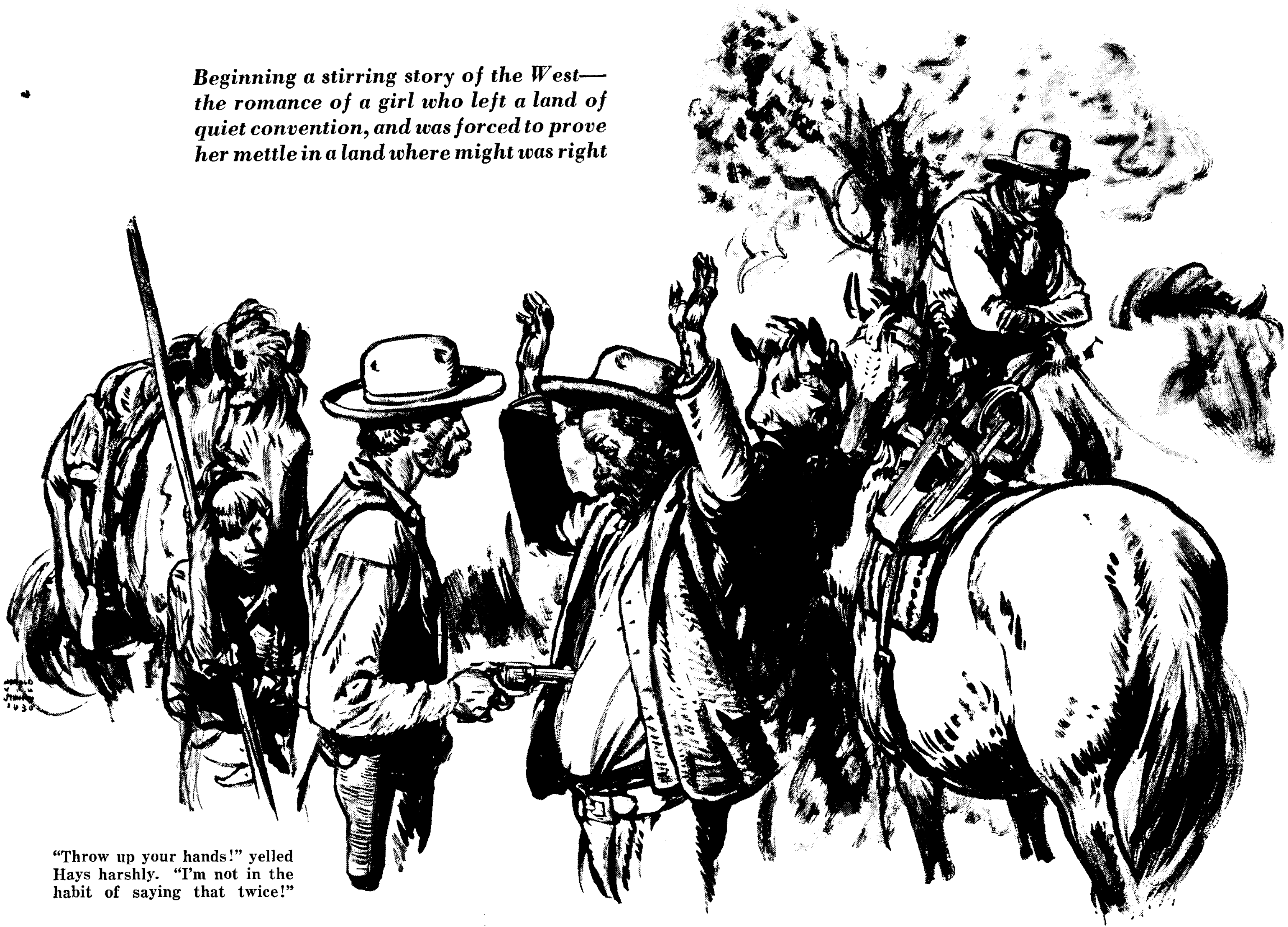
RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO

Collier's

The National Weekly for October 11, 1930

Beginning a stirring story of the West—the romance of a girl who left a land of quiet convention, and was forced to prove her mettle in a land where might was right



"Throw up your hands!" yelled Hays harshly. "I'm not in the habit of saying that twice!"

Robbers' Roost

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

ONE afternoon in the spring of 1877 a solitary horseman rode down the long, ghastly desert slant in the direction of the ford at Green River.

He was a young man in years, but he had the hard face and eagle eye of one matured in experience of that wild country. He bestrode a superb bay horse, dusty and travel-worn and a little lame. The rider was no light burden, judging from his height and wide shoulders; moreover, the saddle carried a canteen, a rifle and a pack. From time to time he looked back over his shoulder at the magnificent, long cliff wall, which resembled a row of colossal books with leaves partly open. It was the steady, watchful gaze of a man who had left events behind him.

At length he rode into a trail and soon came in sight of the wide band of green cottonwood, willow and arrowweed, and the shining, muddy river, which had evidently broken through the great wall of stone. On the far side, up on the level, stood a green patch and a cluster of houses, strangely lonely in that environment. This was the town of Green River, Utah.

The rider needed to reach that town before dark. His food supply had run out two days ago. But unless there was a boat in which he could row across he would most likely not make it. His horse was too lame to risk in the eddies of that heavy, swirling, sand-laden river.

He rode on down the trail to enter the zone of green. In the thick dust he noted fresh horse tracks. Dust rose in clouds from under his animal's hoofs. The arrowweed reached to his saddle and was yellow with it. And when he came to the willows and cottonwoods he found their fresh green similarly powdered. It had not rained for a long time in that section. Yet now the odor of dust appeared to yield to that of fresh, cool water.

UNDER a cottonwood, some distance ahead, the rider espied a saddled horse, head down, cropping the grass. He proceeded more slowly, his sharp eyes vigilant, and was certain that he saw a man on the river bank before that worthy espied him.

Presently he rode out into an opening from which he could see a place where a ferry touched. A rude cable above his head, attached to a cottonwood, stretched across the river. Moored to the opposite bank was the ferryboat.

The rider sat his horse, aware that the man he had observed had stepped behind some willows. Such a move might have been casual. Then the man moved out into plain sight.

"Howdy," he said, laconically.

"Howdy," replied the rider. He became aware of a penetrating scrutiny which no doubt resembled his own. Chance meeting at that period was productive of obvious though not offensive curiosity. The rider saw a striking figure of a man, gray with dust, booted and spurred, armed to the teeth. His wide sombrero shadowed a sharp, bold face, the only distinct feature of which was a long, sandy mustache. From the shadow, which resembled a mask, there came a gleam of pale, deep eyes.

"Aimin' to cross?" he queried.

"Yes. I see a ferryboat over there." But on the moment the rider was watching his questioner. Then he swept a long leg over the pommel and slid to the ground, without swerving in the slightest from a direct front. "Lucky for me if I can cross on it. My horse is all in."

"Noticed thet. Fine hoss. Wal. I've been hangin' around for an hour, waitin' to go over. Reckon he'll be along soon."

"Town of Green River, isn't it?"

"Thet's the handle. You're a stranger hereabouts?"

"I am that."

"Where you hail from?"

"I suppose I might as well say Wyoming as any place," returned the rider, casually.

THE other man relaxed with a laugh. "Shore. One place is good as another. Same as a name. Mine is Hank Hays." He spoke as if he expected it to be recognized, but it brought no reaction from his listener.

"You know this country?" queried the rider, and he too relaxed.

"Tolerable."

"Maybe you can tell me whether I ought to stop or keep on traveling?" inquired the rider, coolly.

"Haw! Haw! I shore can. But thet depends," he said, pushing back his sombrero. The action brought into view a bold visage.

To the rider it was like a printed page, with only the narrow, gray, searching eyes presenting any difficulty.

"Depends on what?" he asked.

"Wal, on you. Have you got any money?"

"About ten dollars."

"Huh. You can't go in the ranch business with thet. Not regular ranchin'. Lots of cattle between here an' the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Henry Mountains, too. Some outfit over there."

"Mormons?"

"About half an' half. This is Utah, but we're not strong on Mormons over here. Air you a cattleman?"

"No," replied the rider, thoughtfully.

"Wal, thet's straight talk from a stranger," replied Hays, who evidently took the blunt denial as something significant. "Hullo, another rider. . . . Shore the desert is full of strangers today."

BACK up the trail appeared a short, heavy man astride a horse and leading two pack animals.

"I saw him a while back. And here comes our ferryman. Looks like a boy."

"Huh. You haven't them eyes for nothin'. Wal, we'll get across now."

The rider, after another glance at the approaching man with the horses, took note of the ferry. The boy had pushed the boat off, and was now rowing it into the current. Soon it came gliding across on the pulley. Boat and third traveler arrived at the bank about the same time. Hays appeared interested in the newcomer, and addressed him civilly. He got but a short answer.

Meanwhile the rider led his horse down the sandy bank and onto the big, flat boat. It was crudely thrown together, out of rough hewn planks, but apparently was safe enough. The bay horse appeared nervous.

Hays, after a sharp look at the man with the three horses, led his animal aboard. The ferryboy grinned all over his freckled face, in recognition of Hays.

"How much is the fare?" queried the newcomer. He was a bearded man under fifty, rather abrupt and authoritative.

"Two bits."

"For man or beast?"

"Well, sir, the regular fare is two bits for each man an' horse. But travelers usually give me more."

Whereupon the stout man threw the packs off his horses and carried them upon the boat.

"Wal, now, whatinhell is this fussy old geezer about?" queried Hays, much interested.

It was soon manifest. He tied the halter of his lead pack horse to the tail of his saddle horse. The second pack animal was similarly attached to the first. Then, bridle in hand, he stepped aboard.

"All right, boy. Go ahead."

"But, sir, ain't you fetchin' your hosses on, too?"

"Yes, but I'll swim them over behind the boat. Get a move on now."

THE ferryboy pushed off with his pole, and dropping that for the big oar he worked the boat out into the current, which caught it, and moved it across quite readily into the slack water on that side. The rider had to hold his impatient horse to keep him from jumping before the boat was beached.

"Didn't like that, did you, Bay?" the rider said, as he led the animal ashore.

Hays slapped his mount, driving him off the ferry, while he watched the stout man lead his three horses along the gunwale of the boat, until they could touch bottom. Heaving and splashing they waded out, and their owner followed, carrying one pack.

"Fetch my other pack, boy," he called.

"Johnny, don't do nothin' of the kind," observed Hays.

"I reckon I didn't intend to," said the boy, resentfully.

"Many travelers lately?"

"Nope. First I've had for three days. Then a couple of cowpunchers. We've only had the boat in about two weeks. River too high. Dad reckons Green River will boom this summer."

Puffing hard the stout man carried his second pack ashore.

"You're not very—obliging," he said, gruffly, as he felt in his pocket for loose change. The ferryboy came ashore, followed by Hays.

Presently the stout man, grumbling, and evidently annoyed at the necessity of producing a fat pocketbook, took out a one-dollar bill.

"Here. Give me seventy-five cents change."

The boy produced it, like a flash, and replied disgustedly, "I'll bet you don't play thet trick on me if you ever come back."

The rider, amused and interested from his stand on the bank, saw something that made him start. Hays whipped out a gun.

"Hands up!" he ordered.

The stout man stared aghast.

"Throw up your hands!" suddenly yelled Hays, harshly. "I'm not in the habit of sayin' thet twice." And he stuck the gun square into the plump abdomen before him. The stout man, gasping and turning livid of face, hastily complied.

"Wha-at's this? Robbers!" he gulped.

Hays reached inside the man's coat for his wallet, and extracted it. Then he stepped back, but still with gun extended.

"Get the hell out of here now," he ordered. And apparently he paid no more heed to his frightened victim. But the rider had his idea that Hays watched him, nevertheless.

"PRETTY well heeled, thet old bird," observed the robber, squeezing the fat wallet.

"If there's law in this—country—you'll pay for this," burst out the traveler, working like a beaver to repack his horses.

"Haw! Haw! You ain't lookin' for law, air you, grandpaw? . . . Wal, the only law is what you see here in my hand— An' I don't mean your money."

Hays slipped the wallet in his inside vest pocket. Then, with the same hand—and all the while covering the traveler with his gun—he drew a bill from his pocket.

"Thar, Johnny, thet's for all of us," he said.

"But I— Oh, sir, I oughtn't take so much," faltered the boy, who was somewhat scared himself.

"Shore you ought. It's not his money, you noticed," drawled the robber, forcing the bill upon the reluctant youth. Then he addressed the traveler: "Say, Mormon, when you get up town or wherever you're goin'—jest say Hank Hays paid you his respects."

"You'll hear from me, you glib-tongued robber," replied the other, furiously, as he rode away.

Hays sheathed his gun. He did not need to turn to face the rider, for singularly enough he had not done anything else.

"How'd thet strike you, stranger?"

"Pretty neat. It amused me," replied the rider.

"Is thet all?"

"I guess so. The stingy old skinflint deserved to be touched. Wasn't that a slick way to beat the boy here out of six bits?"

"It shore was. An' thet's what riled me. Reckon, though, if he hadn't flashed the wallet I'd been a little more circumspect."

"Is there a sheriff at Green River?"

"I never seen him if there is. Wal, I'll be ridin' along. Air you comin' with me, stranger?"

"Might as well," returned the other. "But if you don't mind, I'll walk."

"It's only a little way. Good lodgin's, though I never do nothin' but eat an' drink in town."

"That'll suit me for more than one reason."

"Stranger, what'd you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."

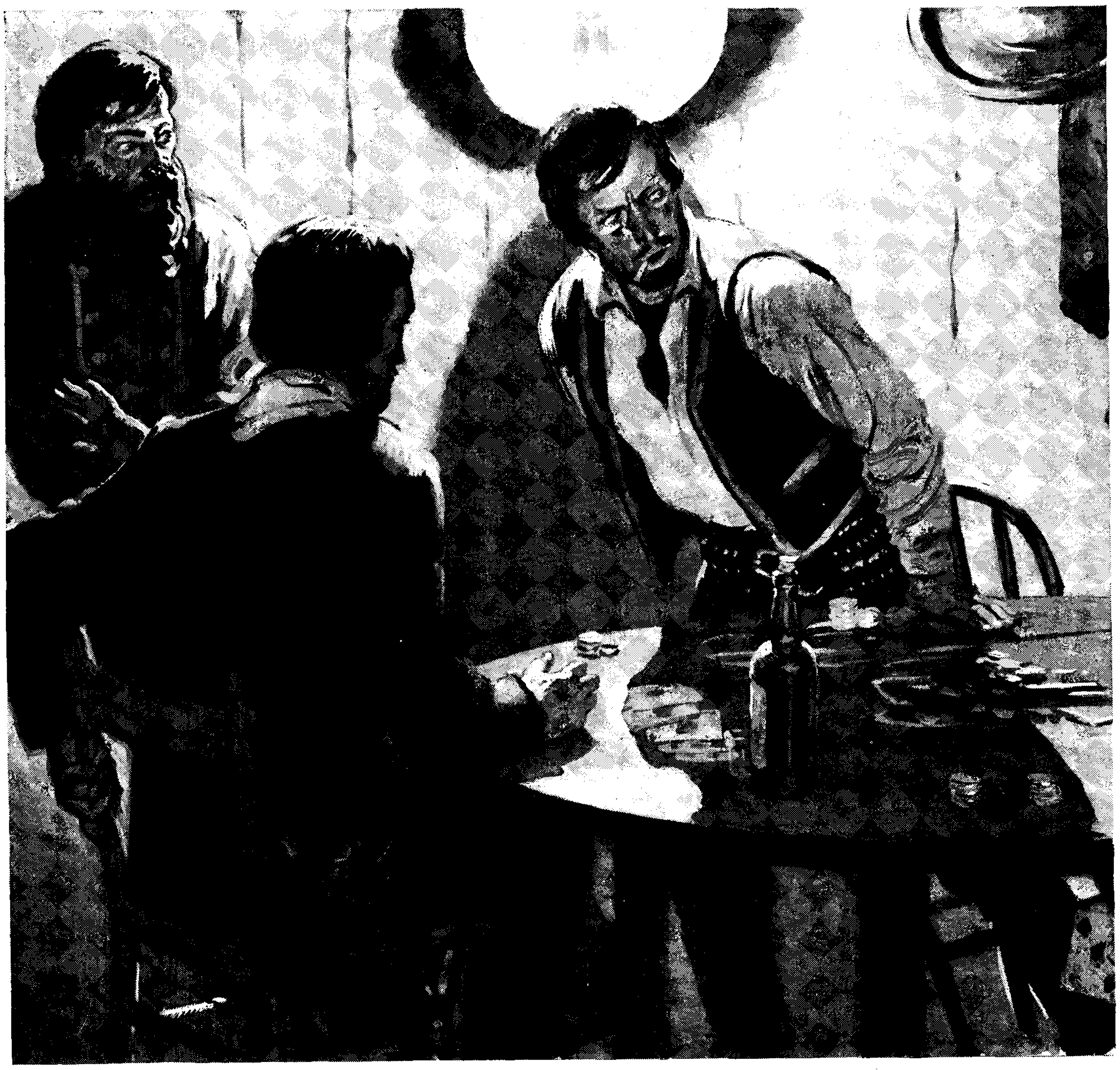
"Ex-cuse me. I'm not curious. But it's more agreeable, you know, when a feller has a handle."

"Call me Wall, Jim Wall," rejoined the rider, presently.

"Wall? Wal, thet's enough for me. Kinda hard to get over. Haw! Haw!"

They went up the slow ascending, sandy lane between the cottonwoods towards the town, while the ferryboy watched.

Hays' nonchalance reassured Wall as to the status of Green River. They came, at length, into a wide space,



"I meant what I said. Hays, you palmed them three ten-spots," declared Stud hotly. Then there was quick action which was more of a square than a street, upon the far side of which stood several low, wide buildings, some of which sought the dignity of height with false, wooden fronts rising above their single story. The hitching rails and posts were vacant. There was not a vehicle in sight, and only a few men, lounging in doorways. Above and beyond this town of Green River stood the great cliff wall, not close, by any means, and now red in the sunset flare, except for the mantle of snow on top.

"Any dance hall in this burg?" asked Wall.

"Nary dance hall, worse luck. Any weakness for such?"

"Can't say it's a weakness, but the last two I bumped into make me want to steer clear of more."

"Women?" queried the robber, with a leer.

"It wasn't any fault of mine."

"Haw! Haw! Reckon you might take the eye of women, at thet. Wal, you're out of luck here, 'cause the only women in Green River air old hags an' a couple of young wives thet you can't git within a mile of."

"Not out of luck for me. But you talk as if you regretted it."

"Wal, women ruined me," returned Hays, sententiously.

"You don't look it."

"Men never look what they air."

"Don't agree with you. I can always tell what men are by their looks."

"How'd you figure me?" demanded Hays, a little more gruffly than humorously.

"I don't want to flatter you on such short acquaintance."

"Humph! Wal, here we air," replied the robber, halting before a red stone building.

"What do you suppose became of the fat fellow you relieved of cash?" inquired Wall, who kept this personage in mind.

"I reckon he's gone on his way to Moab," replied Hays. "Thet's a Mormon settlement down on the Green. An' there's a Mormon ranch out here a ways. We won't run into thet geezer here, I'll gamble."

"Quiet town," murmured Wall, as if talking to himself.

A RED-WHISKERED man appeared in the doorway that led into a saloon and lodging house. A rude sign in letters, faded and indistinct, attested to this.

"Howdy, Red."

"Howdy, Hank."

"See anythin' of a fat party, sort of puffy in the face? He was ridin' a roan an' leadin' two packs."

"Oh, him. Sure. He rode through town yellin' he'd been robbed," returned the man called Red, grinning.

"Hell he did! Who was he, Red?"

"I dunno. Mormon, most likely. Leastways thet's what Happy said. He was standin' out here, an' when the feller stopped bellerin' thet he wanted the sheriff 'cause he'd been robbed, why, Happy up an' says, 'Hey, my Latter Day friend, did he leave anythin' on you?' Then the feller up an' rode off to beat hell."

It was this pregnant speech of Red's that decided several things for Jim Wall.

"I want to look after my horse," was all he said.

"Take him round back to the barn. If Jake ain't there, you can find water, feed an' beddin' yourself."

Hays dismounted laboriously, indicating that he had ridden far that day.

"Wal, I'm dog-tired. Send thet lazy Jake after my hoss."

This edifice was the last one on the street. Wall made note of the grove of cottonwoods just down the slope a few hundred yards. The barn mentioned was some distance back, at the end of a pole fence. Upon turning a corner to enter the corral he encountered a loose-jointed young man.

"Say, are you Jake?" he asked.

"You bet. Want your hoss looked after?" returned the other. His protruding teeth were his salient feature.

"Yes. But I'll take care of him. There's a man out in front who calls himself Hank Hays. He wants you to come get his horse. Do you know him?"

The stableboy's reply to that was to rush off, his boots thudding.

"Enough said," muttered Wall to himself, as he looked round the place for what he required. "Mr. Hays stands well in Green River, as far as *this* outfit is concerned."

Wall's mind was active while he ministered to his horse. It had long been a familiar thing for him to ride into a strange camp or town; and judging men quickly had become a matter of habit, if not self-preservation. Utah, however, was far west and a wilder country than that he had roamed for years. He liked the looks of it, the long reaches of wasteland, the vast bulge and heave of the ranges, the colored walls of stone, the buttes standing alone, and the red and black mystery of the mountains.

"Bay, old boy, you haven't had a stall for a coon's age," he said to his horse. "Enjoy it while you can, for it may not be long."

WHEN Wall sauntered back the whole west was one magnificent blaze of red and gold. He would have enjoyed being high up on the cliffs behind, just to gaze out toward those Henry Mountains he had seen all day. But the houses and trees blocked that view. Eastward across the river he could discern the speckled slope of yellow that climbed up to the book-cliff wall, now fading in the dusk.

Jim Wall never turned street corners without knowing what was ahead of him. So that before Hank Hays and the two individuals with whom he was talking were aware of his presence he had seen them. They turned at his slow, clinking step. Neither of the two with Hays was the man called Red.

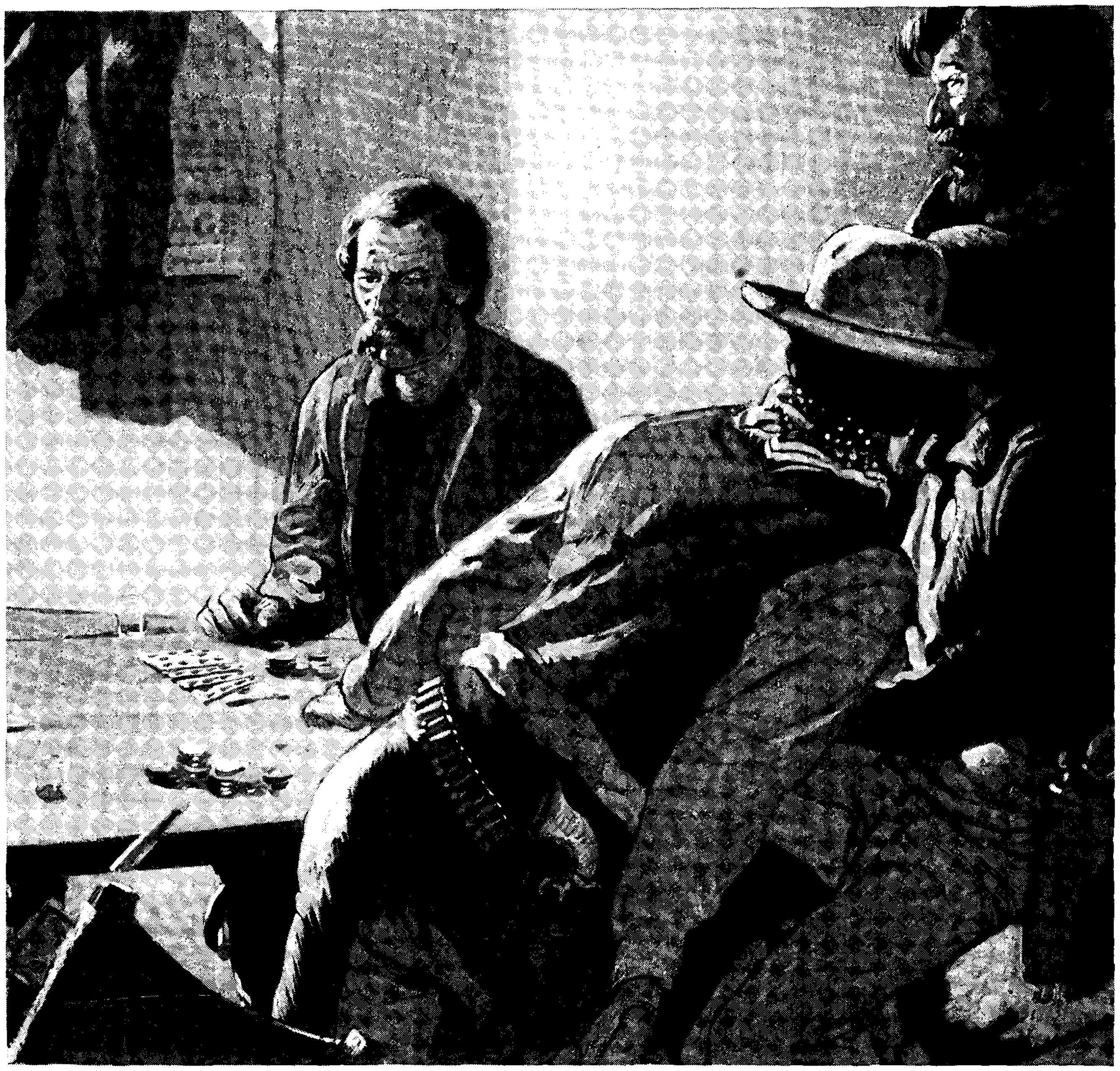
"Hullo, here you air," spoke up Hays. "I was speakin' of you. Meet Happy Jack an' Brad Lincoln. . . . Fellers, this stranger to Green River answers to the handle Jim Wall."

Greetings were exchanged, but not one of the three offered a hand. Their glances meant infinitely more than the casual few words. To Wall the man called Happy Jack fitted his name. The only contradictory feature lay in his guns, which it was not possible to overlook. Like Hank Hays, he packed two. This, however, signified little to Wall. The other, Lincoln, was someone to look at twice—a swarthy, dark, restless-eyed man, who, like Hays and his companion, had nothing of the cowboy stripe in his make-up.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Hays.

"Don't care if I do," responded Wall. "But I haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"Red's havin' supper cooked for us," said Hays, pushing open the door.


and the rasp of scraping chairs, and the tumbling over of a box seat. Stud and Hays were left alone at the table

THE interior, bright with lamplight, proved to be more pretentious than the outside of the saloon. It had a flagstone floor, a bar with garish display of mirrors, paintings of nude women, bottles and glasses. Several roughly clad men were drinking, and ceased talking as Hays and his companions approached. In the back of the big room three cowboys lounged before an open fireplace where some fagots burned. There were several tables, unoccupied except for a man who lay face down on one. From an open door came the savory odor of fried bacon.

The men lined up at the bar, to be served drinks by Red, who was evidently bartender as well as proprietor. Wall missed nothing. Hays took his whisky straight and at a gulp; Happy Jack said: "Here's lookin' at you," and Lincoln sipped lingeringly. Whisky was not one of Wall's weaknesses; in fact he could not afford to have any weakness. But he drank on politic occasions, of which this was more than usually one.

"Cowpuncher?" queried Lincoln, who stood next to Wall.

"Yes. But I've not ridden the range much of late years," replied Wall.

"You've the cut of it. Where you from?"

"Wyoming."

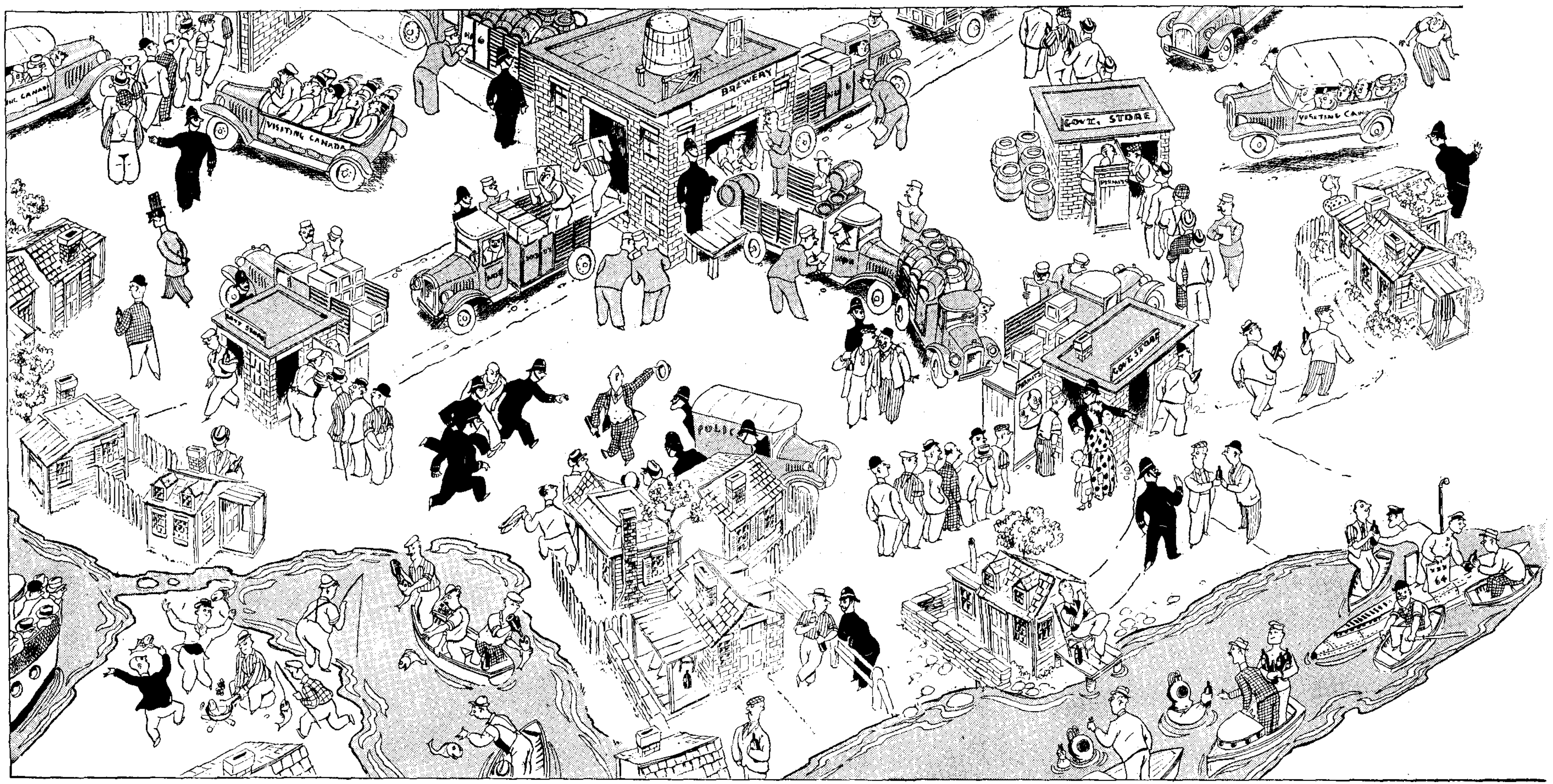
"Long ways. Don't know thet country. Where you aimin' for?"

"No place in particular," replied Wall, guardedly. "Might try riding here, if I can get on some outfit."

"On the dodge?" queried Lincoln, after a pause.

Wall set down his glass and turned

(*Continued on page 69*)



Cartoons by George Shanks

Quietly, decently, Ontario drinks, respecting its government and a sanely administered, *enforceable* law

"Let no Man therefore Judge you in

Government control of liquor—might it be a solution of our prohibition problem? With this question in mind, Collier's sent Mr. Clarence Darrow and Dr. Clarence True Wilson to Ontario to examine the system in force there. Last week Dr. Wilson told you why he thought it bound to fail. Here Mr. Darrow gives his reasons for considering it one of the great achievements in the progress of man

THERE is a satisfied glow on the face of the American tourist in Ontario. He has registered in a hotel and visited the government store hard by. He has paid two dollars for a permit to buy drinks for a month. At the store he found a large stock of all sorts of liquor. He looked over the generous supply and made his choice. Then he hurried back to his new home in the hotel bedroom, opened his bottle and took a drink. The potion was good and wholesome. A mild exultation suffuses his being.

The beneficent feeling is not due entirely to the excellence of the liquor. He knows he is in Ontario, the land of the free, or at least the near-free. He is not obliged to feel his pulse nervously and wonder whether the righteous prohibitionist has poisoned his cup. He knows that he is in Canada, where even good people are not *so* good as to pour poison into the liquor that he buys. He has no fear of death or blindness. True, he has been told for years that alcohol is a poison, but he knows that it is a slow poison and it is the fear of immediate disaster that gives him alarm. Even the prohibitionists know that liquor is so slow a poison that they mix it with something more deadly to hurry it up.

So the visitor feels satisfied and happy. There was plenty of liquor in the States, but the outlaw who took a drink at home must worry for fear that death or blindness will overtake him for his infamous crime. Still, he takes the chance; for the fight against prohibition and bigotry must go on at all hazards. We must do our part in the age-old struggle for freedom. We are not only drinkers but soldiers in a cause. So, to paraphrase Tennyson, it is:

Ours not to question why;
Ours not to make reply;
Ours but to drink and die:
Noble—Experiment!

Ontario and all Canada, excepting Quebec, were once a prohibition land. Now the citizens of the United States go across the border in droves to buy a glass of beer or wine. Canada is once more wet.

And yet the population of Ontario is overwhelmingly Protestant. The province is largely a rural and farming district. It is a fertile soil for raising prohibitionists. Naturally, Canada has more people of this sort in proportion to its population than the United States. And yet, after a long period of licensed control and ten years of prohibition, in 1926, sixty-eight per cent of the people voted for selling intoxicating liquors under the Ontario Liquor Control Act. The law covers the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages and places the latter in the hands of the government.

Whatever any individual may think about prohibition, no one can intelligently and honestly deny that the province of Ontario is now overwhelmingly pledged to government control. Not only has Ontario defeated prohibition after ten years of trial, but eight provinces, out of nine in Canada, have gone the same way.

Since coming to Ontario ten days ago I have talked with all classes of men, lawyers, judges, newspaper men, business men, working men, settlement workers, policemen, investigators and clergymen, and I am satisfied that at least eighty per cent of the voters of Ontario are convinced that the present method of handling the sale of intoxicating liquors is much better than any other that has so far been tried in Canada.

This does not mean that the majority of the people of this province would not be glad to have prohibition if they could get it, but it means that a vast majority are satisfied that it cannot be enforced and that the present law works well from the standpoint of temperance and that it should be maintained.

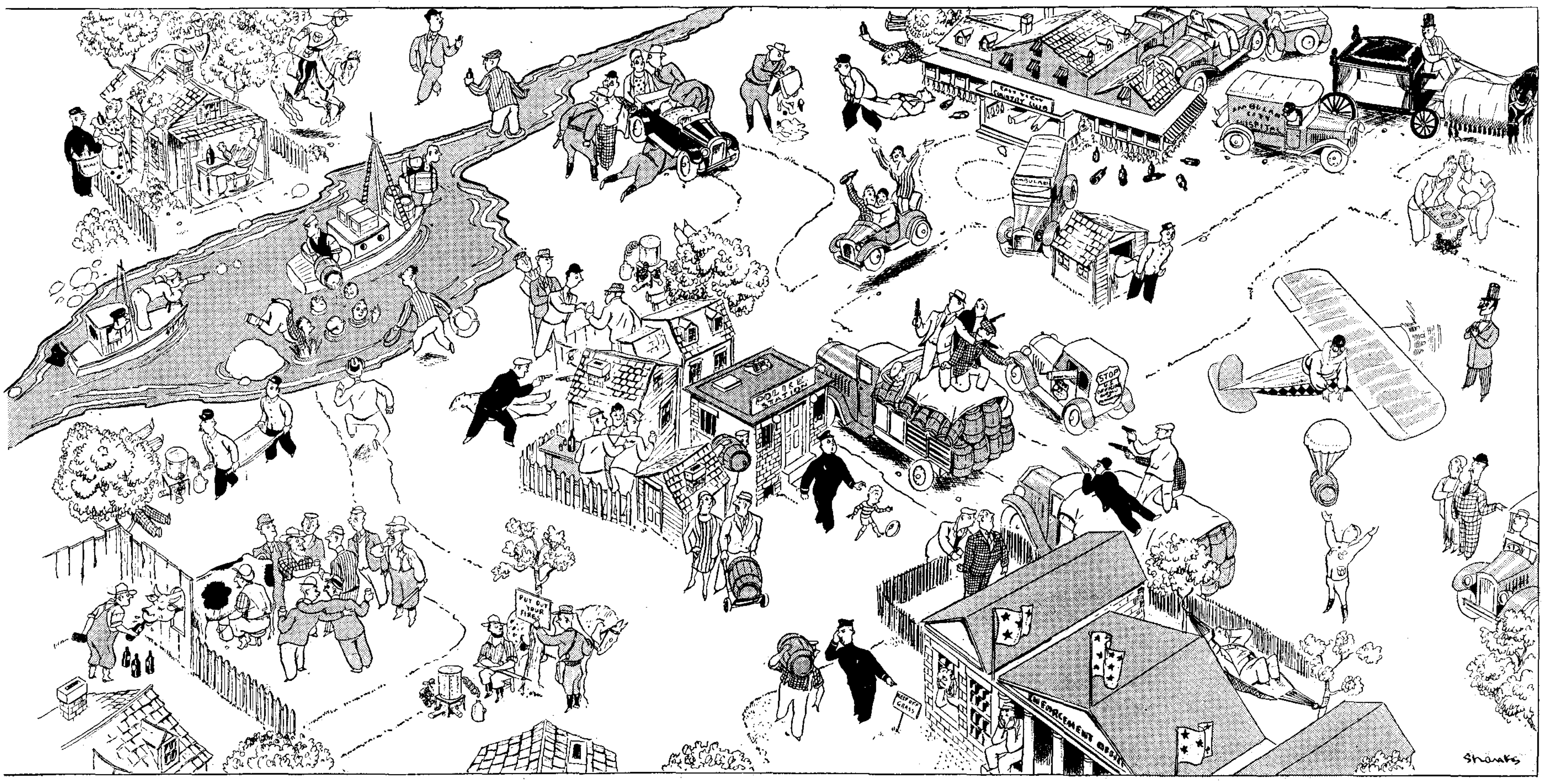
A Law that Works

There is no drunkenness in Ontario. Naturally, my associate has been eager to find drunks, and I am sure he would have discovered them had there been any in sight. In Montreal, in the province of Quebec, where we spent a day, one of his investigators was gladdened by the sight of a tipsy man. This man was near one of the big hotels, occupied chiefly by Americans. Amongst the rest a convention of Elks had chosen this meeting-place. I would not suggest that this man was an Elk, for I am one myself, but he may have been; at least he was probably a long way from home.

We drove from Montreal to Toronto. This trip covered a wide stretch of country with many cities and villages. In all the journey we did not discover the slightest sign of the use of liquor. I have spent a week in Toronto, the largest city in the province, I have visited all sections, including the districts of the poor—this part of all cities furnishes the most employment for the Salvation Army, social workers, missions and the like—but not one drunken person was seen. Without the slightest question, Ontario has less signs of drinking than any other section of the world that I have ever seen, whether nominally wet or dry; and there are few parts of America and Europe that I am not familiar with, not to mention parts of northern Africa and eastern Asia. To say anything else is simply absurd. Anyone who investigates it will find these words absolutely true.

At this time there is no more probability of Ontario adopting the prohibition policy than there is of France or Italy doing it. The citizens of Ontario arrived at this conclusion, not because they are drunk, but because they are sober; not because they want the people to have more liquor, but because they desire them to drink less, and with their experience and observation they are fully convinced that the liquor law in Ontario is what it professes to be: an act to control the use of intoxicating liquors. The only people I have seen who even suggest the future possibility of adopting prohibition are a few old-time orthodox Protestants, whose religion consists mainly in the hatred of Satan and Rum. These were as dry as King Tut's tomb.

Prohibition in Ontario, like prohibition in America, came through the World War. It did not come from any deep devotion to the cause of the Allies;



Across its border, a nation of lawbreakers gets its liquor by crime, bribery and contempt of government

"Meat, or in Drink" {Col. 2-16} By Clarence Darrow

it came from the everlasting self-consciousness of the prohibitionists, who never miss a chance to force their narrow personal views and their devotion to punishment and jails upon those who differ with them and their petty creeds.

In America the prohibitionists insisted that the United States should forbid the use of all liquor as a beverage during the war. Under the leadership of Wayne B. Wheeler they threatened to block the plans for carrying on our part of the war until the government should include the abolition of all intoxicating liquor in the food bill. While the soldiers were in France, their sharpshooters were busy at the polls and elected a dry House and a dry Senate which put over prohibition as the first fruits of the great contest.

In Canada the situation was the same. The prohibition organization of Canada fought along with the sharpshooters of the United States. They, too, insisted that intoxicating liquors should not be made or sold while the war was on, and when the victory was won they insisted on making the war provisions the permanent policy of the Dominion.

I have found no well-posted man in Canada who does not tell the same story of the outrages and tyranny wantonly forced upon the citizens under this bigoted act. The history of prohibition in Canada is like the story of prohibition in the United States, with the historical results which through the ages have always followed the cruelty of those who blindly seek to force their will upon an unwilling people. They used the strong arm of power and rode roughshod over the rights of men. Of course no one surrendered to the rule of force. The bootlegger supplied what the government had forbidden. For ten years men drank whatever they could get. All sorts of devices were resorted to in the ten years of oppression. Property, life and old traditions were defied by prisons and guns. The more drastic the measures of the drys, the more defiant were the people, until finally the system broke down and officials and the public gave up the fight. After ten years of bitter contest the roll was called on a new law. The result showed that sixty-eight per cent of the electors of Ontario voted for a change. This sixty-eight per cent had long been subdued by the thirty-two per cent who were militant, active and tyrannical.

It is customary for the drys to characterize all men who oppose prohibition as drunken and lawless enemies of society. But a large part of those who voted for the new laws were, and still are, prohibitionists, many of them clergymen. Experience convinced them of the impossibility of changing the customs and habits of the people by law.

The Testimony Collapsed

Two years after the prohibition law was defeated by government control, another election was held. The majority in Parliament was overwhelmingly in favor of passing this new act. Amongst the members of the present Parliament are two Protestant preachers who voted for government control. In our investigation in Toronto I found two or three people who believed that prohibition should be substituted for the present law. One was the chaplain in charge of the Salvation Army, and the others were ministers. For years one of them had been stationed in one of the poorer districts and was active in social work. No doubt these clergymen are men of high ideals who are doing good in the community, but all of them were obsessed by the prohibition mania.

One of them, on close examination, admitted that he had not lived in Ontario during the prohibition period and that he was not a competent judge of the conditions that prevailed. Another gave out some figures that upon closer examination proved to be pure guesses and were overwhelmingly contradicted by the officials engaged in the police and detective departments of the city and by the Liquor Control Board. The opinions of these men, while honest, were really made from the unemployment of the last nine months and they attributed the poverty to the use of liquor instead of to the evident economic depression.

The trouble is that a prohibitionist construes every act of man as being motivated either by the use of alcohol or total abstinence. Not only this, but every misfortune, even those resulting from the laws of nature, is traced back to rum. The orthodox prohibitionists, like many other men, have one-track minds. They have one cure for all the ills of life—PROHIBITION.

The bootlegger cannot thrive in Ontario. His business is constantly threatened by the strict enforcement of the law. He buys most of his liquor from the government stores through duplicated or fraudulent permits. These stores interchange their applications and make careful investigations and so he is soon detected. He is bound to charge a much higher price than is asked by the stores—from eight to twelve dollars a bottle as against two-fifty and three dollars charged by the government. Then, too, the purchaser is fearful of buying diluted or doctored decoctions, perhaps liquor that has been poisoned by the prohibitionists in the States and has found its way into the province.

These government stores are located in such parts of the province as will best serve the people. None of them is placed in dry territory, and yet three quarters of the area of Ontario is dry. In this territory purchasers can order by mail, and shipment is promptly made to their homes by parcel post; but liquor can be obtained in no other manner. Competent and honest officers who believe in the law, many of them prohibitionists, see to its enforcement. The chairman of the board is a man whom everyone trusts and respects. Whether he ever drinks I am not informed, but he is a man of culture and standing, a man who is intelligent enough to know that a criminal statute cannot be enforced without the overwhelming force of public opinion in its support. Neither he nor anyone whom I have found in Ontario believes that man can be terrorized into obeying the law by threats of jail, shooting or poisoning.

Statutes in reference to drunkenness are more vigorously enforced than ever before, even in the days of prohibition. But in spite of this there are not as many convictions for drunkenness as there were under prohibition in its last two years in Ontario. Prohibition in Canada is condemned by almost everyone whom I have been able to meet. It died a natural death, leaving nothing in its place. The men who combined temperance and intelligence and undertook to bring order out of chaos are in full control. They have substituted sane views of temperance and restraint in place of force and hatred, and all classes are helping them in the task.

General Satisfaction

Under the Ontario Liquor Control Act it is not possible for a man whose family needs his money to get liquor from the government stores. If he uses money that is needed at home, if he is drunk or if for any reason he is not fit to handle it his permit is withdrawn. Permits are canceled for sufficient cause. True, the toper may linger a while by getting drinks from bootleggers or resorting to other devious ways, but he makes no impression on the great mass of men who come and go.

(*Continued on page 44*)

The Man of Destiny

Sir Jonas set a deadly trap. It was to have eliminated his rivals and won him a bride. But it had a flaw

By Jeffery Farnol

SIR JONAS FOSBROKE, of a certain age yet an exquisite work of art from powdered wig to glittering shoe buckles, sighed and struck a languishing attitude:

"Alas!" he murmured, small white hand upon his heart (or that place where he supposed it to be). "I protest, my lady, life henceforth is for me a desolation, forgetfulness a blessing, and death a happy release."

My lady Ianthe, serene in her beauty and the power of it, glanced up into the speaker's small, eager face and flirted her fan with a gracious languor.

"La, Sir Jonas," smiled she, shaking lovely head, "I vow you grow daily more eloquent!"

"And you, Ianthe, the more beautiful!" he retorted. "And yet 'tis a beauty blooms for—another, it seems, and that other—one of two. Is't not so, child?"

"Oh, sir, here is riddle I'll leave you to resolve." And she made to rise.

"Nay, child," said he, staying her gently but with a firmness not to be denied, "do I presume? Then pray bethink you of our so long acquaintance and forgive. But, sure now, 'tis one o' these Dales you favor—one o' these fiery youths that being brothers and twins, egad, have yet ever borne each other a very constant animosity the which is like to flare to passionate hostility by reason o' thee, thou gentle sower of hate and discord, sweet Walking Mischief, thou lovely reason o' death and bloodshed—"

"No!" cried Ianthe, forgetting her modish affectations. "Ah, no—nay, hush thee! For indeed, Sir Jonas, good friend, 'tis fear of this doth grieve and trouble me. Mr. Anthony is so fiercely resentful 'gainst his brother, and Mr. Julian . . . Julian is so proud, so grimly implacable. . . . Yet Julian would, I think, make up this ancient quarrel if—"

"Aha, and 'tis Julian you favor!" nodded Sir Jonas, his eyes narrowed and keen. "So ho, 'tis Julian is my rival then! Alas for miserable me—"

"NAY, Sir Jonas, cease your funning, do not rally me. For here is that lies very near my heart—to end this wicked quarrel 'twixt Anthony and Julian, to bring them in lasting accord and make them truly brothers. Could you but aid me in this—oh, then you were my friend indeed."

"To be thy friend, Ianthe, this were sweet and passing well, and yet . . . upon a time, years ago, I thought of closer bond, I dreamed a sweeter relationship . . . I hoped. . . ."

"I was mere child then, Sir Jonas," interrupted Ianthe.

"And had never seen these Dales, these brethren malevolent, these so determined haters of each other! Thou wert child, 'tis true, sweet as flowers, and loved me in childish fashion with love that should have grown with every—"

Sir Jonas paused, for Ianthe's lovely face had changed, her eyes had softened, her rosy lips curved to smile ineffably tender, and, following her glance, Sir Jonas saw the tall form of Mr. Julian Dale coming toward them across the sunny garden, a young and stately figure yet somber-clad in black and silver and with grave, dark eyes that lit with joyous beam as they met Ianthe's welcoming glance.

"Ah, friend Julian," smiled Sir Jonas, while the newcomer made his bow, "you find me worshiping at Beauty's Shrine and, 'pon my soul, discussing—your worthy self and how best to bring you into sweeter harmony with your irreconcilable brother."

"Sir Jonas, I thank you," answered Julian, a little stiffly and frowning, "but my brother and I conceive the matter of our personal well-being as our own peculiar business and—"

"Lud!" cried Ianthe, frowning also and closing her fan with sudden snap, "I vow the sun roasts one! Pray, Mr. Julian, your arm!" And she rose.

"Which," sighed Sir Jonas, rising also, "is as much as to say, child, 'two's company!' To the which fiat I bow stricken head and, woeful yet smiling, depart. And now, my lady, your obedient, humble servant to command! Mr. Julian—God rest you!" So saying, he smiled, bowed and left them together. Yet now as he went Sir Jonas plucked at pouting nether lip and scowled. . . .

Sir Jonas lolled back in his great elbow chair beside the hearth where no fire burned, for the evening was sultry, and hummed gently to himself as he ever did when thinking out any difficult problem. At last he turned his head and frowned up into the saturnine face of his man Tom, a face indeed that might have been dead, save for the blinking eyes, so fixed, pale and expressionless was it.

"To be rid of 'em for good, Tom!" murmured Sir Jonas. "Both of 'em, tonight!"

"Death, sir?" inquired Tom in voice expressionless as his face.

"I said 'for good,' Tom."

"Murder, sir?"

"Egad, Thomas, there is a shocking directness about you at times! But no—not . . . that. 'Twere method unlovely, infinitely clumsy, awkward and, worst of all, perfectly impracticable, and—there is, moreover, thyself, Tom, thy good, faithful, right trustworthy self. Thou'rt devoted to me and my interests I know and secret as—the tomb or say . . . a hidden grave—ha? Thou'rt mine, Tom, wholly mine, snatched from gallows and gibbet, fast bound to me by Jack Ketch's rope and so must needs prove my very faithful, obedient servant—even unto death, ay, I know. 'Tis the wherefore of my so complete trust in thee. Ay faith, I've trusted and shall trust thee with much, but—not my neck, Tom, no—not my neck. So speak not o' murder."

"Well, sir? What then? Is it these Dales, still?"

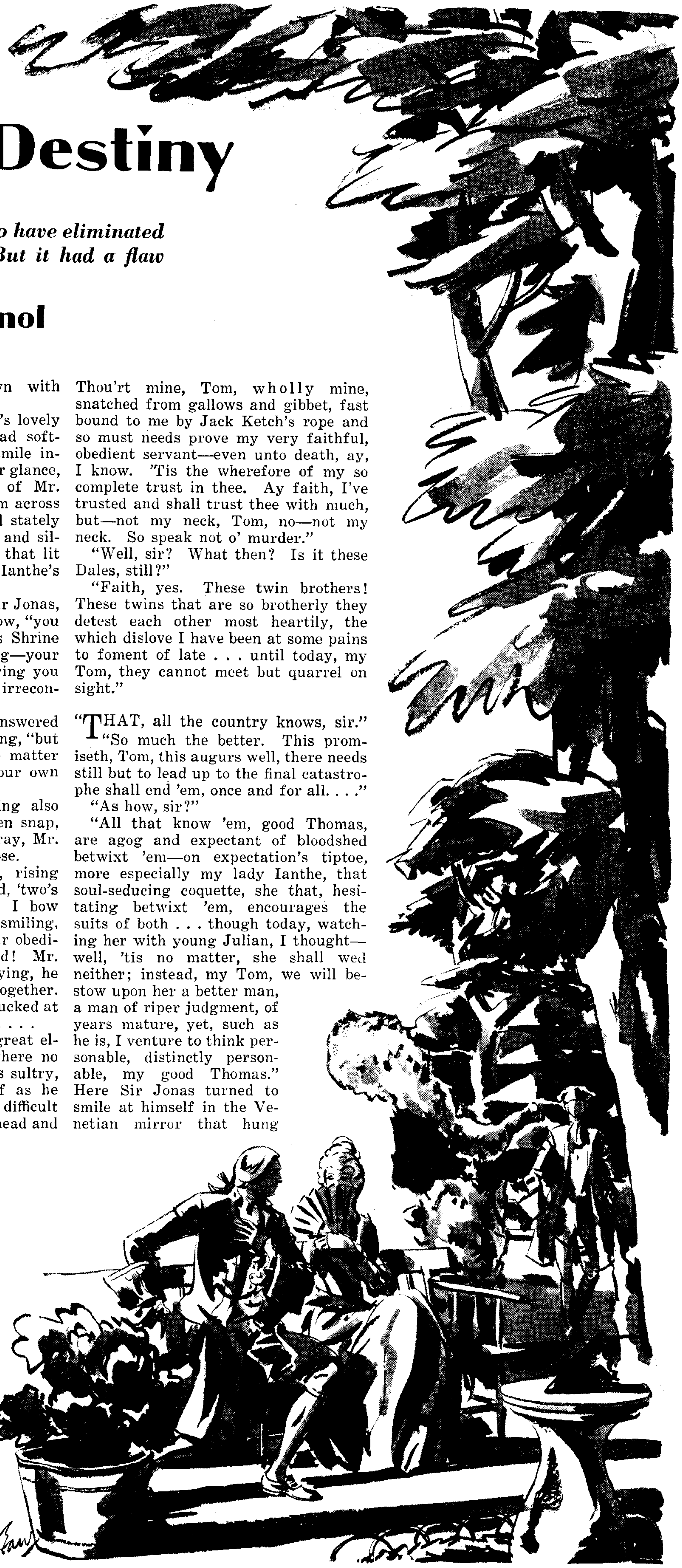
"Faith, yes. These twin brothers! These twins that are so brotherly they detest each other most heartily, the which dislove I have been at some pains to foment of late . . . until today, my Tom, they cannot meet but quarrel on sight."

"THAT, all the country knows, sir."

"So much the better. This promiseth, Tom, this augurs well, there needs still but to lead up to the final catastrophe shall end 'em, once and for all. . . ."

"As how, sir?"

"All that know 'em, good Thomas, are agog and expectant of bloodshed betwixt 'em—on expectation's tiptoe, more especially my lady Ianthe, that soul-seducing coquette, she that, hesitating betwixt 'em, encourages the suits of both . . . though today, watching her with young Julian, I thought—well, 'tis no matter, she shall wed neither; instead, my Tom, we will bestow upon her a better man, a man of riper judgment, of years mature, yet, such as he is, I venture to think personable, distinctly personable, my good Thomas." Here Sir Jonas turned to smile at himself in the Venetian mirror that hung



"To be thy friend, Ianthe, this were well, and yet I dreamed, I hoped. . . ."

upon the paneled wall adjacent to his chair.

"Well, sir," quoth Thomas in his toneless half-voice, stealing oblique and furtive glance at his smiling, dainty, small master, " 'twould be mighty good match, sir, an my lady be willing . . . for you!"

"Verily, my Tom, 'twould lift the mortgage from my acres broad—ha? Ay faith, 'twill be good match be she willing or no. . . . As to these Dales now, whiles they walk i' the sun their shadows irk us, they themselves hamper our activities, therefore tonight, Tom, each unknown to the other, they will pay us a visit here."

"Here, sir?"

"HERE, my Tom, 'tis so my expectation. Now, perceive me, if by a little strategy we may induce 'em to . . . cut each other's throats 'twould serve us admirable, indeed, as sings the Avon Swan, ' 'tis consummation devoutly to be wished.' So here tonight within this goodly, spacious chamber shall be direful wounds and slaughter and—mark this point, my Thomas—all for love of a lady! To the which sweet purpose hither also tonight shall come the lady herself, an my plan fail not."

"The . . . lady Ianthe, sir?"

"Herself, Tom."

"And why, sir?"

"The picture as I think would be incomplete lacking her. So shall a curious world apprehend the tragical episode as thus: Hither have I, the kindly neighbor, the absolute peacemaker, convened these factious brethren, aiming by such meeting to induce amity and good-fellowship betwixt 'em. But they, wild youths, despite my so pious endeavors, quarrel, fight and slay each other forthwith and all, Tom, all for known hate of each other and love for a lady fair—who should arrive happily in time to swoon above their corpses, and myself smiling in the background, a very man o' destiny. How think ye of it, Thomas?"

" 'Tis scheme, sir, worthy of yourself."

"Ay, and should succeed. One at least should give his brother short and sharp questions, perchance both . . . otherwise, my Thomas, otherwise. . . ."

"Sir?" questioned Tom, his soft, toneless voice drawling, his blank features seeming blanker than ever. "Sir?"

"I seem to remember," said Sir Jonas in gentle, musing voice, small, delicate hand tapping thoughtful brow, "yes, I seem to call to mind a knife. A small, narrow, black-hafted knife hath proved extreme deadly ere now . . . eh, Tom?"

"Sir?" spoke Tom in murmurous question.

"You, I am very sure, my Thomas, also recall such furtive, deadly weapon?"

"Sir?" questioned Tom again but now in voice sunk to hoarse whisper.

"Should one o' these brethren haply survive, Tom, well . . . who shall know the difference twixt thrust of sword or . . . knife?"

"Who indeed, sir!"

"Why, then, my good, my faithful Thomas, thus much is understood betwixt us. Now look on this!" And from the breast of flowered waistcoat Sir Jonas drew a small, gold locket enriched by diamonds forming the two letters I and E.

"You've seen this ere now, Tom?"

"Indeed, sir, on the Lady Ianthe's neck—"

"Ah, that neck!" sighed Sir Jonas. "So round! So white! So infinitely adorable! 'Tis neck for—"

"She thinks yon trinket lost, sir, and grieves."

"Nay, I did but borrow it against some such occasion as this, and shall return it anon, so shall her grief become joy. . . . But now, and heed me well. You shall take now this locket and, upon given signal, shall knock upon the door, enter and laying this pretty toy upon the table, say: 'The Lady Ianthe sends this with her heart's love to'—now on which o' these brothers shall we bestow such priceless gift? How think ye, Tom?"

"Sir, I do not think, I only obey."

"BEING constrained thereto by reason of remembered circumstances, eh, Tom, certain past activities best forgot—eh, my devoted Thomas?" smiled his small master, tapping softly on the arm of his chair with slim, delicate fingers, while his man Tom watched him with blinking, furtive eyes, a stealthy, persistent gaze that crept from those slender, delicately tapping fingers, up velvet coat sleeve, up and up, to pause at last upon a spot midway between neck and shoulder, focusing itself there until his master nodded and spoke:

"This locket shall go to Anthony, that wild, passionate youth, on fierce, hot-headed young Anthony we'll bestow it, Tom. As thus! Says you: 'My lady Ianthe Everard sends this token unto Mr. Anthony Dale and with it her heart's love—both should ha' come sooner but for a brother's lies and treachery!' . . . This should do their business, my Tom! This should set 'em at each other's throats, their steel a-twinkling! This should set spark to powder—" Sir Jonas ceased and glanced up sharply as knuckles rapped the stout oak, then the door opened and a servant appeared who announced:

"Mr. Julian Dale."

"Welcome, sir!" cried Sir Jonas, rising as Julian bowed upon the threshold; said he:

"Sir Jonas, your urgent message found me, and I am here to—"

"My dear Julian, I rejoice!" quoth Sir Jonas, hasting to greet him, both slim hands outstretched. "Sit down, pray! Here is wine of Oporto, Burgundy, sherris sack. . . . Thomas, fill the glasses and leave us."

"Well, Julian, how blows the wind?" inquired Sir Jonas so soon as they were alone. "How speeds thy wooing . . . the incomparable Ianthe—ha?"

"SURELY, sir," answered Julian, frowning at his wine glass, " 'twas not to ask this that you writ me letter so importunate?"

"No, Julian. I confess 'twas on matter quite other, a truly—grave matter; faith, Julian, 'grave' is truly apt word for it."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, friend Julian, having known and esteemed your dead father, 'tis but natural I should interest myself in the welfare of his sons. In fine, dear Julian, I'd fain reconcile you and your twin brother."

"Oh, sir," sighed Julian wearily, "you but beat the wind."

"Nay, nay," argued Sir Jonas gently, "sure we may find some way, some method—"

"Impossible, sir!" exclaimed Julian, shaking comely head. "For indeed, were I willing, yet Anthony is too bitterly hostile, too fiercely vindictive—"

"Nay, but consider, my poor Julian, your brother is, by all accounts, your senior by three minutes, or is it two? Consequently he must ever take precedence of you; 'tis scarcely just—yet is this his fault? He also adores the bewitching creature you worship and, being less grave than yourself, indeed a very blithe, merry, jovial rattlebrain, he is more apt to catch Beauty's eye—yet is this his fault? Nay, for 'twas nature so made him—he of the sunshine, you of the shadow. Howbeit, Julian, I do believe, could you but meet, he would forgive you any—"

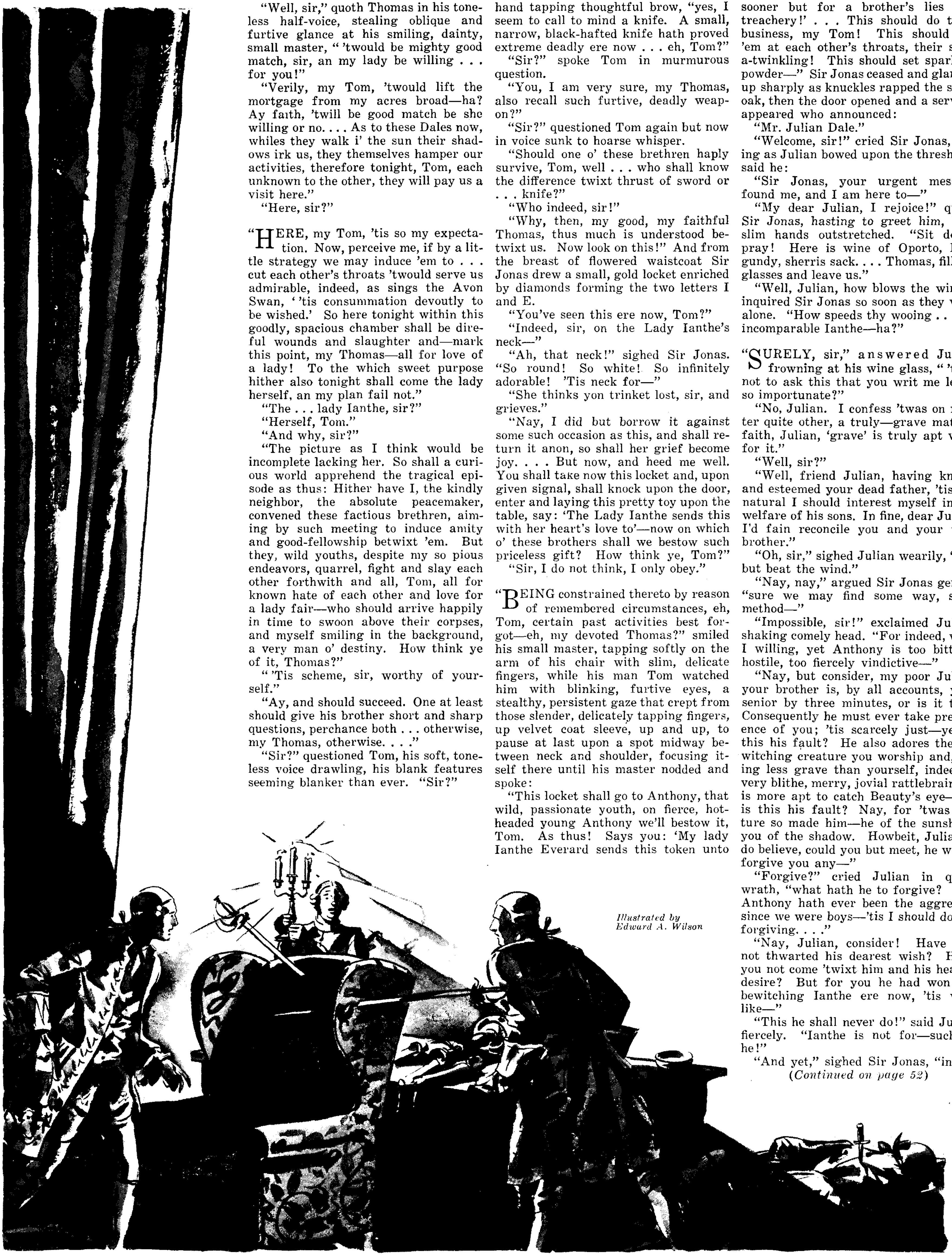
"Forgive?" cried Julian in quick wrath, "what hath he to forgive? 'Tis Anthony hath ever been the aggressor since we were boys—'tis I should do the forgiving. . . ."

"Nay, Julian, consider! Have you not thwarted his dearest wish? Have you not come 'twixt him and his heart's desire? But for you he had won the bewitching Ianthe ere now, 'tis very like—"

"This he shall never do!" said Julian fiercely. "Ianthe is not for—such as he!"

"And yet," sighed Sir Jonas, "in my

(*Continued on page 52*)



Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson

Pale, motionless, they viewed each other with looks of remorseful horror; with tremulous lips they questioned each other in broken whisper

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

ANN MOON, a beautiful New York girl, comes to London for a visit. T. Paterson Frisby, her wealthy uncle, receives the news with groans; after which he hires a chaperon for the young lady—the impecunious Lady Vera Mace, aunt of the even more impecunious Godfrey, Lord Biskerton ("Biscuit"), and sister of the still more impecunious Earl of Hoddesdon, Biscuit's father—and hopes for the best.

Katherine Valentine, another lovely American, also comes to London—to visit *her* uncle, Major Flood-Smith. She, it develops, has been sent over by an irate parent to help her forget a suitor regarded by the aforementioned parent as undesirable.

With the arrival of the young ladies, the excitement begins. Aided and abetted by his auntie, Biscuit promptly becomes engaged to the wealthy Miss Moon, and his lordship's family is delighted. But Biscuit is worried. He must elude his creditors until after the wedding. But how?

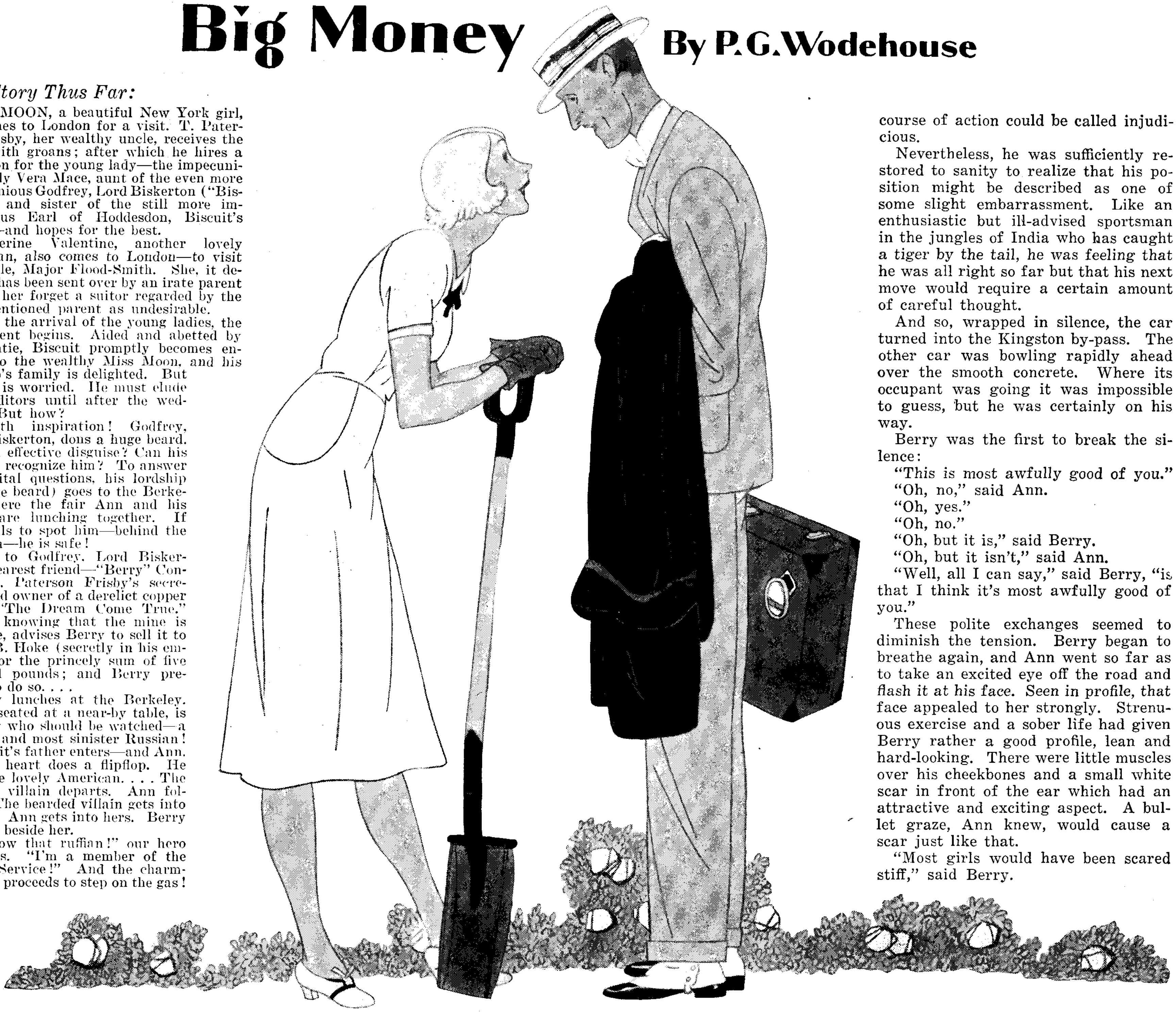
Cometh inspiration! Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, dons a huge beard. Is it an effective disguise? Can his enemies recognize him? To answer these vital questions, his lordship (and the beard) goes to the Berkeley, where the fair Ann and his father are lunching together. If Ann fails to spot him—behind the big bush—he is safe!

Now to Godfrey, Lord Biskerton's, dearest friend—"Berry" Conway, T. Paterson Frisby's secretary, and owner of a derelict copper mine: "The Dream Come True." Frisby, knowing that the mine is valuable, advises Berry to sell it to one J. B. Hoke (secretly in his employ) for the princely sum of five hundred pounds; and Berry prepares to do so. . . .

Berry lunches at the Berkeley. There, seated at a near-by table, is a fellow who should be watched—a strange and most sinister Russian!

Biscuit's father enters—and Ann. Berry's heart does a flipflop. He likes the lovely American. . . . The bearded villain departs. Ann follows. The bearded villain gets into his car. Ann gets into hers. Berry steps in beside her.

"Follow that ruffian!" our hero whispers. "I'm a member of the Secret Service!" And the charming Ann proceeds to step on the gas!



"Hullo!" said the Biscuit. "Are you anybody special? I mean, do you go with the place?"

IV

IN THE car which was following the Biscuit there had at first reigned a silence broken only by the whirring of the engines as Ann's shapely foot bore down on the accelerator. It was not until the Kingston by-pass had been reached that its two occupants substituted talk for meditation. Each had begun the journey borne down by weight of thought, and each had good reason to think.

Ann was a conscientious girl. Indeed, her conscience, the legacy of a long line of New England ancestors, had always had an unpleasant habit of spoiling for her many of the more attractive happenings of life. It had clawed her in the restaurant. It now bit her. It was a conscience that seemed to possess all the least likable qualities of a wildcat.

She could not deceive herself. Hers was essentially an honest nature, and she was well aware that, having pledged herself to marry Lord Biskerton, she had limited the scope of her actions. There are certain things which an engaged girl has not the right to do. Or, if she does them, she must not like doing them. As, for instance, catching the eye of strange young men in restaurants. As, for further instance, thinking long and earnestly about a strange young man whose eye she has caught in a restaurant and wishing she could get to know him. And, for a final instance, allowing such a young man to leap into her car and initiate what, despite its grim, official, Secret Service nature, Conscience persisted in describing as a joy-ride.

"Don't talk to me about the call of duty," said Conscience, in its worst New England manner. "You're liking it."

And Ann had to admit that she was. Reluctantly, she was obliged to confess to herself that she had never felt happier since, at the age of fourteen, she had received a signed photograph from John Barrymore.

IF THE possession of parents with a great deal of money and a high social position has a defect, it is that it forces a girl to lead a rather sheltered and conventional life. Ann's, ever since she was old enough to remember, had been lived in a luxurious and somewhat narrow groove. A finishing school in Paris, a series of seasons in New York, winters at Palm Beach or Aiken, summers in Maine or at Southampton. . . . A cramping existence for a romantic soul.

The men she knew were well-groomed, handsome, polite, but—well, ordinary. Of a pattern. Sometimes she had to collect herself to remember which was which. This one beside her was something new.

Nevertheless, it was quite wrong of her—and she knew that it was quite wrong—to feel this extraordinary fluttering sensation. She should either have refused his extraordinary request, or if an excusable desire to assist the Secret Service of Great Britain had led her to comply with it, should have preserved a detached and impersonal attitude, as if she had been a taxi-driver.

So Ann drove on, and her conscience clawed her abominably.

As for Berry, it would be too much to say that anything in the nature of a real reaction had set in from the mood of rash impulsiveness which had spurred him on to take that sudden leap into this car. He still felt he had done the right thing. Looking back, he could find nothing in his conduct to deplore. Behavior which in other circumstances might possibly have lain open to the charge of being slightly eccentric became on a day like this normal and prudent. Had he not acted as he had done, this wonderful girl would have passed out of his life forever. To prevent a tragedy so unthinkable, no course of action could be called injudicious.

Nevertheless, he was sufficiently restored to sanity to realize that his position might be described as one of some slight embarrassment. Like an enthusiastic but ill-advised sportsman in the jungles of India who has caught a tiger by the tail, he was feeling that he was all right so far but that his next move would require a certain amount of careful thought.

And so, wrapped in silence, the car turned into the Kingston by-pass. The other car was bowling rapidly ahead over the smooth concrete. Where its occupant was going it was impossible to guess, but he was certainly on his way.

Berry was the first to break the silence:

"This is most awfully good of you."

"Oh, no," said Ann.

"Oh, yes."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, but it is," said Berry.

"Oh, but it isn't," said Ann.

"Well, all I can say," said Berry, "is that I think it's most awfully good of you."

These polite exchanges seemed to diminish the tension. Berry began to breathe again, and Ann went so far as to take an excited eye off the road and flash it at his face. Seen in profile, that face appealed to her strongly. Strenuous exercise and a sober life had given Berry rather a good profile, lean and hard-looking. There were little muscles over his cheekbones and a small white scar in front of the ear which had an attractive and exciting aspect. A bullet graze, Ann knew, would cause a scar just like that.

"Most girls would have been scared stiff," said Berry.

"Well, I was."

"Yes," said Berry, with rising enthusiasm. "But you didn't hesitate. You didn't falter. You took the situation in in a second, and were off like a flash."

"Who is he?" asked Ann breathlessly, peering through the windshield at the flying two-seater. "Or," she added, "mustn't you say?"

BERRY would have preferred not to say, but there was plainly nothing else to be done. The owner of a commandeered car has certain rights. He felt that it was fortunate that in his meditations in the restaurant he had gone so deeply into this question of the identity of the bearded bird.

"I think," he said, "he is The Sniffer."

"The Sniffer?" Ann's voice was a squeak. "What Sniffer? How do you mean The Sniffer? Who is The Sniffer? Why The Sniffer?"

"The head of the great cocaine ring. They call him The Sniffer. If, that is to say, he is the man I suppose. He may be a perfectly innocent person . . ."

"Oh, I hope not."

". . . who has the misfortune to resemble one of the most dangerous criminals at present in the country. But I feel sure it's the man himself. You have probably heard how the drug traffic has been increasing of late?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, it has. And it is this man who is responsible."

"The Sniffer?"

"The Sniffer."

There was silence for a moment. Then Ann drew a deep breath.

"I suppose all this seems very ordinary to you," she said. "But I'm just quivering like an aspen. You take it as just a matter of course, I suppose?"

Young men in old England do not possess New England consciences. There is the Nonconformist conscience, but Berry was not subject even to that. He replied not only steadily, but with a quiet smile.

"Well, of course, it is all in the day's work," he said.

"You mean this sort of thing is happening to you all the time?"

"More or less."

"Well!" said Ann.

It was a personal question, she felt, but she could keep it in no longer.

"How did you get that scar?" she asked breathlessly.

"Scar?"

"There's a little white scar just in front of your ear. Was that caused by a bullet that grazed you?"

Berry swallowed painfully. Girls bring these things on themselves, he felt. Look at Othello and Desdemona. Othello hadn't dreamed of saying all that stuff about moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach, until the girl dragged it out of him with her questions. Othello knew perfectly well that when he talked of the cannibals that each other eat and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders he was piling it on. But what could he do?

And what, in a similar situation, could Berry Conway do?

"It was," he said, and felt that from now on nothing mattered.

"Goo!" said Ann. "It must have come pretty close."

"It would have come closer," said Berry, his better self now definitely dead, "if I had fired a second later."

"You fired?"

"Well, I had to."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," said Ann. "I saw his hand go to his pocket . . ."

"Whose hand?"

"Jack Molloy's. It was when I was rounding up the Molloy gang."

"Who were they?"

"A gang of men who went in for arson."

"Firebugs?"

"THAT'S it," said Berry, wishing he had thought of the word himself. "They had a headquarters in Deptford. The chief sent me there to spy out the ground, but my beard came off . . ."

"Were you wearing a beard?"

"Yes."

"I don't think I should like you in a beard," said Ann, critically.

"I never wear one," Berry hastened to explain, "unless I'm rounding up a gang."

"How many gangs have you rounded up?"

"I forget."

"It must be very interesting work, rounding up gangs."

"Oh, it is."

"Look!" said Ann. "The Sniffer's gone into that inn."

Berry followed her gaze.

"So he has."

"What are you going to do?"

This was a point which was perplexing Berry, also. In the exhilaration of this ride, he had rather overlooked the fact that sooner or later it would be necessary to do something.

"Well . . ." he said.

Inspiration came to him, as it had come to Lord Biskerton. The afternoon was of a warmth that turned the thoughts in that direction. He would go in and have a drink.

"Would you mind waiting here?" he said.

"Waiting?"

She saw a stern, cold look come into his face.

"I'm going in after him."

"Well, can't I come, too?"

"No. There may be unpleasantness."

"I like unpleasantness."

"No," said Berry firmly. "Please."

Ann sighed.

"Oh, very well. Have you got your gun?"

"Yes."

"Well, have it ready," said Ann, "and don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes."

BERRY disappeared. He walked, Ann thought, just like a bloodhound. Leaning back against the warm leather, she gave herself up to delicious meditation. It was the first time anything of this kind had happened to Ann Moon. Never before had she been even in so much as a night-club raid. The only occasion on which she had ever touched lawlessness and crime had been once on the road between New York and Piping Rock, when a motorcycle policeman had handed her a ticket for exceeding the speed limit.

And then suddenly in the midst of her ecstasy something hard and sharp dug into the roots of her soul.

"Hey!" said Conscience unpleasantly, resuming work at the old stand. "Just a moment!"

The saloon bar of the Jolly Harvesters at the moment of Lord Biskerton's entry was unoccupied save by a robust lady in black satin with the sunlight, or something similar, in her hair and a large brooch athwart her bosom with the word "Baby" written across it in silver letters. She stood behind the counter, waiting, like some St. Bernard dog on an Alpine pass, to give aid and comfort to the thirsty. She smiled genially at the Biscuit, and favored him with a summary of the weather.

"Nice day," she said.

"Of the best," agreed the Biscuit cordially.

A foaming mug changed hands, and they fell into that pleasant, desultory chat which is customary on these occasions.

The art of exchanging small talk across the counters of saloon bars is not given to everybody. Many of the world's finest minds have lacked the knack. The late Herbert Spencer is a case in point. But the Biscuit was in his element. He was at his best with barmaids. He had just the right manner and said just the right things. He was, moreover, a good listener. And as every barmaid has a long, complicated tale of grievances against her employer to tell, this gift is almost more valuable than that of easy speech.

By the time he had quaffed a quarter of a pint of Surrey ale, relations of cordial intimacy had been established between his hostess and himself. So much so that the former at last felt justified in giving the conversation a more personal turn. Right from the start she had had a critical eye on the beard, but until now her natural breeding had kept her from anything in the shape of verbal comment.

"Why ever do you wear that beard?" she asked.

"It's the only one I've got," said the Biscuit.

"It looks funny."

"Don't you like it?"

"Oh, I've got nothing against it. It looks funny, though."

"It would look a lot funnier," argued the Biscuit, "if it was half green and half pink."

THE barmaid considered this, and was inclined to agree.

"Well, it does look funny," she said.

"Do you know how I got this beard?" asked the Biscuit.

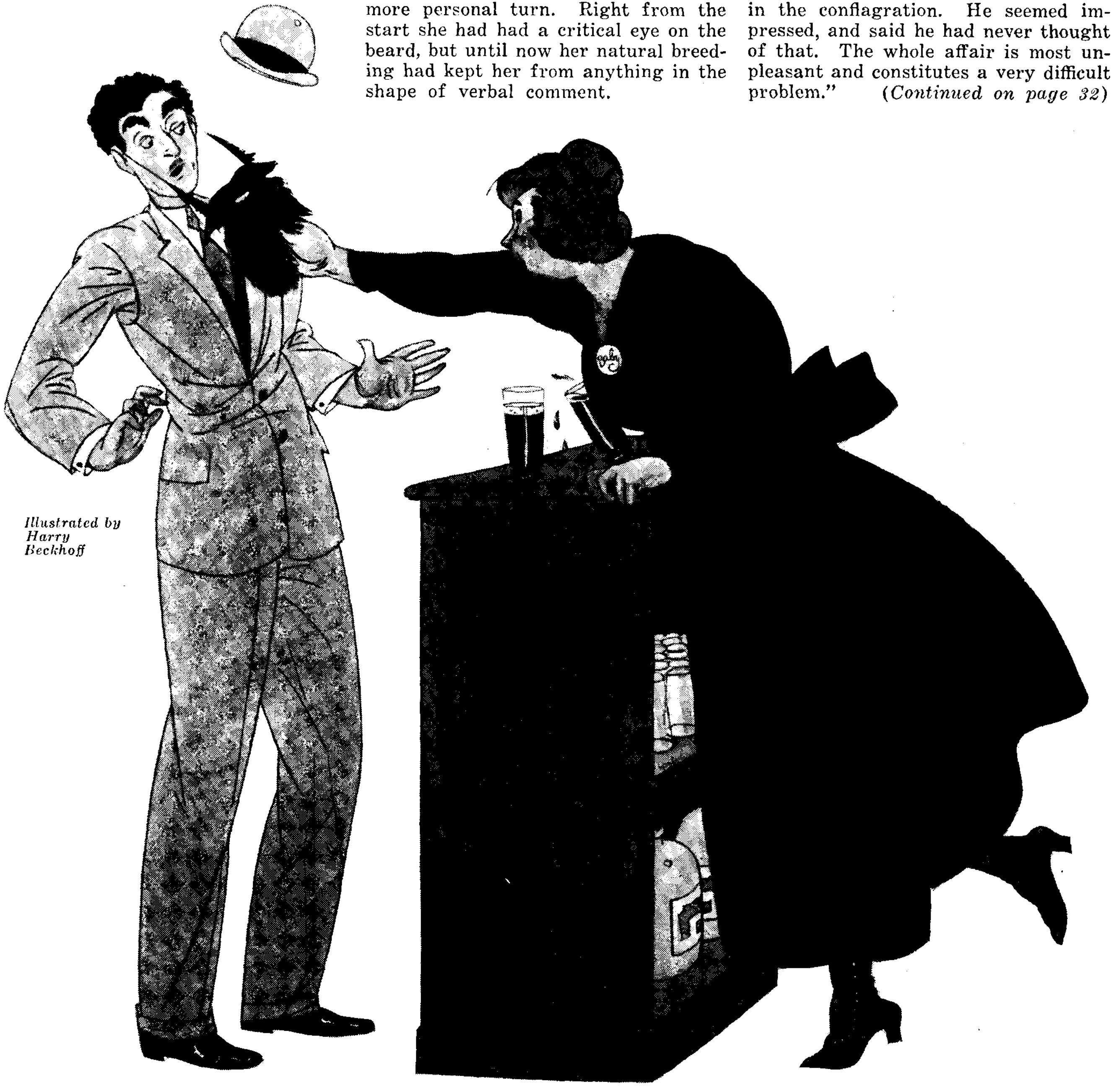
"Grew it, I suppose."

"Not at all. Far from it. Very much otherwise. It's a long story, and reflects a good deal of discredit on some of the parties concerned. When I was a baby, you must know, I was a beautiful little girl. But one day my nurse took me out in my perambulator and stopped to talk to a soldier, as nurses will, and when her back was turned a wicked gypsy sneaked out of the bushes, carrying in her arms an ugly little boy with a beard. And do you know what she did? She stole me out of my perambulator and put that ugly little boy with the beard in my place. And ever since then I've been an ugly little boy with a beard."

"Pity she didn't leave a razor, too."

"Razors are no use," said the Biscuit. "They just fall back blunted and discouraged. So do barbed-wire clippers. One doctor I consulted advised me to set fire to the thing. I pointed out that this might possibly destroy the growth but that I also must inevitably perish in the conflagration. He seemed impressed, and said he had never thought of that. The whole affair is most unpleasant and constitutes a very difficult problem."

(Continued on page 32)

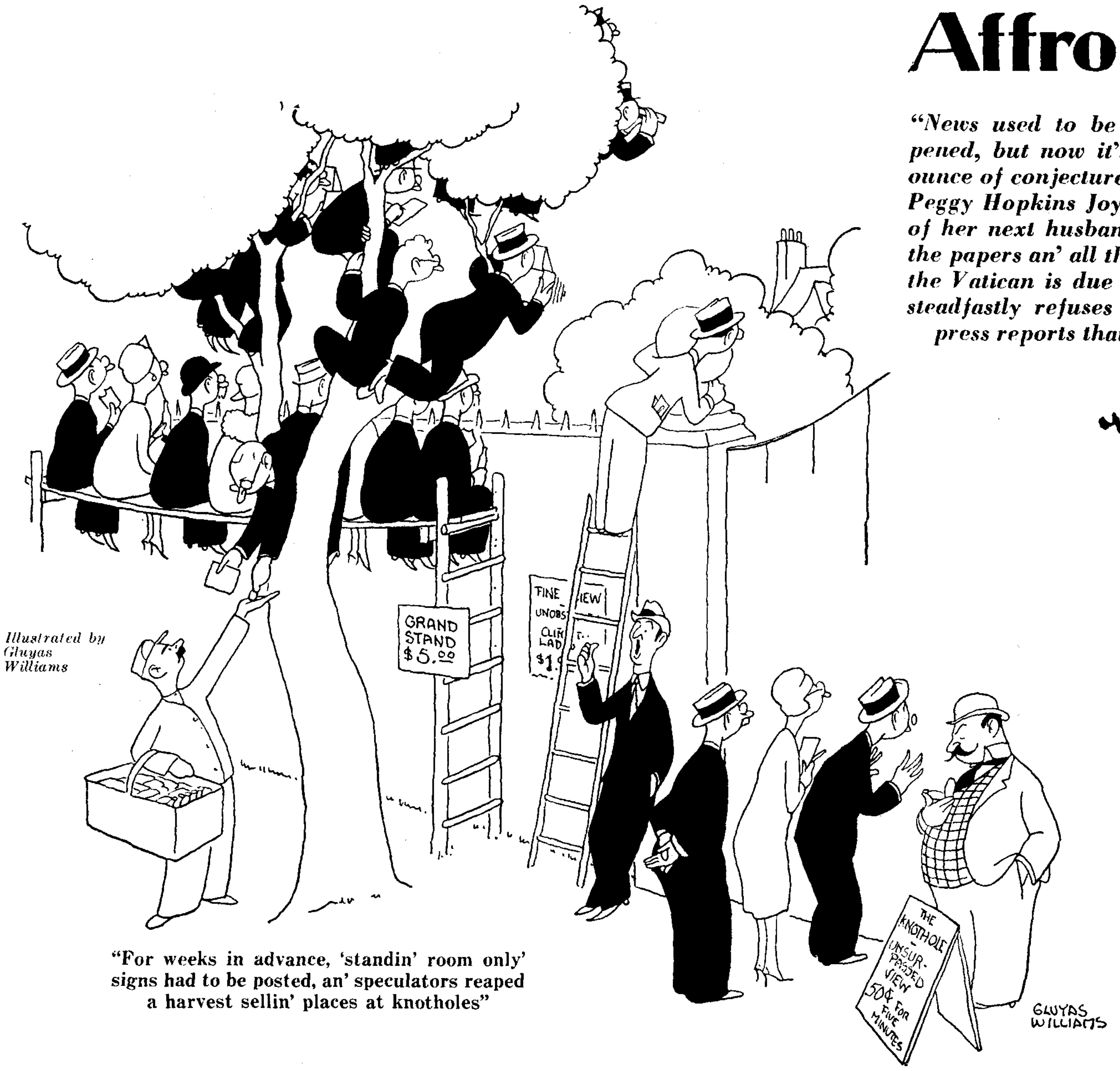

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"I'd have said 'Beaver!' and gone like this." She reached out and gave the beard a hearty tweak, chuckling merrily

Affront Page

"News used to be somethin' that had *happened, but now it's what* may *happen. An ounce of conjecture is worth a pound of fact. Peggy Hopkins Joyce never knows the name of her next husband until it's announced in the papers an' all this hostile attitude towards the Vatican is due to the fact that the Pope steadfastly refuses to confirm the repeated press reports that he is on his deathbed"*

Uncle Henry


GRAND STAND $5.00
FINE VIEW UNOBS CLIM LAD $1
THE KNOTHOLE UNSURPASSED VIEW 50¢ FOR FIVE MINUTES
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"For weeks in advance, 'standin' room only' signs had to be posted, an' speculators reaped a harvest sellin' places at knotholes"

I'M SURPRISED to see the Lindbergh baby doing so well," commented Mr. Stubbs. "If you'll remember, the Colonel kept his wife up in the air almost to the last minute."

"What else could he do?" demanded Uncle Henry. "It was the unfortunate couple's one hope of privacy. Only in the deep-domed empyrean were they free from an Arguseyed press, for no sooner would their plane touch ground than the whole landscape erupted reporters, camera men, sob sisters, psychoanalysts, astrologers, experts in prenatal influences an' all the other weird elements that compose a modern reportorial staff.

"I don't suppose any baby ever came into the world before a larger audience. For weeks in advance, 'standin' room only' signs had to be posted all around the Morrow estate. Great trees broke down under the weight of reporters an' photographers, an' speculators reaped a rich harvest sellin' places at knotholes in the fence.

"What with the constant roar of flashlights, the click of camera shutters an' screamin' for copy boys, not even the battlefields of the Great War could have been more excitin'. It took a troop of cavalry an' a battery of field artillery to get the doctor into the house, for the more juvenile representatives of the press were convinced that he was bringin' the baby in his little black bag, an' fought like demons to get at him.

"Poor Lindy was cheated out of the legitimate pleasures of fatherhood. An' when he did finally venture to leave his home, it wasn't cigars that he carried, but a bunch of hand grenades.

"Worst of all, his troubles are only beginnin'. The child is now almost old enough to expect its first tooth, an' I shudder to think what will happen. Already the great metropolitan dailies have recalled every man to the colors, cancelin' furloughs an' sick leaves, an' I hear that the country near Englewood is slowly fillin' up with reporters an' photographers disguised as milkmen, grocer boys, plumbers an' water-meter inspectors.

"Answer Yes or No"

"Conditions have certainly changed. I can remember the time when newspapers wouldn't even mention Bright's disease for fear of hurtin' Mr. Bright's feelin's, but now the only private citizen is the man who lives in a concrete dugout surrounded on every side by barbed-wire entanglements.

"Didn't you see what happened to Douglas Fairbanks out in Hollywood? It was a warm sunny Saturday afternoon, an' after seein' that the doors an' windows were all locked, the blinds drawn, the bloodhounds loose an' the outer wall patrolled by his armed guards, Doug felt that it was perfectly safe to take off his clothes for a nice, long, leisurely scrub.

"But Doug had hardly soaped himself before the room filled with representatives of the press.

"'Hold it,' cried the photographers in chorus, levelin' cameras an' explodin' flashlights. 'All right now. One more. An' give us a smile, kid. Attaboy!'

"'Say,' barked the reporters, returnin' from the bedroom, where they'd been collectin' family pictures off the walls, an' goin' through Doug's clothes in search of letters, telephone numbers an' other incriminatin' documents. 'Are you still plannin' to divorce your wife? Please answer yes or no!'

"'You're crazy,' shouted Doug, struggling frantically to wrap the soapsuds around him.

"'How much better to let us have the facts,' they insisted soothingly, 'instead of forcin' us to print a garbled version.'

"'Get to hell out of here,' yelled Doug, torn between the natural desire to commit a justifiable homicide an' a natural modesty that made him unwillin' to give the camera men a full-length view.

"The next day the papers carried first-page articles to the effect that Mr. Fairbanks, seen at his home, denied the report that he an' Miss Pickford were contemplatin' a divorce, but grew sullen when asked for signed affidavits that their relations were an' had been amicable, an' angrily refused to divulge the name of the woman in the case, his whole manner plainly intimatin' that if he an' his wife wanted to separate, it was a personal matter, an' entirely their own business.

"His home may be the Englishman's castle, but over here it's just a public thoroughfare. It's not carbon monoxide that menaces the health of the nation, but flashlight fumes.

A Reign of Error

"News used to be somethin' that *had* happened, but now it's what *may* happen. An ounce of conjecture is worth a pound of fact. Peggy Hopkins Joyce never knows the name of her next husband until it's announced in the papers. An' all this hostile attitude towards the Vatican is due to the fact that the Pope steadfastly refuses to confirm the repeated press reports that he is on his deathbed.

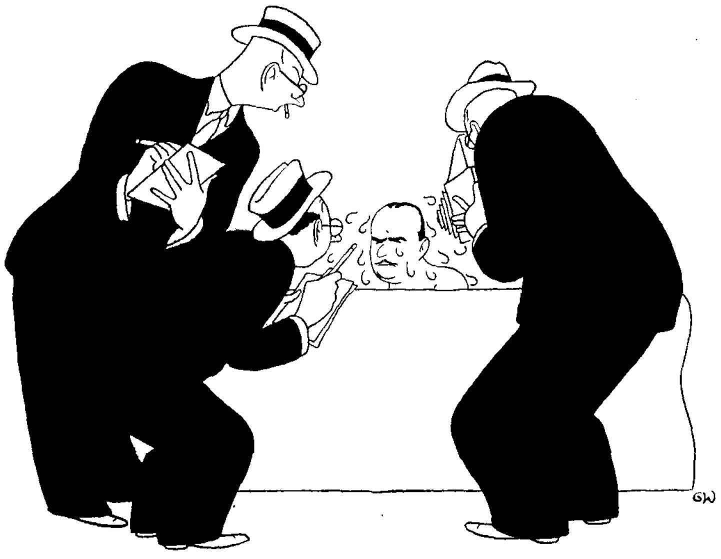
"Movie stars are freed from their slavery to drugs months before they even form the habit; gang killin's are announced while the gangsters are still standin' on the sidewalk waitin' for the murder car; a war between Japan an' the United States is fought without ever drawin' a gun, an' President Hoover never knows that he has lost his courage until newspapers give him the information that he shows signs of havin' recovered his fightin' spirit.

"People don't dare save their letters long enough to read 'em, burnin' every communication the very minute of receipt. Conversation is a lost art because men an' women are afraid to open their mouths, not knowin' who may be listenin' in.

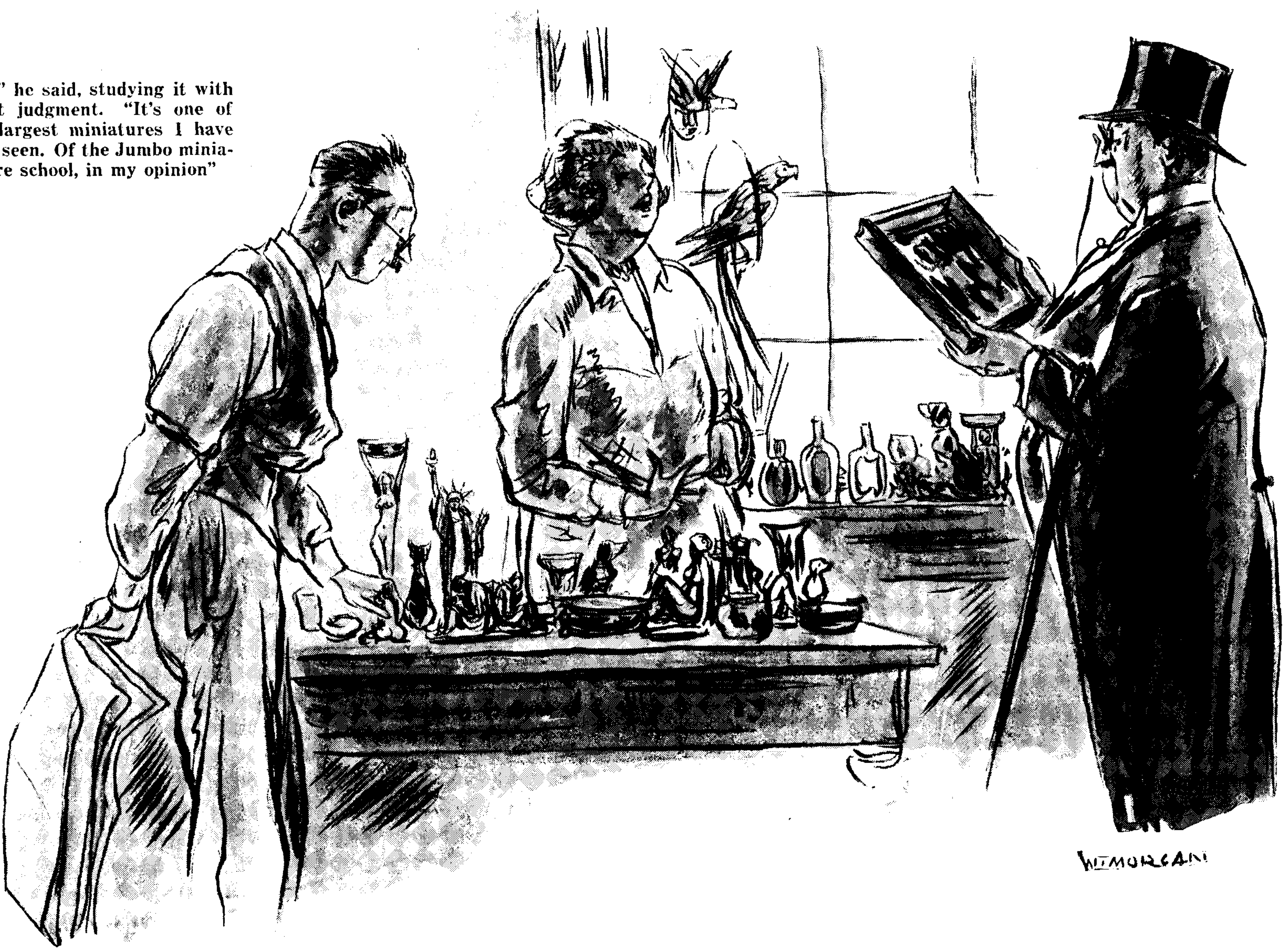
"Much credit has been given to Hoe an' Mergenthaler for inventin' the printin' press an' the linotype machine, but if you ask me, I'll say that the greatest factor in the development of the press has been the dictograph. Until its conception, eavesdroppin' was a crude thing, made inconvenient, uncomfortable an' even dangerous by drafty keyholes an' stuffy closets, but now it has taken its place among the exact sciences."

"Didn't you have a favorable press notice?" sneered Mr. Stubbs.

"Once," admitted Uncle Henry. "The papers printed a report that I was dead."



"'Are you plannin' to divorce your wife? Answer yes or no!'"



"Ah," he said, studying it with great judgment. "It's one of the largest miniatures I have ever seen. Of the Jumbo miniature school, in my opinion"

The Art of Mr. Sanzio

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The story of a guileless swindler who didn't know enough to beware of honest crooks

By Thomas McMorrow

IF YOU would like to pay sixty cents for an ash-tray that you can buy in the five-and-ten, or two dollars for a celluloid parrot that must have cost somebody upwards of fifteen cents, why, I know a place, if you like traveling.

Take the Fort Lee ferry to Edgewater, or the Lincoln Highway if you're a Republican, and follow the cars waiting for the ferry along the River Road, past the Sugar House and aluminum works till you come to a snappy little residence and see on its basement a sign saying Spilett's Arte Shoppe. That's it! Spend your money in a good cause.

Do you wish one of these abalone shells from California or a conch from Key West at even less than it would cost you to go there and get it for yourself? How about a Statue of Liberty or a flannel pen-wiper? Pick it out. Don't grab any arte and run; I know I don't have to tell you this, and Mrs. Spilett won't say it to you, but it will be on her mind. She will watch you and be sorry her husband is out looking for a job. A customer in the shoppe is always expected but he is always a surprise; like a burglar.

Mr. Spilett is a hustler and always hunting work, and his wife is no slouch, and they have nearly a thousand dollars in the bank, and one sort I wouldn't like to send to the shoppe is a swindler. Swindlers can sit in jail when they are caught; and they're bound to be caught. It doesn't pay to swindle. A swindler might happen to hear of a swell little shoppe and nearly a thousand dollars in the bank, and make up his mind to go there and swindle, but he would be found out and run into jail. He mightn't believe this, and take the address and go there, but he'll be sorry even if he doesn't get in jail; it's been tried, and I'll tell you about it if you don't believe it. You don't mind me telling this story, do you? I don't mean anything by it—the idea, ha, ha—but, just for instance:

ONE day Mrs. Spilett, a stunning blonde, was in her shoppe reading one of her arte calendars—she's a great lady for anniversaries and a calendar is pop-eyed reading to her—when the bell over the shoppe door gave her fair warning, and in walked a swindler.

She didn't know he was a swindler at the time, and in fact I didn't myself, but between ourselves, why, that's what he was, the snoozer. He wore a floppy hat and a blooming black necktie, and he was tall and underfed, with interesting eyes, and he looked dirty. She saw at once that he was an artist, but he told her so, too. He told her that his name was Sanzio and that he was a painter and that he would like to put one of his works in her window; he wanted a hundred dollars for this picture and he would pay her ten per cent.

That interested Mrs. Spilett because her husband is a painter too, and a crackerjack, and she had quite a talk with this Sanzio; business wasn't rushing just then, as it happened.

She told Mr. Spilett about it when he came back from New York, weary and tired out but full of ambition, he having just landed a job to paint the window-frames of a nineteen-story apartment house for one Saul Abrams. She said to him while he was in the kitchen lifting lids and getting a line on the supper, "He's a wonderful painter, Kiah, and the best in the business."

"That's exactly what I told Saul Abrams myself," I said. (I am Mr. Spilett.) "There's a coincidence for you. But if you want any painting around this house, Tishy, why, wait till I get a little time."

"But he is an art-painter," said Mrs. Spilett. And she showed me the picture.

It wasn't much bigger than a hundred-dollar bill, if I have not been misinformed, but it had a gilt frame on it about as wide again, and that made it look like something. It was high-class work, and not even a brush mark, because it was painted onto a piece of glass; you looked through the glass at the picture. I may not be a great art critic, but I know a job of paint when I see it; and this was it. The subject was a young man going to a fancy-dress ball, probably the Booze Arts. But a hundred dollars!

"Why, I could cover it with a hundred-dollar note," said I.

"Who could?" said Mrs. Spilett.

"Well, make it a two," I agreed. "But, Tishy, if you want to take on a new line, why don't you try false faces?"

"This," said Mrs. Spilett, "is an arte shoppe." And she put the work back in the window and went on with the supper.

I GOT home around four o'clock the next afternoon, and Mrs. Spilett had great news; she had a check for a hundred dollars. "Sold the picture, Kiah!" she said. "An hour after you left the house."

"Who is this Raoul Letellier?" said I, looking at the name on the check. "Is this good?"

"Well, how do I know the picture was any good?" argued Mrs. Spilett. "If this is good, so was the picture, and I thought I would take it and find out. But what brings you home so early, Kiah?"

"Through with the job, Tishy," said I.

"Already?" said she admiringly. "Nineteen stories?"

"You can shudder at what might have happened," I said. "I fell off a ladder and could have been dashed to pieces, but it was only the first floor and I just strained my back. Well, I will rest it up for a few weeks, and—"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Spilett. "What that back needs is exercise, and you'll be on the job bright and early tomorrow morning."

"Not that job, Tishy," I said. "It was Saul Abrams, the big Yid, that opened a window on me when I wasn't looking and pushed me off the ladder; he said I had a swivel neck. Well, I can't work, but I will look for something in the paper tomorrow morning, if you insist, and maybe I will not find anything."

In that way I was in the shoppe when Mr. Sanzio the artist came in and got the check. "Raoul Letellier!" said he. "Not *the* Raoul Letellier? In a high hat? Frock coat? Ebony cane?"

"Uh-huh, Mr. Sanzio," said Mrs. Spilett. "Maybe you know him?"

"I wish I had his check for a million," said Mr. Sanzio, putting it in his pocket and forgetting, if that was it, to pay Mrs. Spilett her ten dollars right away. "Raoul Letellier buys pictures for the New York Museum of Art, and I dare say he will sell that picture to the museum for thousands of dollars. He is quite filthy, and that's how he makes all *his money, going about in* arte shoppes and second-hand stores and picking up masterpieces for a song; he sells them to museums. Very honorable indeed, and his word is as good as his bond, but a very shrewd buyer. You didn't tell him who the artist was, did you?"

"He never asked, Mr. Sanzio," said Mrs. Spilett. "But he seemed to recognize the picture."

"And well he might," agreed Mr. Sanzio. "He or any other great art critic. He didn't question the price for a moment, did he?"

"No, he thought it was awfully cheap."

"AND he knew," said Mr. Sanzio. "I will tell you in confidence, Mrs. Spilett—Mr. Spilett, you can listen to this—that Sanzio is not my art name. If I would sign my art name to that picture, it would be worth thousands of dollars. Money is no object with me, but what I would like to find out is are the public buying my pictures and paying thousands because my name is signed to them or because they are good? You don't know how a thing like that frets an artist, Mrs. Spilett. You too, Mr. Spilett. And so I brought that picture over here to sell it incog; and who buys it but Raoul Letellier. Well, why should I *sell him these masterpieces for a song* and let him turn them over to the museum for thousands?"

"Well, what you could do, Mr. Sanzio," said Mrs. Spilett, "you could charge him bigger money."

"There's an idea," said Mr. Sanzio, taking a package from under his arm and unwrapping it and bringing out a second picture. It was just like the other, but different. "And what is the subject of this work, Mr. Sanzio?" I asked, having a look. I mean it wasn't the same picture.

"The gentleman you see there is being skinned," explained Mr. Sanzio. "The price is six hundred dollars."

"And it is a skin?" said Mrs. Spilett, having a look. "Oh, you mean they are pulling him out of his skin and you want six hundred dollars. Well, it is a lot of money, but we will put it in the window. And if we sell it we get sixty dollars?"

"Just like he gave you the ten—hah, Mr. Sanzio?" I said. "Oh, I wasn't hinting, Mr. Sanzio; I meant just for instance."

"Yes," said Mr. Sanzio. "That will be seventy altogether."

The next day Mr. Letellier came back for more, and I tell you I would take a check from him myself as he looked like the green and ready. He was just as advertised. "Good morning, Mrs. Spilett," he said, lifting the high hat and hooking the ebony cane over his arm. "I thought perhaps you might have another example of that artist I bought the other day.

"Aha," he said, spotting the new picture. He lifted it out of the window and studied it with great judgment. "It's one of the largest miniatures I've ever seen," he said. "Of the Jumbo miniature school, in my opinion. The hand of the master is there, and yet—But, no; it cannot be. Tell me, madam, is this example also for sale?"

"Yes, Mr. Letellier," said Mrs. Spilett. "But at a very different figure, I'll have to warn you."

"Then it must be an original, and I had supposed it was only a fine copy. I thought all the master's works were in the art museums and millionaires' homes. Why, yes, I can see now that this is an original, and I must bid on a different scale. I won't pay any robber price, though, I'll tell you flat, so don't have any false hopes. And I never barter; I'll name you a price and you can take it or leave it."

"WELL, we know what the artist wants for it," said Mrs. Spilett, "but we can take an offer."

"Absolutely," said I. "Go on and insult us, Mr. Letellier."

"For this work," said Mr. Letellier, narrowing his eyes like a wolf, "I am prepared to pay one thousand dollars and not another cent. That's my best and final offer and I wouldn't improve it."

"Well, it's an offer, Tishy," said I, waving to Mrs. Spilett behind my back. "Maybe you and the artist can get together, Mr. Letellier."

"We certainly will," said Mr. Letellier firmly, "or there will be nothing doing. I'll have to have a bill of sale this time; the price is large and I must know you have the right to sell. If the picture is not yours, I will have to meet the owner and get an affidavit from him, made before a notary and with a red seal."

"But we don't think the artist would wish that," said Mrs. Spilett. "Do we, Kiah? From what he said, we think he would like to preserve his Elias."

"I must insist," said Mr. Letellier, insisting. "You can see my position; you are two responsible business people and I wouldn't hesitate to buy off you if you owned the picture, but where do I get off to risk my money on some vagabone who, for all I know, might have stolen this work from some museum? I won't even argue with you; those are my terms and it's take it or leave it. I'll be back for my answer in a few days. Good day."

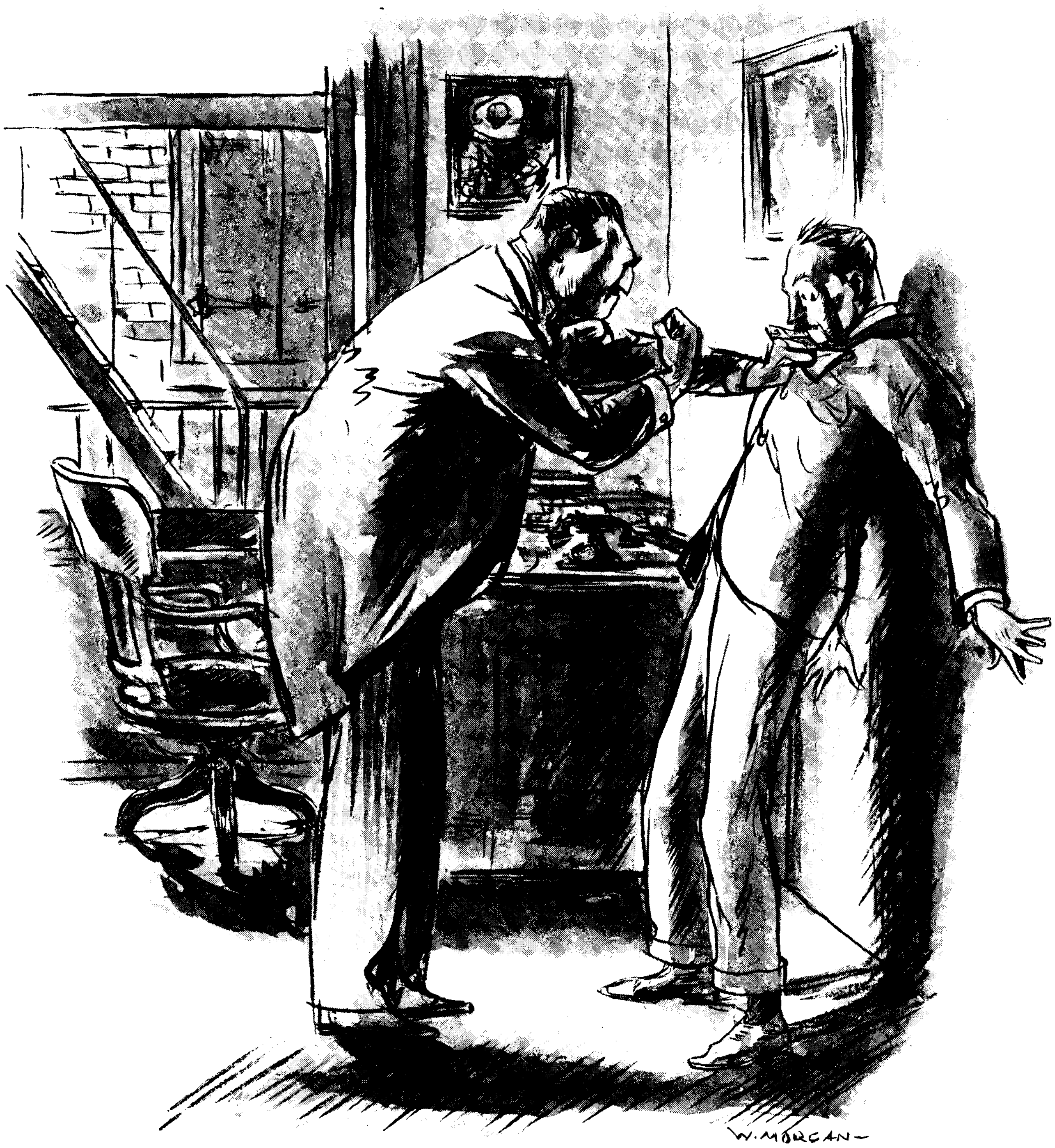
"KIAH," exclaimed Mrs. Spilett when our buyer had gone off, "we could buy the picture—"

"From Mr. Sanzio," I cut in; it was just as much my idea as hers. "We have just six hundred dollars in the bank; there's a coincidence for you! If we buy the picture from Mr. Sanzio for six hundred and sell it to Mr. Letellier for a thousand, we'll make more than if we took ten per cent; you figure it out. If only we could be dead sure that Mr. Letellier would come back and pay us a thousand; it wouldn't be so good if he forgot to come back. There's the only chance."

"I'm not worrying a little bit about Mr. Letellier," said Mrs. Spilett. "What I am worrying about is will Mr. Sanzio sell us the picture for only six hundred? Artists are so funny sometimes. Where are you going now, Kiah?"

"I'm going to call a man up," said I, getting out quietly.

I was going to call a man up, but not about a job, as Mrs. Spilett thought, because I am always trying to hustle a job. I had an idea, and it felt fine, but I wouldn't tell Mrs. Spilett just yet. It is my experience with even the best of wives, meaning Mrs. Spilett, that she will take a good idea after you started it and will soon claim it was hers; and



"You see that, you shrimp!" he said. He was showing me his fist. "Blackmail me, will you?"

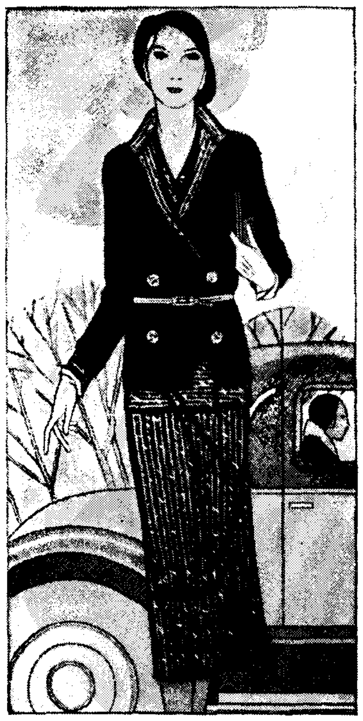
(*Continued on page 64*)

Fall Clothes Line

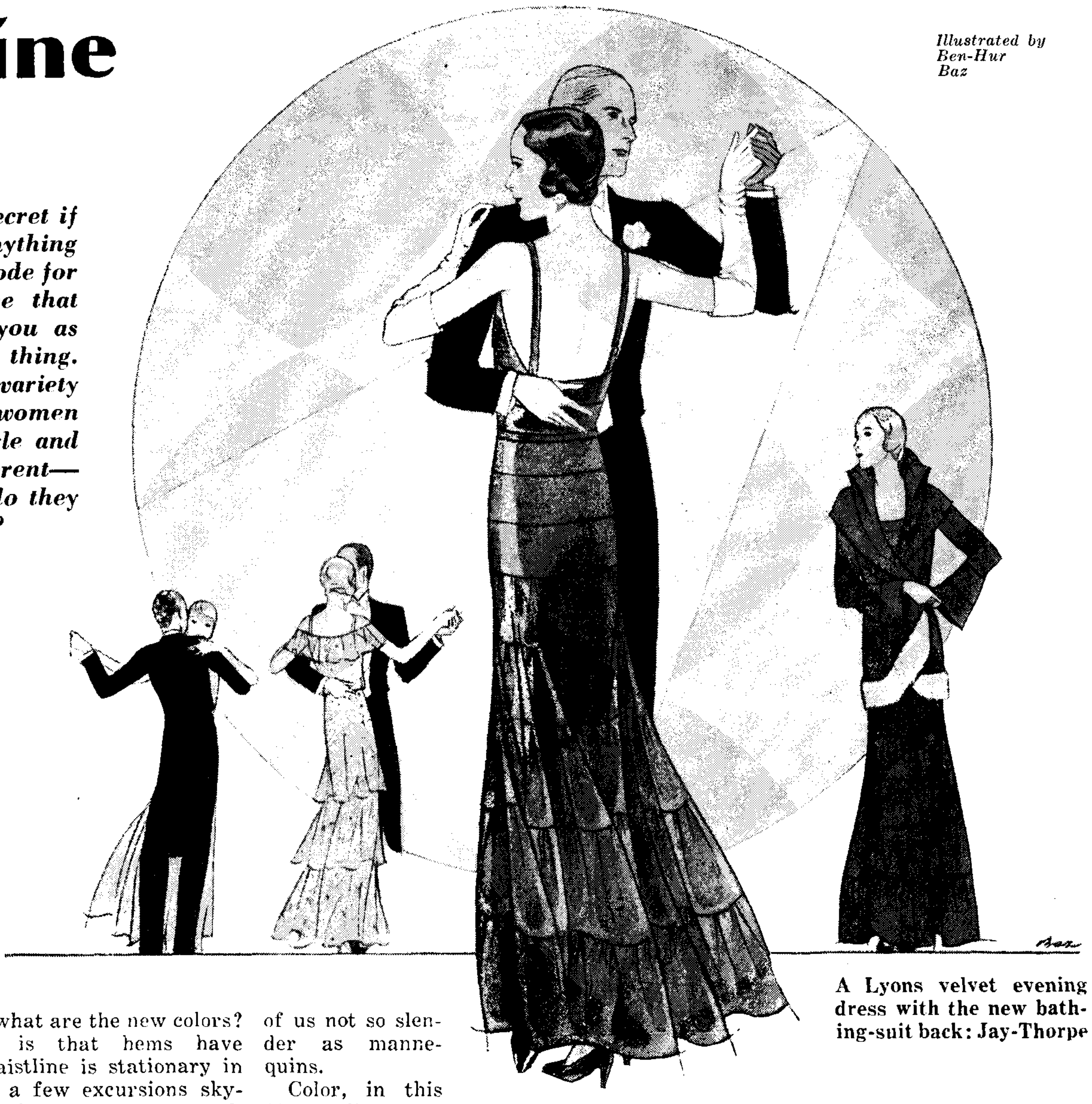
By Aimee Larkin

Illustrated by Ben-Hur Baz

Keep it a dark secret if you can't find anything you like in the mode for 1930-31, because that will just mark you as being a fussy old thing. There is so much variety this year that women can all be in style and yet all be different—and what more do they ever want?



Tweed dress and tweed-trimmed fur jacket make a smart version of the suit: Bonwit Teller



A Lyons velvet evening dress with the new bathing-suit back: Jay-Thorpe

LIKE the notes of the scale, the locusts of the field and the days of the week, fashion seems to go in cycles of seven, the first year and the last year of a given mode generally providing its worst features. A Sunday-year sees new lines born and everybody having a trying time of it. We're stiff and starched and more or less rebellious about the clothes that have been wished on us.

A year later—on Monday of the fashion calendar—we're looking and feeling better. The mode has shaken down and so have we. By Saturday, however, mysterious forces are at work. The new mode has become an old mode, a bit given to repeating itself, but most of us are quite satisfied with it. Buying and wearing require no thought. If we used our memories, we'd realize that this is just the point at which the forward-looking creators are getting ready to spring something so different that the papers will be exploding in headlines around the world.

Last autumn when we got back from our holidays, we found we'd carried over nothing we could wear—and lots of us didn't want to put on what Paris and our own astute American designers had provided as a thrilling substitute. We had the Sunday blues across the continent.

A year later, we find ourselves not only acquiescent but enthusiastic. Our eyes have changed, and the mode itself has developed into assured beauty and complete wearability.

Many Changes

Nothing revolutionary has happened in the meantime—nothing ever does on Monday—but there are a multitude of changes. The trend toward elaboration is more pronounced than ever. The swing permitted to individual taste could scarcely be greater.

In charting such changes as have occurred, every woman wants to know three things:

How long are skirts? Where is the waistline? And what are the new colors?

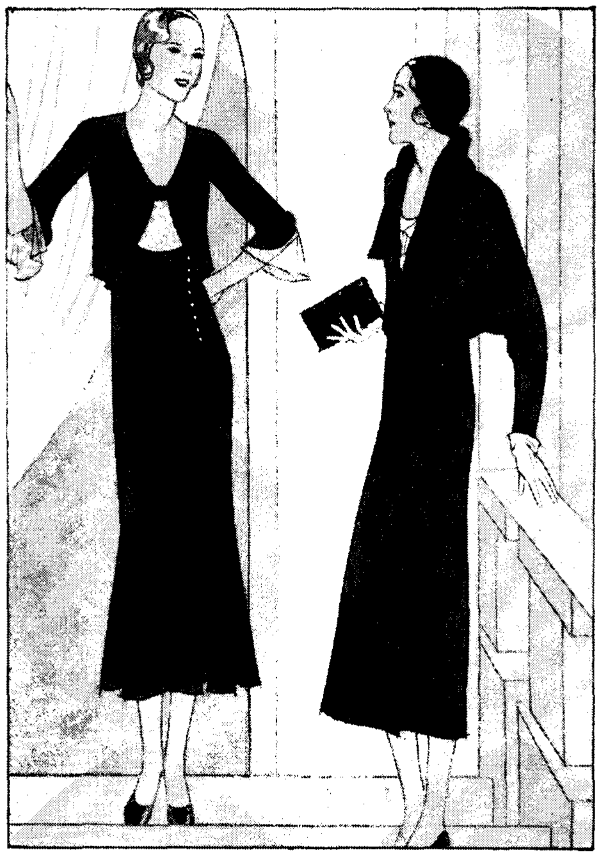
The answer is that hems have dropped, the waistline is stationary in the main, with a few excursions skyward, and the rainbow is pretty much what one wants to make it.

We can put the matter of lengths in a peanut shell. Sports skirts thirteen to fifteen inches from the turf. Street skirts twelve to thirteen inches from the sidewalk. Afternoon dresses, intended to be worn indoors, eight inches to ankle-length above the rugs. Evening dresses, to the ankle, the instep, the floor or trailing.

If we want to expand the above information to fill a coconut, we can say that the fifteen-inch sports length shouldn't come in town, while the thirteen-inch may belong to the compromise costume equally appropriate to both milieus. We can add that, while the eight-inch and the ankle-length afternoon dresses shouldn't leave the front door except to motor direct to destination, the average woman can play bridge just as smartly in some sort of silk crêpe dress twelve inches from the floor, a dress that may also be worn for lunch downtown or a tour of the shops. We can state that the trailing evening frock is not intended for dancing.

As to the waistline, it appears more or less to be resting on its laurels. To be sure, Patou raises it in front and drops it in back by day. Many of the great creators put it on the elevator all round in the evening, notably Molyneux in his glamorous Empire frocks. But as a rule waistlines of dresses repeat the waistlines of their wearers, with bloused backs, draped bodices, peplums, boleros and other kindly little tricks to soften the revelation for those of us not so slender as mannequins.

Color, in this 1930 edition of the feminine glass of fashion, begins for the daytime with black, practically always relieved by means of another color in the same or contrasting material, or an infinitely diversified lingerie touch. The second daytime color is sometimes quoted as green, on account of its prevalence at the Paris openings in every shade from dark to light. Speaking from the American standpoint, brown will probably pass green in the matter of volume, since even a large section of Paris endorses it as a substitute for black, and the average woman who hasn't an extensive wardrobe has always recognized its practicality. Red is with us, and gray is coming into the limelight. Purple has a few backers, but Chanel's raisin is the one valid reason for mentioning it.



Velvet and real lace for afternoon: Jay-Thorpe. The dolman-sleeved coat is from Bonwit Teller

For the evening, black and white are lauded in the same breath, and nothing else can touch either of them for popularity. Pastels have their sponsors, with pink and light blue, sometimes deepening into sapphire blue and turquoise, leading, owing to Chanel's championship. At the other end of the gamut, and again carrying out the current idea of something for everybody, we find the so-called "ink" colors—dark blues, plums, marrons, deep greens and reds—shades usually reserved for daytime wear.

Now for a glance at a few of the novelties offered—things that look new largely because we'd have to be our own mothers to recognize them as revivals.

For example, there is the short fur jacket worn with a wool dress—a fashion with any number of variations, the jacket flaring from under the arms, or fitting more snugly and belted, or appearing with a collar placed low on the neck, a bit of flare at the hip and a tiny muff held tight in front to give the required note of quaintness.

Every bit of fur we possess

(*Continued on page 59*)

Aladdins of the Test Tubes

By William Pickett Helm

Illustrated by Herbert Roese

You remember how you marveled when your boyhood friend Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp and the obedient spirit popped out to do his bidding? How you wished for a personal genie who would make your boyhood dreams of unlimited ice cream, yachts, baseball suits and schoolhouse fires instantly come to pass? Well, those of you who grew up to be chemists will know that there are genii abroad in American laboratories today who outdo Aladdin's. And those of you who didn't will find your belief in fairy stories reborn herewith

IT WAS the morning after the Armistice. The president of a big American factory sat at his desk with a sheaf of papers before him. Telegrams and letters, they were, canceling the last contracts left on his books. Atop the pile of papers was a penciled memorandum. He picked it up and looked at it again.

"Smokeless powder on hand, 62,000 tons," it read.

His eyes turned to the window. Sixty-two thousand tons of smokeless powder had been worth millions yesterday; today it was worth exactly nothing. Less than nothing, really, for he couldn't have it lying around but would have to take it out and dump it in the ocean. And that would cost money.

Well, the war had blown up. His factories now would turn to making other things. The powder was a dead loss.

"Cellulose," he murmured, "that's what the stuff's made of."

Suddenly he stiffened. Then he got up, put on his hat and walked rapidly through the idle factory to the laboratory.

"Mac," he said to the chief chemist, "could we turn that powder back into cellulose and make something out of it we could sell?"

"I'll see," said the chemist.

He saw. By the magic of test tubes and retorts, acids and alkalis, he finally found a way to salvage the cellulose. Then he turned it to liquid and splashed a rainbow of color on it; and when he had finished they used it to paint automobiles. Millions of them. In the form of paint and lacquer that smokeless powder gleamed and glistened over the highways of the world. A new industry had sprung up from the dumps.

Such was the chemist's first post-war miracle for industry. From that start he has moved on fast. With seven-league strides he has crossed the frontiers of the unknown, rolling back its clouds and shadows and revealing flashes of vast opportunity. He has found the keys to nature's long-locked secrets of earth, air and sea. And he has been unlocking them daily, almost hourly.

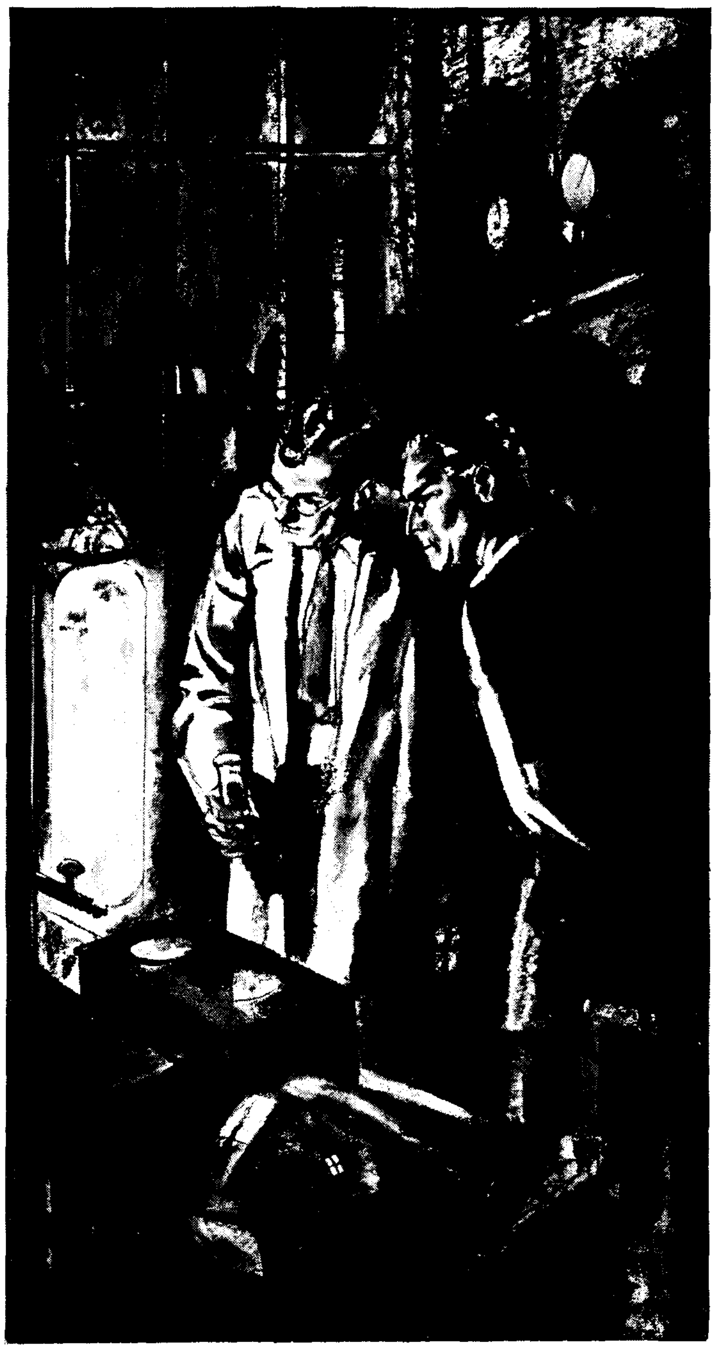
The modern chemist is the Aladdin of industry. He mixes his potions and philters, rubs his hands on a towel, and from his vials float up modern genii to slave for business. The things that are useless he turns to gold. Wherever there is waste, one finds him, seeking to save it.

The cotton fields show his trail. The waving wheat and corn, too, know his ways and the mines echo his tread. Strange monsters of the sea sniff at his handiwork and flee; even the air bears the trademark of his calling.

The list of his accomplishments, gathered from the world's four quarters, is so long that it would take one a week to read it. For 1929 alone, the printed index of what was done in chemical research, set in agate type, two columns to the printed page, covers nearly two thousand generous pages. Each entry—and there are several hundred thousand—is a key to something new that some chemist, somewhere, somehow, accomplished during the year.

Just yesterday, for instance, the head of an important division of the Bureau of Standards at Washington—perhaps the greatest laboratory in the world—called a few of his best chemists to him and said:

"I want you to go out on the farm—any farm. Find out what is being wasted. Then find a way to use it."



Chemistry is the key to nature's precious, long-hidden secrets

They went out. One struck out for the grain belt. Another went to a dairying region. A third hit the trail for Alabama and her cotton fields.

What was being wasted? Each man asked himself the question.

Gold from Cornstalks

The man who went to the cornfields found that the biggest item of waste was cornstalks. Not only a waste, but a nuisance, to boot. He went to Iowa and at Ames, where the state maintains an agricultural college which the Federal government helps to support, he joined hands with the staff and went to work to utilize the wasted cornstalks.

Cornstalks—what could be made of cornstalks? Already, in Illinois, they were used, in a small way, for newsprint paper but the demand was limited and only local farmers benefited. There was no such mill in Iowa.

What are cornstalks, anyhow? The question kept popping into his mind till he analyzed them and found out. Cellulose, mainly, he found—and cellulose is used to make many things. What sort of things could be made from it profitably in Iowa? Well, pulp was one. And pasteboard, too. So they started in to make pulp and pasteboard and now are working on a long list of other possibilities to convert the state's outstanding nuisance into a blessing and bring it to Eastern markets.

Meantime another Aladdin was working on cornstalks. He was a free-lance with ideas all his own. He started in by grinding the dry pith of the stalk to a fine powder. Then he saturated the powder with a liquid explosive salt. He knew something about coal mining, and he had a theory. Maybe it would work and maybe it wouldn't; anyhow, it was worth a trial.

When the explosive juice had soaked thoroughly into the cornstalk powder, he drained the liquid off and wrapped up the powder. He then made it into little cartridges somewhat like sticks of dynamite. That was part of his theory—only his cartridges were small and light. Five of them balanced a pound weight on the scales.

Then this modern Aladdin tripped off to the coal fields. He got a small bit, like an auger, just about half the size of the bits the miners were using to drill holes for their explosives. With it he drilled a few holes in the face of an unmined seam of coal—little holes. He tamped his newfangled cartridges carefully into those little holes, connected them up with an electric battery, stepped away to a safe distance, and pressed the trigger.

The current sped into the explosive. There was a muffled roar as the cartridges let go and the side of the seam came tumbling down. Aladdin trotted back to see what had happened. It was to be proof—or the lack of it—of his pudding.

It was proof, all right. Aladdin was right. His theory was that a powerful explosive, made into small cartridges, light and compact, would shoot down

(*Continued on page 67*)

Among the Casualties

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By F. R. Buckley

NOMINALLY, Mr. Giacomo Salvaggi was a commission merchant.

Actually—though nobody knew it except the police, the press, the bench of magistrates, and that increasing section of the public called the underworld—he was a concessionaire racketeer. He had a dingy little office off Washington Street, but he spent less time there than he did driving around with his secretary in his limousine, holding conferences with thin-faced men in restaurants.

Mr. Salvaggi had a chest like a barrel and a head shaped very much like a keg; the secretary had learned shorthand on the Smith & Wesson system, and carried a pencil under each armpit; the limousine's body was of three-eighths-inch chrome steel; and the thin-faced men were of course platoon-leaders of the forces manning Mr. Salvaggi's section of the North River water front. This sector comprised five eminently graftable piers; and from 1921 until 1929 Mr. Salvaggi had not knocked off a dollar outside its boundaries. Then he met Dolly Kaye.

He met her at Atlantic City in 1929—and oblivious of his age, which was forty; of his weight, which was two hundred and fifty-nine; and of his hair, which was beginning to leave him, he fell wholeheartedly in love with her. Shortly afterward Miss Kaye parted company with the jugglers to whom she had so charmingly handed Indian clubs, and established herself in West Fifty-eighth Street, far from the eyes of Mrs. Salvaggi; in a fourth-floor Eden which boasted one parrot, one Pomeranian and, for the space of three calendar months, no snake.

Then, one bright Sunday *morning*, Mr. Salvaggi found her scowling at a rotogravure section.

"Who," inquired Miss Kaye, with distaste and a burnished finger nail, "is this guy?"

It was Pineapple Dan Fialetto, snapped on the Miami shore in company with Mrs. J. van Durdevant Pfister, Mr. and Mrs. William Beech, and Fitzgerald Baker-Greenaway III. The caption read "King of the Gangsters Society Pet," and in reverential tones Mr. Salvaggi amplified it.

"Well, then, whatchu call *your*self?" demanded Miss Kaye.

Mr. Salvaggi explained. He was rather astonished at Miss Kaye's reaction.

"YOU make sixty thousand a year!" scoffed his Eve. "Ain't you got any *ambition?* You keep tellin' me what a hot number you are, an' how you tell this an' that tough baby where to head in—an' yet here you sit back an' let this fat goof without half your brains get all the jack an' all the publicity too!"

"I never went in for advertising," said Mr. Salvaggi humbly. "It ain't healthy. Besides, the wife likes to play bridge out there'n the country, an'—"

"Which are you aiming to please," asked Miss Kaye in a peculiar tone, "the old woman or me?"

That's how it started.

No one who reads his Daily Snapshot will require more than a summary of what happened in the three months following. The casualties included Jake Fish, Two-Gun Tom Markham, Hoboken Jack Grier, Ollie Pantanello, the two Cohens, Hig Riley and Chicken Willie Small; by whose deceases Mr. Salvaggi had gained (as of September 17, 1929) twelve more piers on the North and East rivers, rights of tithe on four whisky routes and a fairly good footing in the milk-truck and poultry rackets.

He had not had his picture in the papers. Only when one had attained kingship of the beasts could one roar with comparative impunity; and Mr. Salvaggi was within one panther-spring of this rank when Pineapple Dan Fialetto dropped in to see him.

"Understand you're the guy," said Pineapple.

He said no more; and awaited neither denial nor assent.

"Well, now," said the reigning monarch, "you come to me. Gonna play or fight?"

Mr. Salvaggi, smiling, stared at Mr. Fialetto. Mr. Salvaggi's secretary also stared—without the smile.

"Take a week to think it over," said the king carelessly. "If I was you I'd play. Top dog's a tough racket—an' I've fixed it to be tougher'n ever for the guy that follows me. D'you like pineapple for breakfast?"

"No," said Salvaggi, still seeming to smile.

"Well," said Mr. Fialetto seriously, "you try for my boots an' you'll get it—win *or* lose. I've fixed that. G'by."

He was barely in the street before Mr. Salvaggi turned to his secretary.

"Bill," he said hoarsely, "he's gonna bomb me!"

The secretary sneered.

"Ah, shucks, boss! All he knows is pineapples. Who jevver hear of gettin' killed by one? Nobody! Blow off somebody's front peeazzer, maybe, 'n' scare the wits outa a buncha wops, but who—"

Mr. Salvaggi rose heavily.

"Yeah," he said, "but *I* got a weak heart."

So it was not until a week later—after Mr. Salvaggi had been called on business to Chicago, and while he was still demonstrably in that city—that Pineapple Dan took unto himself forty shots from a submachine gun fired from a passing car and died under the portico of the Bide-a-Wee Night Club. Whereupon various reporters, rushing hither and yon with truly dynastic fervor, heard of Mr. Salvaggi; and city editors, unable (like the district attorney of New York County, ss.) to find him in Dodge City, Memphis, Sioux City or Detroit, set a death watch on Grand Central Station.

YET for five weeks—during which he sat in a North Side apartment and jumped violently at every backfire in the street below—Mr. Salvaggi came not. At the end of that time, having heard with surprise (*vide* his communiqué of November 10th) that the district attorney wished to confer with him, he left Chicago without being interviewed, and arrived in New York with three secretaries instead of one, by the 3:47 P. M. train.

It was noticed that he was nervous. So nervous, indeed, that, having failed to find a quite deserted exit from the station, he kept so carefully behind two of his secretaries that the waiting photographers could not get a focus.

Miss Kaye, heedless of the curious throng—it was wondering, largely, why so fat a guy should be so pale—rushed up to her man, flung both arms about his neck, kissed him violently and said she'd always known he'd make good; then she called: "Now's your chance, boys!"

There was a boom and a blinding flash. A billow of white magnesium smoke swept upward to the ceiling. The features of Giacomo Salvaggi were for the first time secured for presentation to one hundred millions of Sabbath-minded folk. A reporter, hurrying forward to lend literature's aid to photography, noticed that his prospective client looked queer. There were beads on his forehead; he was making strange spreading motions with his hands, and still stranger sounds—a ragout of "Pineapple—got me—help—Mother—" in his throat; and he seemed inclined to fall on his knees before Miss Kaye.

He did fall on his knees, one hand pressed adoringly to his left breast. Then he toppled to one side, rolled over, and lay prostrate with his mouth open.

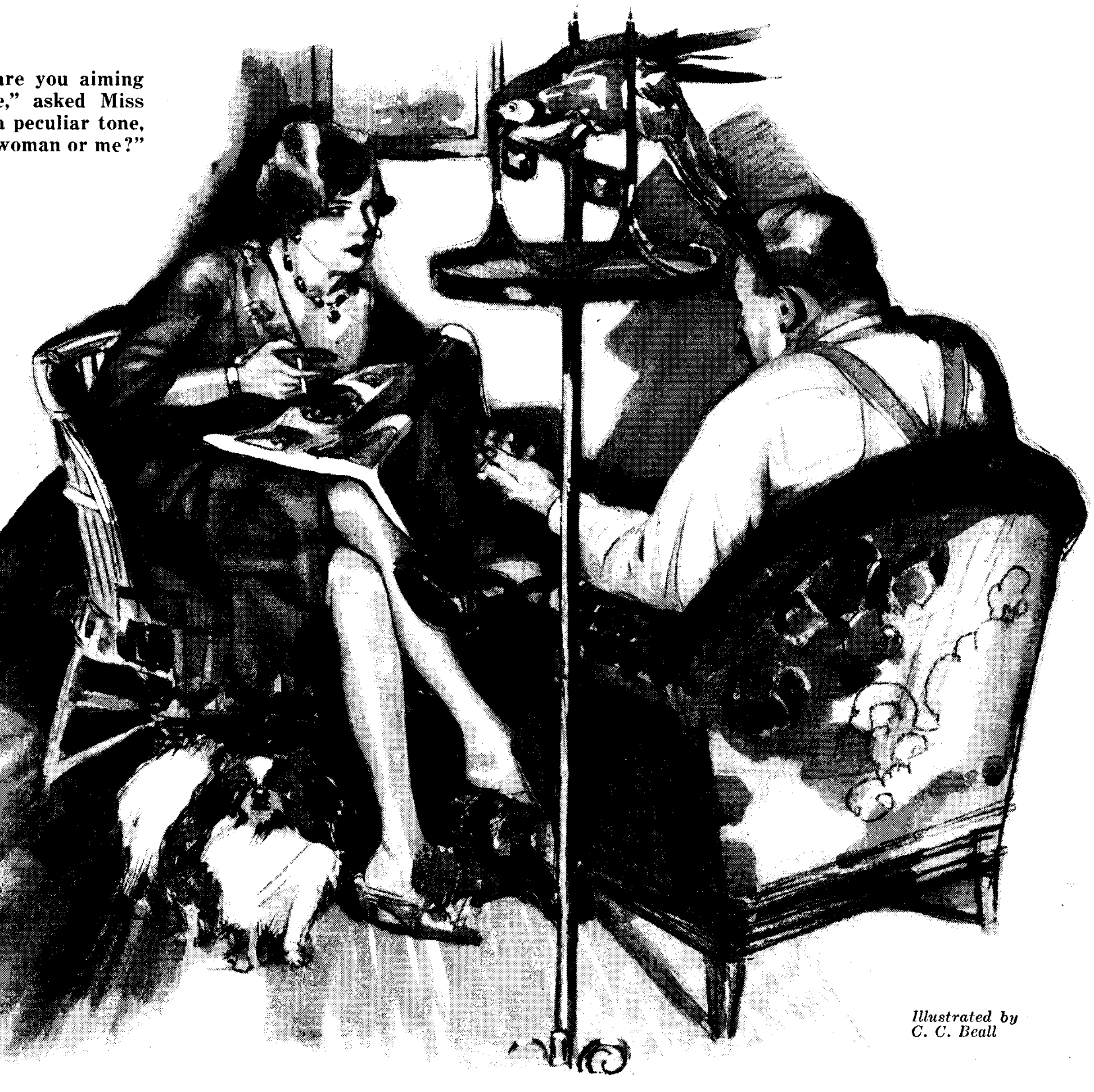
And the reporter, who was young, and whose boss insisted that no mortal accident must prevent the getting of an interview commanded, said:

"Hey—what the—for criminey's sake—he isn't *dead*, is he?"

But there you are; and as Dumb Joe Wills remarked in the Planters' Club that night, that's the way things go.

Yea, yea, yea.

Dead he was.



"Which are you aiming to please," asked Miss Kaye in a peculiar tone, "the old woman or me?"

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Why They Win

In which Mr. Rice reveals that the genius of football coaches is precisely the same as genius in other professions. Your Rocknes, Zuppkes, Warners, Yosts, Staggs and Joneses merely exercise that well-known and infinite capacity for taking pains

By Grantland Rice

I HAVE read and heard a lot about the Rockne System, the Warner System, the Zuppke System and other famous football systems," writes a gridiron enthusiast, "but after watching most of these teams play I can't see any particular difference. They all seem about the same, except that one team may have better material, is more experienced and better drilled in the fundamentals."

To go into any technical discussion of leading football systems would be entirely too tiring to you. In the main it isn't any mystic system that does the winning; it is usually a matter of material and training in fundamentals, plus a smart quarterback who can carry out the prearranged plans of attack.

For example there are thousands of football fans around the country who still firmly believe that the Rockne System at Notre Dame is based largely upon trick plays and a baffling variety of forward passes that can't be solved. They never think of a Notre Dame team in terms of defensive play.

"POP WARNER...A GENIUS AT DECEPTIVE PLAYS.."

Yet Rockne nearly always has one of the strongest defensive teams in the country and he spends more than a few minutes or a few hours erecting a man-barrier that only a strong attack can break through. Those who think of Notre Dame teams in connection with fast, rushing backs and long, accurate forward passers and forward-pass receivers overlook the fact that Notre Dame nearly always swings into action with a great line—a fast-charging, aggressive line.

The Rockne System is an all-round system. One of its leading features on attack has been a well-drilled, smooth-working shift that may strike at almost any point—that carries an element of surprise, based upon deception and starting speed. But don't overlook the fact that one of the main features of Notre Dame's play is clean, hard tackling, sharp, sure blocking, interference that swings together and a general alertness that is rarely caught off guard.

Pop Warner has worked out a greater variety of offensive formations than any other coach during his thirty-some years of football instruction. Pop has been a genius at putting speed, power and deception into his attacks. But it takes time, patience and hard work to get such an attack blended and set for a big game. It means hidden and fake passing back of the line, where his ball carriers can strike through five or six spots or drive through any one of five or six holes. There must be speed and skill in handling the ball.

It is largely for this reason that Pop Warner's teams meet reverses in October but rarely in a November game.

"If you want the answer to the power of Far Western football," writes an Eastern coach who ought to know, "I can tell you briefly: It is the development of more man-power than any single Eastern university can put in the field. They can throw big, fast backs at you so fast that unless you have plenty of reserve power you will soon be swamped. And that means from thirty to thirty-five men of high caliber. In the East our squads usually have from sixteen to twenty football players of first-team rank."

Arnold Horween of Harvard has been a stanch believer in the lateral pass and he has impressed its potential possibilities upon Yale the last two years. Lou Young and Bert Bell also gave Pennsylvania one of the best lateral-pass attacks that football has ever known. Even as strong a team as California had trouble holding it in check after Masters and Gentle had swept to one touchdown last October.

Yale is a great believer in one or two star ball carriers, about the same method Howard Jones uses at U. S. C., where you will find each year a Drury, a Don Williams or a Russ Saunders. Booth and McLennon were two of Yale's best last fall. And at Yale you will always find at least one or two first-class clean-up backs carving out a road.

In other words the Yale-U. S. C. system of attack is less intricate than the Warner-Stanford system and simpler to build up in the rush of a season. But it lacks the variety Pop Warner can call on when he has had time to get his method working properly.

It's in the Material

There is never time enough for any coach to put into effect all the moves he would like to make. Most of them only get an hour a day and this really means only four days a week with the game on Saturday, Sunday a rest day and light work on Mondays and Fridays. This is one of the reasons why so many universities have not experimented with the lateral pass. They believe it takes too much time away from other methods of attack.

In the Middle West they have to get ready in a hurry. The coach of a Conference team can't afford to build slowly and bring his team along. He may have a tough championship game on his schedule for October 11th. I think it is largely for this reason that Bob Zuppke of Illinois first endeavors to have his defensive strength all geared up to repulse the enemy.

Down South, Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt brought Michigan methods to his Commodores twenty-five years ago but in the meantime he worked out a blend that might be labeled All-McGugin, since no smarter coach ever handled a football team. McGugin has no pet system. He usually has a versatile attack, mixed up with running, passing and kicking—plus all the fundamentals he can crowd in. Georgia depends on Harry Mehre of Notre Dame, who has mixed up his own and Rockne's system—if you want to call it a system. Alexander of Georgia Tech has had his own ideas, plus Notre Dame interpolations.

It was magic use of the forward pass, with plenty of new stuff, that helped give Stagg his Chicago victories over Princeton and Washington, especially the latter team, where Chicago turned in a 26-0 victory against a much bigger opponent. But there are no magic, sure-fire systems. The material comes first, more often than not. The type of schedule plays a heavy rôle. Injuries and accidents, the run of luck, have a lot to do with it.

There are so many good coaches around now, so many smart ones, who have studied and learned from all the leading teachers of football science, that material usually tells the story. And by material you must count in not only quality, but also quantity.

"NOTRE DAME... SWINGS INTO ACTION WITH A FAST CHARGING LINE..."

• • • • it had to come

A RADIO

to cope with modern broadcasting conditions

A General Electric Radio

More powerful stations are bidding for your attention. More beautiful, more interesting national programs worthy of clearer, better reception.

These new conditions had to be met. The old-time sets were inadequate. Broadcasting conditions had outgrown the ordinary radio set.

So, out of the "House of Magic," has come this new type radio. More sensitive, more selective than ever before.

A set to meet the new demand of radio listeners, created by modern broadcasting conditions.

For the first time . . . a super-heterodyne circuit using screen-grid tubes . . . a FULL RANGE RADIO.

A new type of radio that gives new standard of performance . . . Radio reception of a quality never before attained.

The Highest Sensitivity Ever Achieved. Low powered, or distant stations too faint for the ordinary set are brought in clearly and distinctly by the FULL RANGE sensitivity of General Electric Radio.

Selectivity As Never Before. Stations so near in wave-length that they scrambled in together on previous sets are readily and definitely separated by the FULL RANGE selectivity of General Electric Radio. So selective that each line on the dial marks a different station.

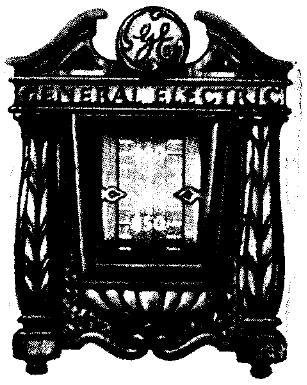
Rich, Natural Tone. General Electric Radio FULL RANGE tone is a revelation in its fidelity. It is even purity throughout the scale, free from cabinet resonance or "barrel" tone effect.

Famous furniture designers have provided the motif of the General Electric Radio cabinets. They are distinctive without being extreme. Their beauty never palls.

The Highboy: *The richness of the brown walnut is enhanced by the splendid lines of this modern piece. Fitted with tone control.*

The Lowboy: A simple yet distinguished example of good furniture design.

The Radio-Phonograph Combination: A cabinet of rare beauty. An outstanding example of fine cabinet design and high-grade craftsmanship equipped with home-recording feature, permitting the recording of music or voice at home. Fitted with tone control.



So selective that every line on the dial marks a separate station.

Ask your local G-E Radio Dealer for a demonstration or if you desire further particulars write Section R-2810, General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

8 *painters in every* 10

[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

use... DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

Eight painters in every ten use Dutch Boy... eight painters in every ten—and no one knows paint like a painter.

FAITH ... that's the factor upon which folks buy paint. Faith in a paint's ability to stand up and do a worthwhile job of protecting. Faith in a paint's ability to look well even after the weather has done its worst to make it look otherwise. Faith in a trade mark that has stood for good paint for years.

These are all reasons why the public has faith in Dutch Boy White Lead ... why eight out of every ten painters use paint made with Dutch Boy.

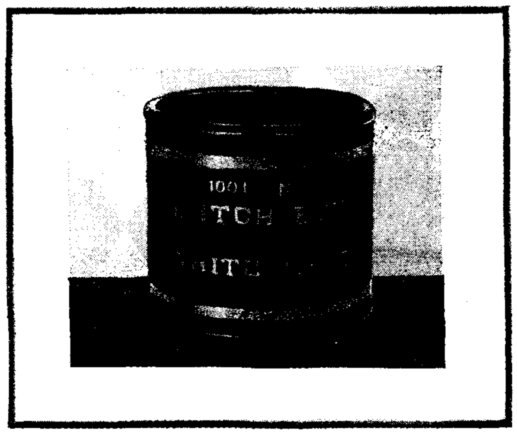
You can't go wrong in putting your faith in this time-tried painting material. Remember: eight out of every ten painters are using Dutch Boy White Lead ... and no one knows paint like a painter.

Write for free booklet ... "The House We Live In" ... which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the interior and exterior of the home. Please address the nearest branch office.

"Save the surface and you save all"— Paint & Varnish

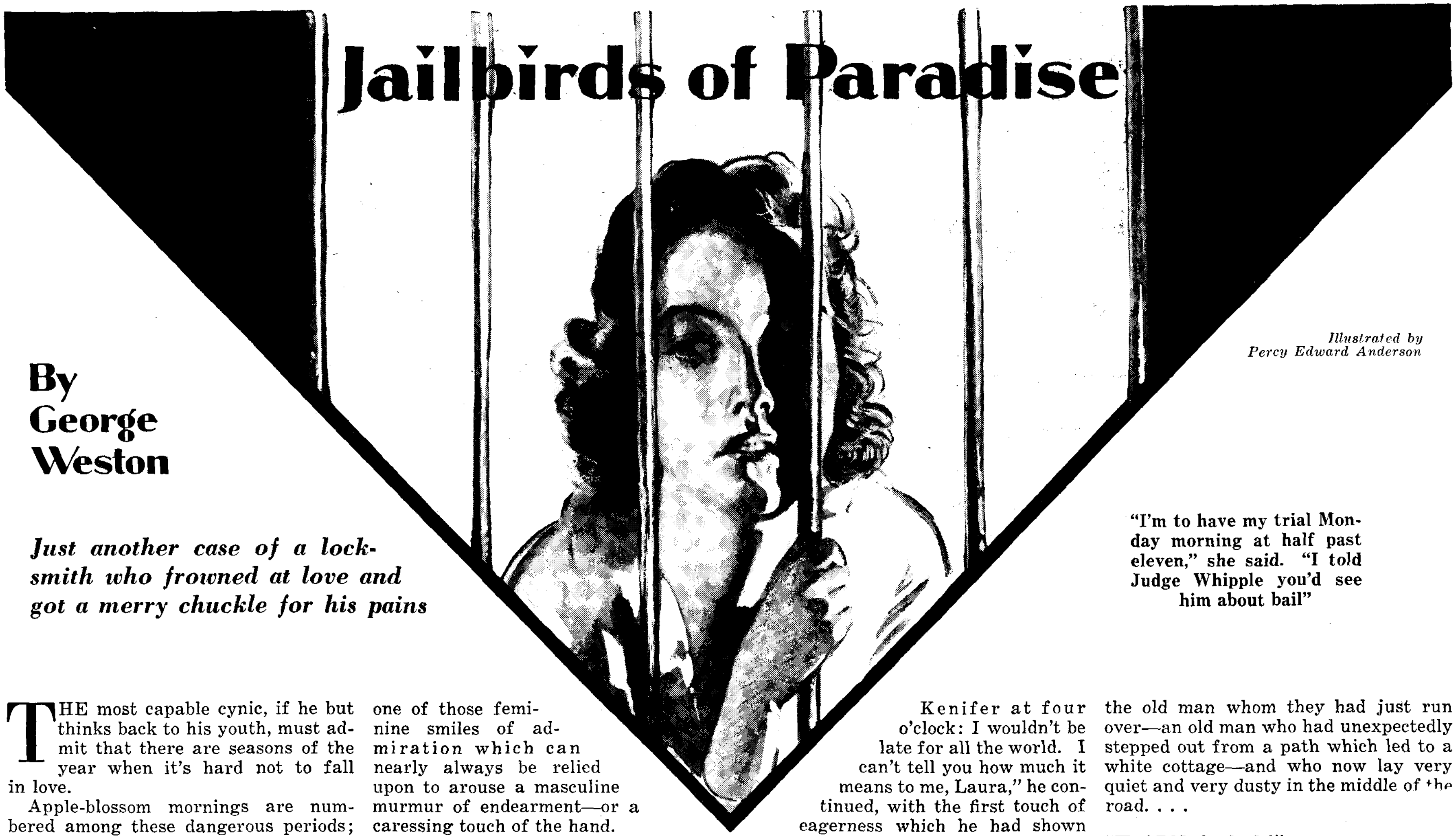
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building.



. . . *and no one knows paint like a painter!*

Jailbirds of Paradise



Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson

"I'm to have my trial Monday morning at half past eleven," she said. "I told Judge Whipple you'd see him about bail"

By George Weston

Just another case of a locksmith who frowned at love and got a merry chuckle for his pains

THE most capable cynic, if he but thinks back to his youth, must admit that there are seasons of the year when it's hard not to fall in love.

Apple-blossom mornings are numbered among these dangerous periods; and so are afternoons when a breeze from the south blows over new-mown hay. Nights near the water are also included, especially where a pathway of silvery stepping-stones leads out to the moon. And there are hazardous days in late June when all the robins' nests have young ones in them, and turtles come up to bask in the sun, and even the old frogs sing. . . .

It was on such a day—the very last day of June—that Freddy Mumford and Laura Logan were rolling along the
ich led to the fashion-
f Bryde's Beach.
from New
with a
Laura
x-

one of those feminine smiles of admiration which can nearly always be relied upon to arouse a masculine murmur of endearment—or a caressing touch of the hand.

"It's a good car," said Frederic, calmly retaining his double grasp of the steering wheel. "I knew it when I bought it."

"You would," thought Laura, the admiration of her smile changing to the patronage of amusement.

But she soon checked this—checked it almost sternly. Before she had left New York that noon, she had told herself that she would come back as the future Mrs. Mumford. For some weeks now the eventual fact had been inevitable. But why not now? Of all the marriageable men she knew, the one by her side was the steadiest, the most likely to succeed.

A CAR whisked past from behind them—a pair of turtledoves in the driver's seat.

"Those fools will be smashed
," said Freddy, frowning with
val. "Now . . . We are
anby. We turn to the
church and bear do
beach. . . . He
He project
hrough the
, makin

Kenifer at four o'clock: I wouldn't be late for all the world. I can't tell you how much it means to me, Laura," he continued, with the first touch of eagerness which he had shown that afternoon. "In fact, when I received his letter yesterday, giving me this appointment . . ."

His eyes were shining, his voice not far from trembling. Indeed, at that
ment he might have been a love
ing of a scented billet-doux
been pressed into his h
terious messenger: "
tonight at nine .
lilacs. . . ."

"They tell
punctualit
exaltatio
person
I can
Eig
n

the old man whom they had just run over—an old man who had unexpectedly stepped out from a path which led to a white cottage—and who now lay very quiet and very dusty in the middle of the road. . . .

"DARN the luck!
instincti
"That

raining—or—or anything like that—"

But Laura pretended that she either didn't hear or didn't understand him.

"You lift his shoulders," she said. "We'll get him in somehow. I noticed a hospital as we came through Granby. We'll be back there in five minutes."

Again the shaken young man glanced at his watch. He had more than twenty-five minutes' leeway. Say, five minutes to the hospital—and five minutes' delay there, or ten at the outside—he could still be at Bryde's Beach at four o'clock. . . .

At the hospital two attendants brought a wheeled stretcher to the car, and while they were transferring the patient, Freddy and Laura went to the superintendent's office at the front of the building.

"You will do everything possible, of course," said Freddy, with his slight lisp. "I am insured against liability, so you needn't worry about that."

LAURA, watching the slow procession through the window, saw a state traffic officer on a motorcycle go hurrying by like a winged Mercury on an enchanted saddle. Catching sight of the stretcher, he checked his speed and, leaning at an incredible angle, turned and stopped in front of the hospital.

"You'll wait, I suppose, to see how badly he's injured?" said the superintendent. "You'll have to make a report to the police, you know."

"I shall return—yes," replied Freddy, "but I can't wait now." And to impress his importance upon the other—to establish his standing—he added, not without a certain touch of grandeur, "I have an appointment at Bryde's Beach—with Mr. R. J. Kenifer—at four o'clock."

"Then if you're late, I wouldn't tell him why," said the superintendent gravely. "Mr. Kenifer doesn't like speeding cars. He was badly hurt by one last fall. That's one reason why they're so strict about accidents around here."

Freddy, Laura noticed, swallowed hard at this; but he swallowed still harder when the state officer walked in a moment later and asked, "What's the stretcher case? Accident?"

"Yes," said the superintendent. "This gentleman ran into an old man on the Beach Road."

"Old man badly hurt?"

"They're taking him upstairs. Fracture of some kind—and possible concussion. At least he's unconscious."

The state cop turned smartly to Freddy.

‘That your car out front?
et in and follow me. . . .
ter, Doc," he added
ntendent. "May-
ill phone over
to see how the patient's making out."

"But look here," protested Freddy, his precious pronunciation not even deserting him then, "I have an important engagement at four o'clock—over at Bryde's Beach—"

"Nope," said the winged messenger of the gods, speaking in a heartier voice than before. "Not now you haven't. You got an important engagement with Judge Whipple at the Granby Court House—and you're going over to see him right now. . . ."

Laura's gift of impulse, as you will presently learn, was a legacy from her father. She knew that Freddy's appointment that afternoon might very well be a turning point in his career. So suddenly she spoke.

"But why bother Mr. Mumford when *I'm* the one who's to blame?" she asked the traffic officer.

Freddy stared at her—small candles of hope lighting the dark haunted rooms of his eyes.

"You mean that *you* were driving the car?" asked the state cop.

". . . Yes," said Laura. ". . . Of course. . . . What else could I mean?"

Freddy Mumford, fidgeting a little, allowed himself to be silenced by the even brightness of her glance.

"Got your New York license with you?"

"No." And as though to make a still better job of it, she added: "I never applied for a license."

"What's your name?"

". . . Ann Jones."

"Bad business, Miss Jones—driving without a license and all," said the cop. "Still, it ain't my job to be a crapehanger. We'll go see Judge Whipple."

"And you hurry over and see Mr. Kenifer," said Laura, turning to Freddy with her deep-eyed, quiet glance. "You'll find me somewhere here when you return."

As a matter of fact, he found her in an ingenious bird cage in a corner of the basement of the Town Hall.

"Isn't this lovely?" she beamed at him between the silvery rods. "But tell me: What luck did you have with your great Mr. Kenifer about the bond issue?"

"Not so good—and yet not so bad," said Freddy, who had paled a little at sight of the bars. "I impressed him—there's no doubt about that. But he said he'd think it over. I'm to see him again on Monday morning at half past ten."

"And I'm to have my trial on Monday morning at half past eleven," she said, not beaming now. "I told Judge Whipple that you'd see him about bail."

This was soon arranged. The judge's law partner was the agent of a surety company; and after a long-distance call to Freddy's lawyer in New York the bond was signed and Laura came out of her cage.

"I don't like it at all—your being locked up like that," said Freddy when at last they started back for Manhattan.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, glancing at him with that quiet, provocative smile which has already been described.

But, for the second time, Freddy failed to respond with the immemorial reaction.

"Poor lamb—he's still upset," thought Laura, settling in her corner.

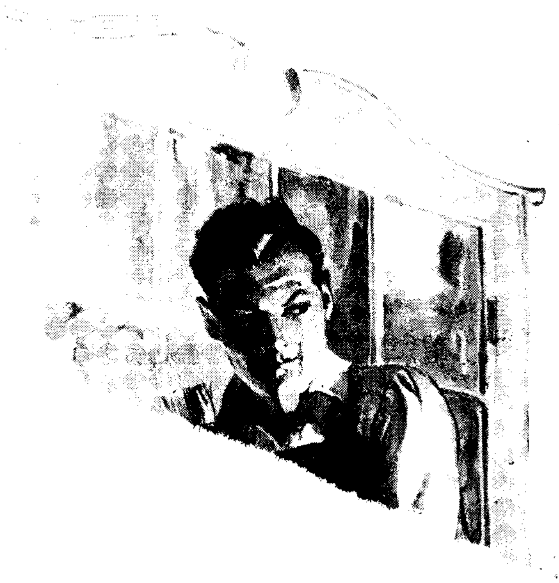
It was probably thus that Marie Antoinette made excuses for her poor Louis.

. . . And Mrs. Midas forgave her husband just before he earned his ass's ears.

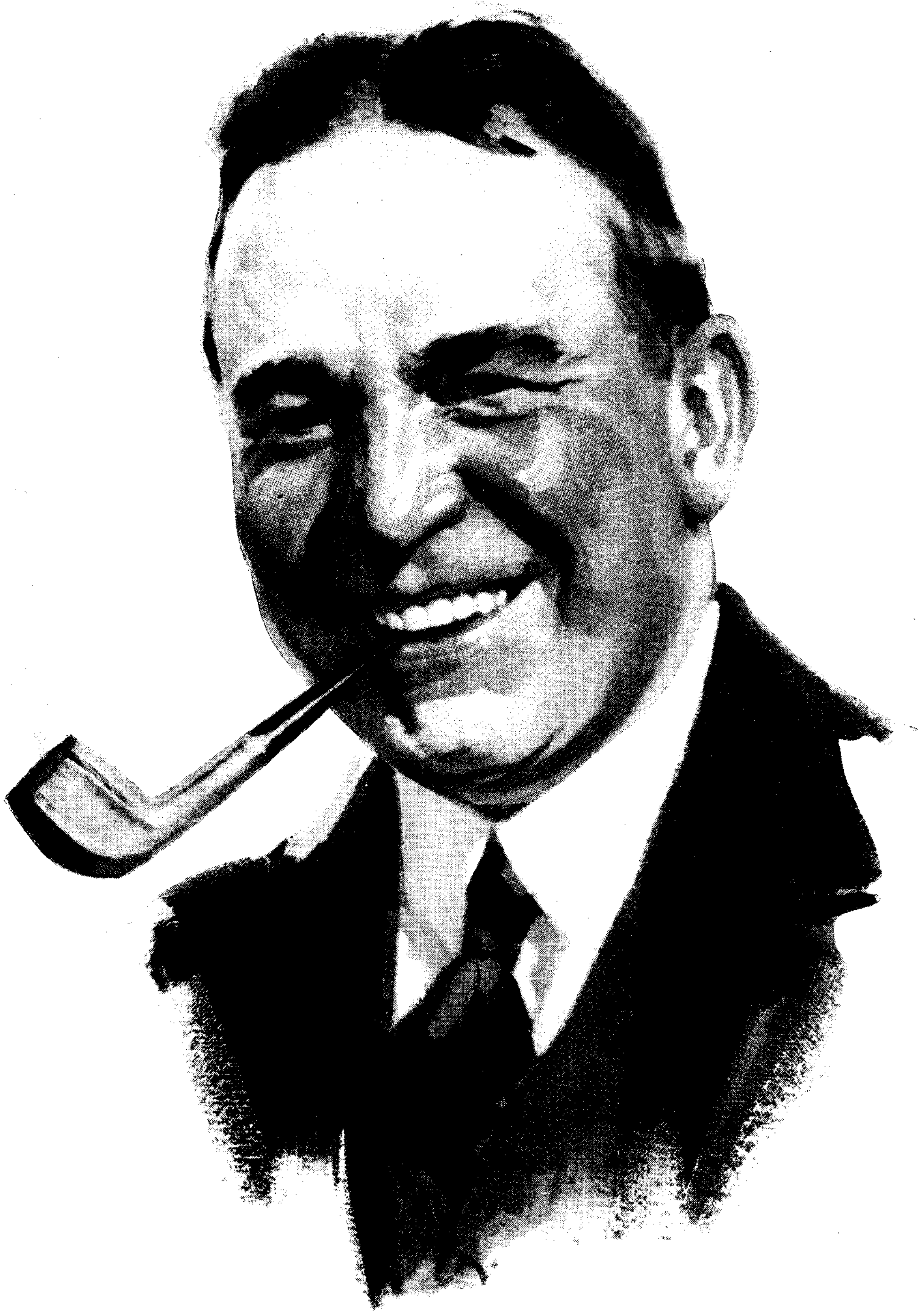
THE next Monday morning they drove to Granby again—and this being another of those perilous days Laura sat in her corner of Freddy's dependable car and dreamed now and then of the future.

"Mrs. Frederic E. Mumford?" she thought once; and a moment later was frowning at the question mark, no one knowing better than she that she couldn't put off a wedding ring much longer.

For while her father, the charming Larry Logan, was still remembered in Washington as a ray of sunshine in a foggy administration it might have been better if he had occasionally played the ant as well as the cricket. Because, with the exception of an insurance policy which had brought in just a t enough
to finish his daughter's
had left her little c
certing trick of
with which you
a certain ch
and beaut
doing a
decided



"Suppose I were to tell you that I am not a bootlegger," he said, filling his brush. "Suppose I were to suggest that I am merely a modern young Quixote"

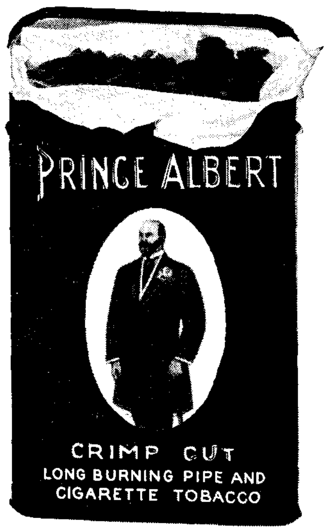


Say no more— I'm sold!

THAT'S what I told the chap who introduced me to pipe-joy, with a first load of P. A. I knew I was slipping the instant I opened the tidy red tin and got a full whiff of that tantalizing Prince Albert aroma. "If the taste is half as good as *that*," I said . . .

Half as good? It was cool as the wife's reminder of an anniversary—sweet as her smile when you prove you've remembered the date. Refreshing? Yes, sir! Mild and mellow and long-burning, that's what it was. Was I sold? Ask me another!

As far as I'm concerned, Prince Albert is the world's greatest tobacco for pipes or roll-your-own. There must be millions of others who feel the same way about it, because P. A. is sure a world-beater, any way you figure it. On the word of a friend, get some P. A. this very day. Load-up and light-up . . . and learn the truth direct!


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Here you are—TWO full ounces of downright pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

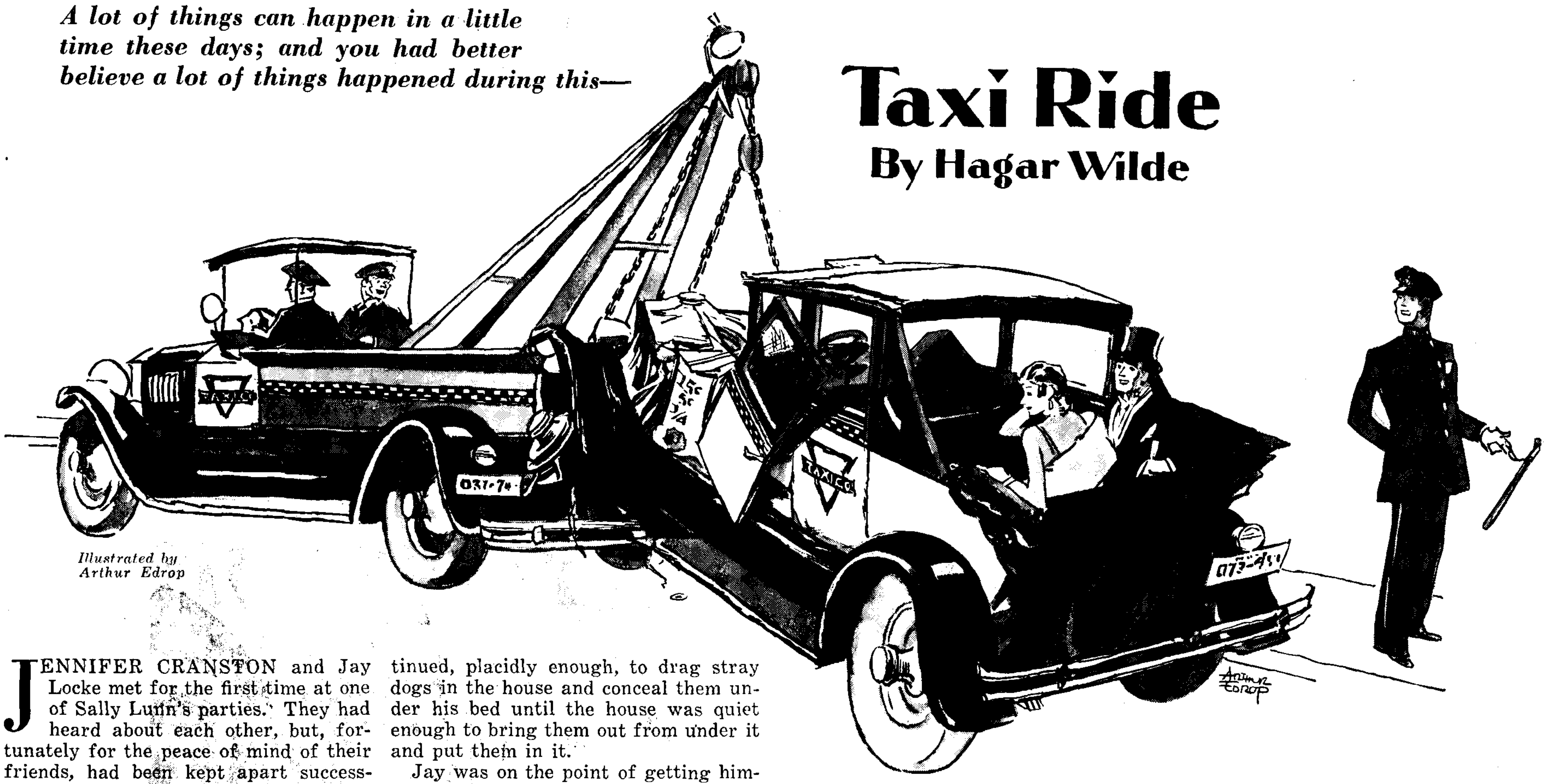
—the national joy-smoke!

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A lot of things can happen in a little time these days; and you had better believe a lot of things happened during this—

Taxi Ride

By Hagar Wilde



Illustrated by Arthur Edrop

"I can stand it if you can," she said. With every bump Jennifer got sicker and whiter

JENNIFER CRANSTON and Jay Locke met for the first time at one of Sally Lunn's parties. They had heard about each other, but, fortunately for the peace of mind of their friends, had been kept apart successfully.

Jennifer lived in a house on Fifth Avenue which might have been used for out-of-town guests while they were wrecking the Waldorf Astoria. Her father had lots of money. She had a small round face. It was the sort of face which could be almost anything but certain. She went well with everything. One of her most infuriating qualities was that of melting into her surroundings and becoming the predominant note.

If a man fell in love with the hoyden Jennifer on the tennis court and invited her to dine, a serpent turned up at dinner time clad in expensive, artificial scales, with a serpentine hat pulled over one eye, leaving the other to do double duty in gleams. With this costume, she wore bold dashes of lipstick and a sophisticated manner.

When the serpent was invited, likely as not a crinoline girl floated downstairs enwrapt in a halo of innocence and loaded down with soft sighs and fluttering eyelashes.

Jennifer, at the time of her meeting with Jay Locke, was on the point of getting herself engaged to Harry Armstrong, who was, Jennifer's mother said, the person to marry that season.

Harry had a father who dealt in bonds and underwrote things. Early in the game Harry had explained to Jennifer that the senior Armstrong did not get down on his knees and write his name on the corner stones of buildings. Jennifer was still a little hazy about the matter of underwriting, but she knew what bonds were because she had to clip coupons every month at the bank.

Harry spent a good deal of his time trying to get Jennifer to be more serious about things, but it wasn't much of a success. There were a great many funny things in the world and they all seemed to come Jennifer's way. They quarreled frequently, and Harry was always right because he had logic on his side. Logic to Jennifer was just one of those words.

Jay Locke was twenty-five and one of the train missers of the world. He practically never caught a train except the next one. He had soaring eyebrows, and at the age of seven his parents (being conservative and steeped in logic) had been horrified to find that one of his blue eyes was turning brown. Jay had continued, placidly enough, to drag stray dogs in the house and conceal them under his bed until the house was quiet enough to bring them out from under it and put them in it.

Jay was on the point of getting himself engaged to Muriel Carrington because she expected him to. When Jay had mentioned to his father that he wasn't happy at the prospect, his father had explained that there came a time in every man's life when the sunshine was not as bright as it had been the year before and when his enthusiasm for running toy boats on the artificial pond in the back yard was bound to wane. "Then," his father said, "a man gets himself engaged."

THEY left it there, but Jay knew that he was a cad, suh, if he didn't do something about it.

On the day of Sally's party he was in a foul mood. Meeting Jennifer Cranston was the last straw. He walked over to her. "I hear," he said, "that you called me a conceited jackass."

"No," said Jennifer, "I said that the conceit of the average jackass was humility in comparison to yours."

"When you saw me play polo," said Jay, "you remarked quite audibly that you could beat me at croquet."

"Your horse kicked the third goal and you got the credit."

"I should have," Jay said. "It's no small matter training a horse to kick goals. Try it sometime and see."

Jennifer lifted her nose disdainfully and accepted a drink from the butler's tray. "The remark you made about my nose," she said, "when you'd never seen it, mind you, except in the Sunday supplements, was pretty insulting."

"Well, now that I've seen it," said Jay, "I think it's more than fantastic."

Jennifer sipped her cocktail and stared straight through him.

"I hear," Jay said then, "that you're going to get yourself engaged to Harry Armstrong."

Jennifer gulped angrily.

"Harry Armstrong," Jay said, "is a wet smack."

Jennifer jumped and spilled some of the cocktail on her best afternoon frock. This made her angrier than ever. "A wet smack, is he?" she said. She thought it over for a moment. "A wet smack, is he?" she said again, being too angry to think of anything else.

"Yes, he is," said Jay.

"Well, I like that!"

Jay scowled. "I'm disappointed. I'd hoped you wouldn't," said he, and disappeared into the next room.

Jennifer stood there for a few moments. She accepted another cocktail from the butler's tray and sipped at it meditatively. She wanted to make him very miserable. She wanted to pull one hair at a time from his head and then rub it with salt.

The easiest way to make him miserable, she decided, was to follow him around and make him miserable. She went to the door and peeked around the corner where Jay had disappeared.

He was doing card tricks without an audience. She approached and watched him silently. Then she sniffed a loud sniff.

"Stop sniffing and go away from here," Jay said, without looking up.

"That's a silly card trick," Jennifer said, gloriously undaunted. "Any goop could do that trick."

"You can't," Jay said.

"I can too," Jennifer said. She reached out and grabbed the deck, and shuffled it. "I'm supposed to find the ace of spades, is that it?"

"After I shuffle them," said Jay. He grabbed the pack back.

Jennifer took it after he'd shuffled them and slapped them down on the table one at a time. Finally she stopped. "The next one's it," she said, and turned it up. It was the nine of diamonds. Jay laughed. Jennifer colored and ran through the deck swiftly. She threw it down on the table. "You *kept* it!" she said.

"Sure I kept it," Jay said, and taking it out of his pocket, he threw it on the table and went away from there.

She didn't see him for two weeks, and then the crowd gathered once more at Sally Lunn's for a buffet dinner before going on to the Bascoms' reception.

Jay encountered her seated on the lowest step of the stairs in the hall reflectively munching a pickled artichoke. "My God," he said, stopping, "must I go on through my life encountering you at parties?"

"You'd make a sweet hermit," Jennifer said. "Your beard grows in *patches.* If there's anything I *hate,* it's a man whose beard grows in *patches.*"

JAY sat down beside her so that he might shout in her ear. Absent-mindedly, he reached for one of the ripe olives on her plate. She slapped his wrist sharply. He retaliated by grabbing one edge of the plate and tugging. Jennifer jerked while he tugged. In jerking, she lost her hold on the edge of the plate and the contents slid into the lap of her white satin dress.

Naturally, she called him a boor. And, as naturally, he shook her until her teeth chattered. Sally Lunn came up at that moment and he shoved Jennifer at

(*Continued on page 40*)

"Listen, miss," Philip said, "I *gotta* go home. My wife knows I know a lotta bums, an' . . ."

Fire and Flood *and* Raging Blizzard

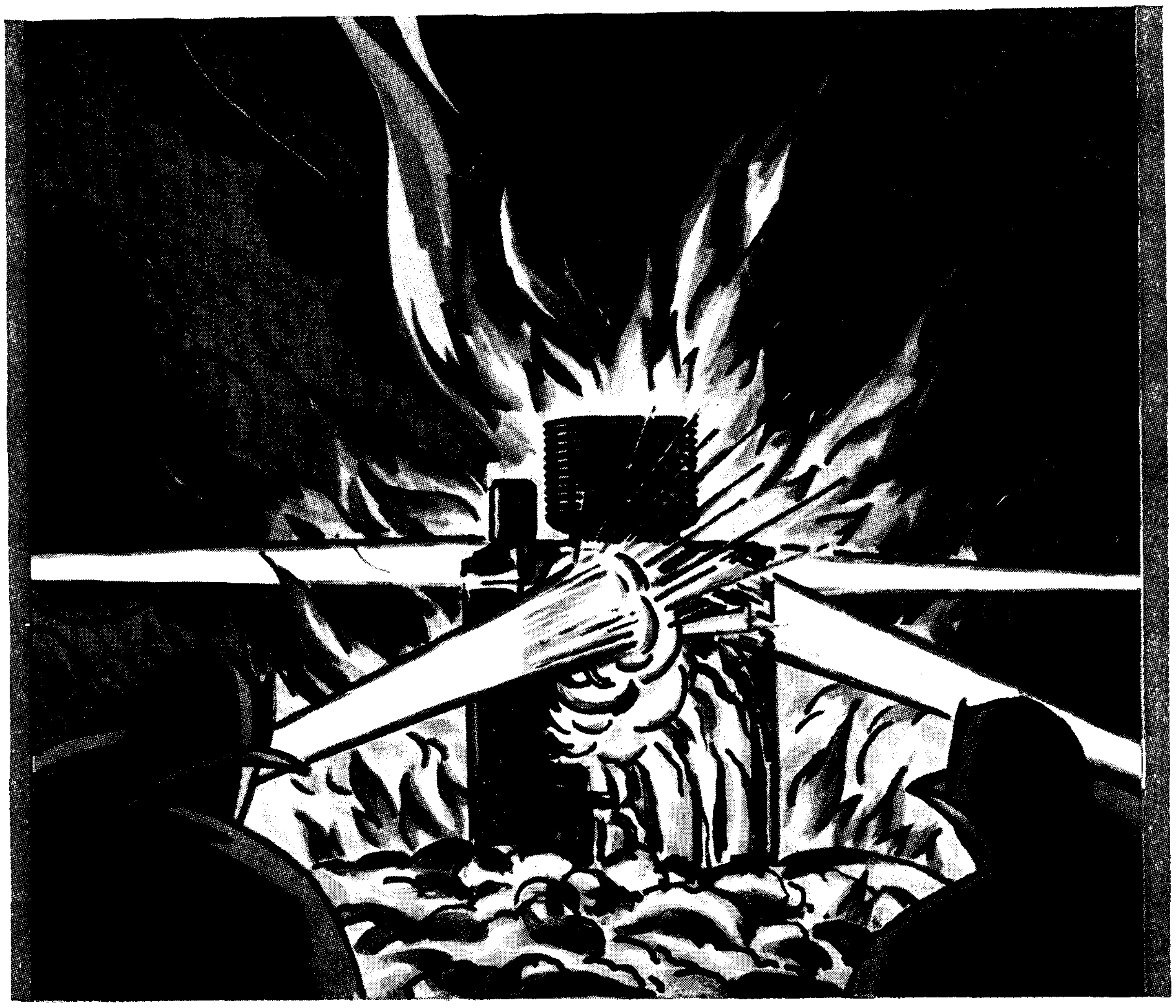
powerless to check the dependable operation of the Monitor Top

FIRE—For hours they baked and roasted it in a roaring fire. It still ran on!

FLOOD—In the icy waters of the Erie Canal they drowned it. It still ran on!

BLIZZARD—They buried it in a giant tower of ice. It still ran on!

SAND—They smothered it in an avalanche of sand. It still ran on!



NEVER—through all its years of faithful service in the peace and quiet of your home—will the General Electric Refrigerator be required to withstand such tests as these. But what years of service you may expect from the refrigerator that *can* survive the most terrific ravages of time and wear! In the Monitor Top, the entire mechanism is fortified against air, dirt and moisture with impregnable walls of steel. Buried in sand, frozen in ice, drowned in water, roasted in flames, the General Electric Refrigerator still ran on!

A refrigerator so dependable, so efficient, is within the means of *everyone.* It is true economy to own one. Why not look at one this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For an illustrated booklet, address Section C-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

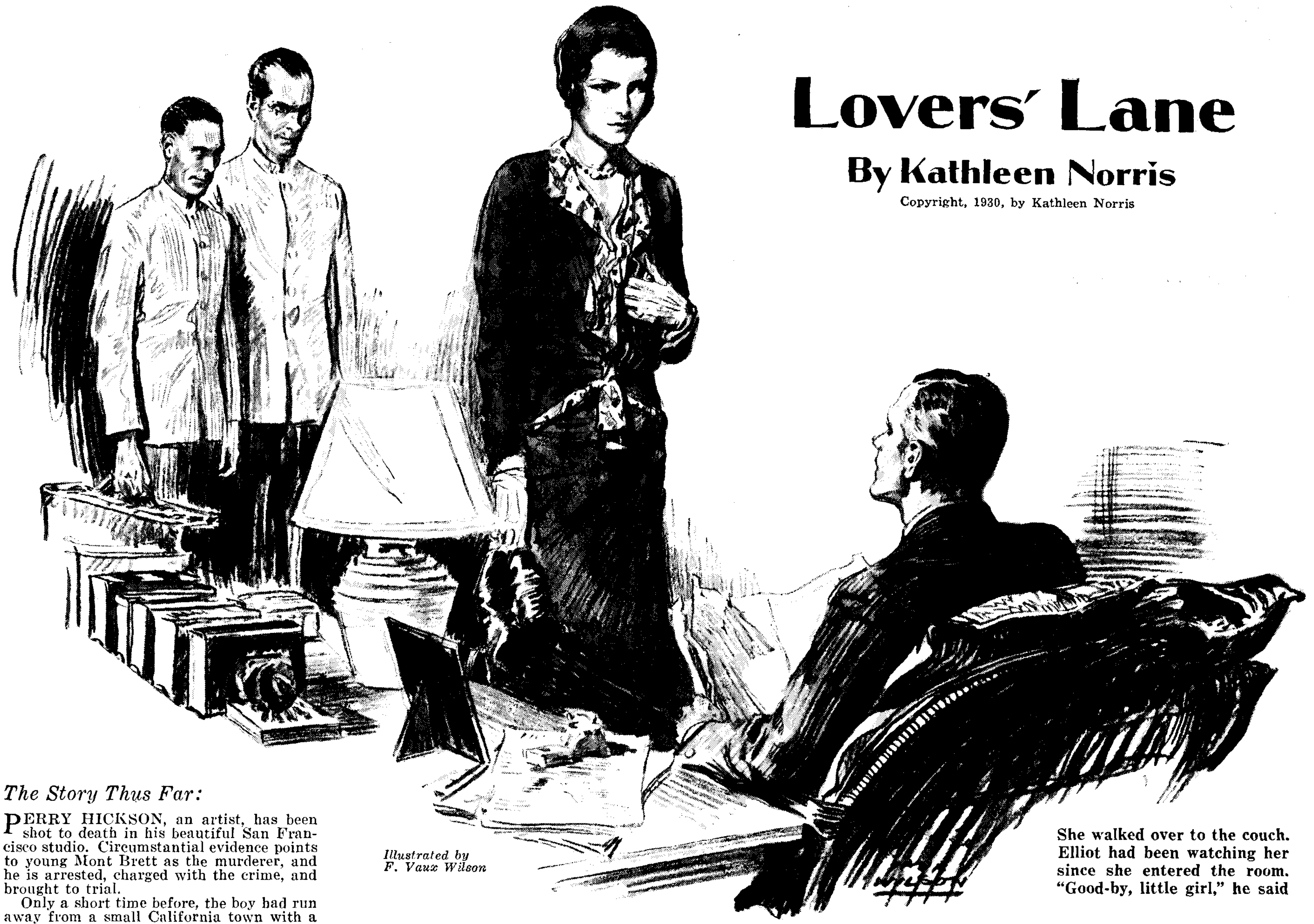
GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris



She walked over to the couch. Elliot had been watching her since she entered the room. "Good-by, little girl," he said

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

The Story Thus Far:

PERRY HICKSON, an artist, has been shot to death in his beautiful San Francisco studio. Circumstantial evidence points to young Mont Brett as the murderer, and he is arrested, charged with the crime, and brought to trial.

Only a short time before, the boy had run away from a small California town with a lovely girl—Dina Mallet—and married her in San Francisco. Following which he had become one of Hickson's models, while his bride had gone to work in a restaurant.

Becoming infatuated with Hickson's wife—the beautiful Sonia France, an actress—the boy had followed her to Hollywood, where she was starring in a movie.

One day, while seated in her own room (below Hickson's studio), Dina had heard a shot. Then Mont had slipped in, told her he would have to leave town to avoid being arrested on a charge of "raising" one of Hickson's checks—and departed. A few minutes later, Dina had entered the artist's studio, where, after noting the presence of a strange, heavy scent, she had found Hickson—murdered!

So much for the dangerous situation in which Mont finds himself when brought to trial. . . . Among the witnesses is Sonia France, who testifies that at the time of the murder she was attending a fancy dress party in Los Angeles. . . . The jury fails to bring in a verdict.

Then, quite by chance, Dina learns that Sonia uses the scent she had noted in Hickson's studio!

William Polk, the defense attorney retained by Dina's friend Elliot Lampson, goes to Los Angeles. On the day before the second trial opens, Dina receives a telegram from him: "Arrive tomorrow in time for court. Everything hopeful. . . ." Can it be possible that Mont still has a chance?

Conclusion

DINA was in her place in court early the following morning on the opening of the second trial. She saw the court reporter and the newspaper reporters take their seats, heard the shuffling of papers, smelled the stale smells of old woodwork and rubber, dust and disinfectants. The public poured in, there was the usual undertone of talk. Then the clerk came in, and the judge's door opened and everyone stood up. With a little sick twist of fear and pain at her heart, she saw Jerome Lowndes, the handsome, confident young district attorney, conferring with an associate.

So free, so well groomed and well fed and comfortable the man looked, with Mont sick and miserable in prison!

Mont came in presently, and there was a little stir. He walked slowly, leaning on the arm of a male nurse whose white coat was none too clean. A murmur swept the crowd of watchers, and the judge rapped sharply on his desk.

Dina's heart seemed to swell to the bursting point, and then shrivel, shrivel away to nothing but pain and fear, when she saw Mont's sunken dark face, and the wet, combed hair.

She smiled at him, and found more heartbreaking than any other look could have been the strained, determined smile he sent her in answer. As he sank into his chair, holding dizzily to its arms, she shifted her own chair a trifle, so that her cool fingers could rest against his wrist. It felt hot and dry to her, and his face looked feverish.

"Mont, did you sleep at all last night?"

"Sure, I slept fine. I slept pretty good. Where's Mr. Polk?"

"He's late. The Sierra Limited's held up. Young Mr. Plunkett of his office had a wire from him this morning, the train was delayed near Squidgett. They're expecting him to arrive any moment. He told them to go ahead without him.

"Squidgett! That's funny, isn't it?" She said it with an attempt at cheerfulness. The Sierra Limited had been her alarm clock for many years. In the lonely bitter winters of her childhood she had risen, on hundreds of black, cold mornings, to look out at the water-tank lamps, and the dim embankment between the cottonwoods, and the black, roaring bulk of the great train, peppered with sleepy lights, streaking the world with sparks and noise, and the smell of hot oil.

A woman, accompanied by a man, entered the courtroom, and while the paneling of the jury proceeded conferred with him in low tones. She was a slender woman, wrapped in a rich black fur, veiled in black, gloved in black. Suddenly Dina realized with a shock that it was Sonia.

HER companion, evidently her lawyer, rose and spoke deferentially to the judge. He represented Miss France, he explained; she had given her testimony at the first trial, and it had been satisfactory to everyone; she was at a loss to explain the new summons to appear. She was the widow of the murdered man, the attorney urged; it was extremely painful to her to be catechized regarding the particulars of Mr. Hickson's death; she had a business appointment of a very important nature in New York; it was a play; the production was waiting.

Dina listened to all this intently. The district attorney was apparently paying small attention, until the Court's kindly, almost fatherly refusal surprised him, and evidently surprised Sonia's lawyer, too.

"Why, I think she'd better stay for the opening sessions anyway," said the judge, mildly, with the easy positiveness of the law.

Sonia's lawyer became a little more importunate; Sonia herself addressed the judge, her beautiful ivory skin flushing.

Following this anxiously, looking from face to face, Dina was sure from the judge's expression that he meant to give in. He listened to Sonia so attentively, so almost encouragingly, that it was incredible to have him now merely purse his lips, give her a full quiet look, and say, "Why, I think perhaps you'd better stay here."

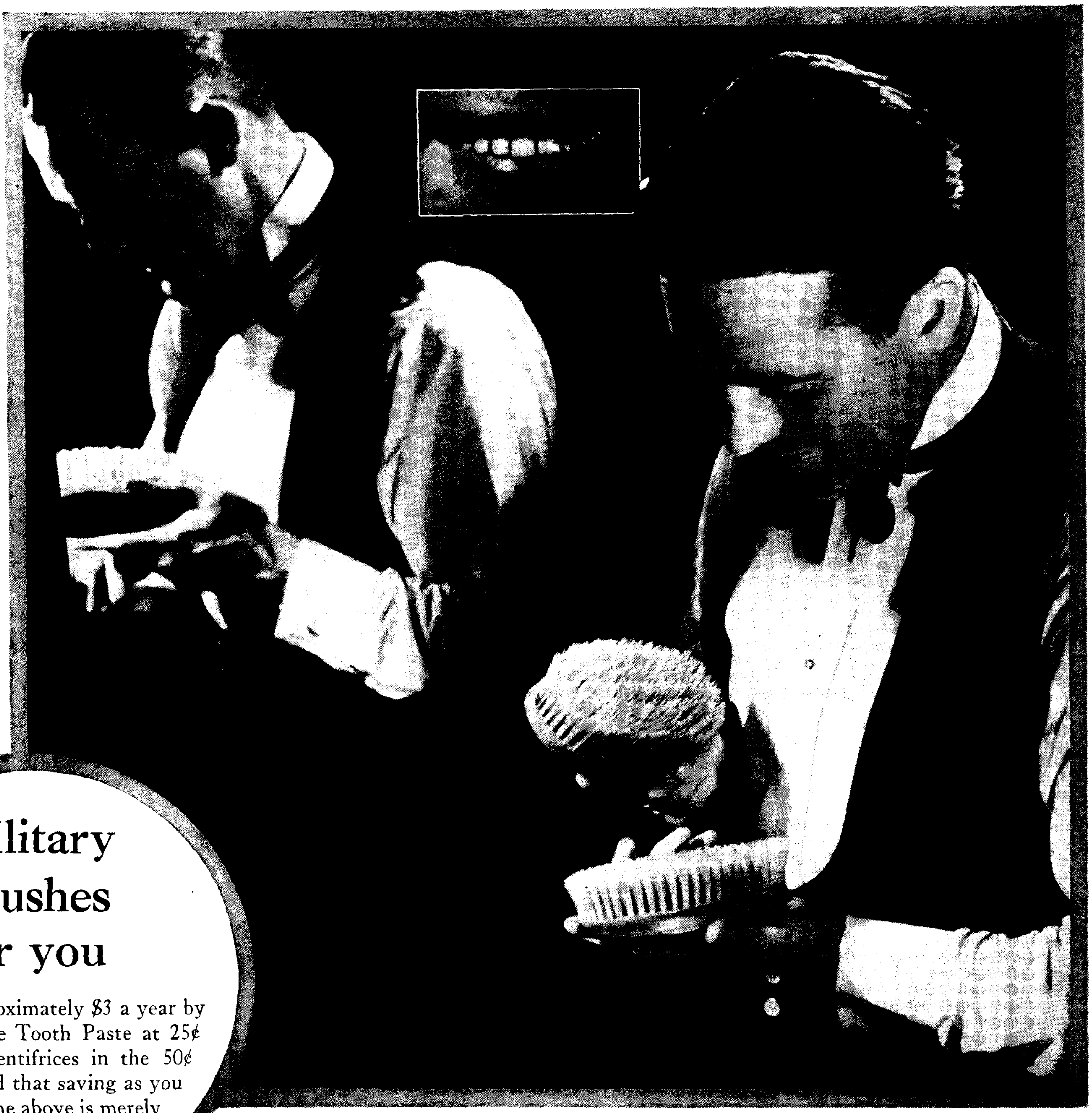
Sonia had turned very pale; she bowed reproachfully to the judge, and went to sit down, paying no attention to the progress of the paneling, wrapping herself in her furs, looking boredly into space through half-closed lids. Dina looked at her now and then, but she did not look at Dina at all.

Then suddenly, another interruption. William Polk came hurrying in, anxious, weary, hollow-eyed, overcoat caught carelessly beneath an arm, his bulging brief case dragging at his hand. With him—Dina's heart jumped—was a hard-faced, handsome young woman, nervous, twitchy.

The lawyer glanced at neither Dina nor Mont; he pushed open the gate which led to the inclosure about the judge's desk and spoke in low tones to the judge. They conferred for several minutes, the old judge nodding, and when Billy Polk turned to his seat and to smile for the first time at his client and at Dina, the judge mildly observed that the defense had some new evidence to present and that perhaps it would expedite matters if the testimony of the new witness or witnesses could be heard at once. The district attorney was instantly upon his feet, but the old judge mildly overruled his objection with:

"I think we'll allow this witness, Mr. Lowndes; I think you'll agree with me

(*Continued on page 55*)



Military Brushes for you

You save approximately $3 a year by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Spend that saving as you please. The above is merely a suggestion.

Expect *more* of this tooth paste . . . *pay less!*

Now millions of critical people are paying *less* for tooth paste and *are getting better results.*

They have found that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ is the most remarkable value in the tooth paste field. Their own teeth have told them so.

We urge you to try this dentifrice for a month. Compare its quality with that of any tooth paste costing twice as much. Note its fine satin-like texture. Note the absence of harsh soap, and gritty abrasives.

Check its results with those accomplished by the dentifrice you are now using. See how much more swiftly Listerine Tooth Paste erases stubborn discolorations and tartar from teeth. How lustrous white and gleaming it leaves them. How thoroughly but how gently it cleanses. And how it cleans, refreshes and invigorates the mouth—the feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

More than 2,000,000 people have discarded old—and costly—favorites for this quality tooth paste at 25¢. That you can purchase it at this price is a tribute to our mass buying and quantity production. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend **Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
25¢

The Cholic
From drawing by Cruikshank 1835

Gastrogen
stops
Indigestion

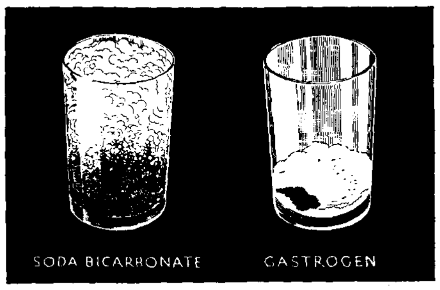
AT the very first sign of after-eating heaviness or discomfort, take 2 or 3 Gastrogen Tablets. Heartburn, acidity and indigestion are quickly relieved!

Unlike "bicarb", Gastrogen contains only insoluble antacids. It can't alkalize the stomach, hence it doesn't retard normal digestion. And it brings welcome relief from the embarrassing aftermath of gas and hiccups that soda-users know so well.

Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-100
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.................................
Address...............................

Big Money

Continued from page 15

"Well, do you know what I'd have done, if you had come in here a few years ago when everybody was doing it?"

"What?"

"I'd have said 'Beaver!' and gone like this."

She reached out and gave the beard a hearty tweak. As she did so, she chuckled merrily.

It was the last chuckle she was to utter for days and days. Indeed, many people say that she was never quite herself again. Berry, turning the door-handle at that moment, stood transfixed as a piercing scream smote his ears. It sounded like part of a murder. He snatched the door open, and once more stood transfixed. In fact, he was now, if anything, a trifle more transfixed than he had been before.

The spectacle he beheld was enough to transfix anyone. Behind the counter, holding a beard of imperial cut in her hand, stood a barmaid. She seemed upset about something. In front of the counter, also ill at ease, stood his old school friend Lord Biskerton. Berry stared. Many a time had he had nightmares much less weird than this.

The next moment the picture in still life had dissolved. Snatching the beard from the barmaid, the Biscuit replaced it hurriedly on his face. And the barmaid, uttering a long, whistling sigh, fell over sideways in what appeared to be a ladylike swoon.

The Biscuit, though kindly disposed to the barmaid and ranking her among those whose conversation he enjoyed, was not feeling fond enough of her to remain and apply first aid. He wished to be elsewhere, and that right speedily. He turned, bounded towards the door, saw Berry and stopped in midstride.

"Biscuit!" cried Berry.

"Oh, my God!" said Lord Biskerton.

WITH no further comment for the moment, he seized Berry by the arm and hurried him along the passage. Only when they were in the privacy of the stable-yard, concealed from view by a stone wall, did he pause for speech.

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"What are you?"

"I was on my way to Sandown. What brought you here?"

"I followed you to see what you were up to."

"How do you mean, up to?"

"Well, dash it," said Berry, "when you go charging about all over London in a long beard. . . ."

The Biscuit was registering deep concern.

"Do you mean to say," he faltered, shaken, "that you recognized me all along?"

It was not for Berry to dispel this idea. A swift thinker, he saw that he had been given the choice of appearing in the light of a shrewd and lynx-eyed observer and of a gullible chump. He chose the former.

"Of course I recognized you," he said stoutly.

"Not in Bond Street?" pleaded the Biscuit.

"Certainly."

"You mean, right from the start, directly I spoke to you?"

"Of course."

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

"I was humoring you, you old ass."

"Humoring me?"

"Yes. I thought you would be disappointed if you didn't imagine you had fooled me."

"Gosh!" said the Biscuit, in the depths. "What was the idea?"

"Berry," said the Biscuit, his voice shaking, "do you suppose that Ferraro and everybody at the Berkeley knew who I was?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, all I can say is," said the Biscuit, "this opens up a new line of thought."

He followed this line of thought for a while in silence.

"I bought that beard to deceive my creditors," he explained, at length. "There's a whole pack of them baying on my trail, and I thought that if I could assume some impenetrable disguise I could go about London undetected. But you say you saw through the thing at once?"

"In a flash."

"Then what it comes to," said Lord Biskerton despondently, "is that I shall have to leave the metropolis after all. I daren't risk being jerked before a tribunal and having my financial condition X-rayed in the county court. I must lie low somewhere. Bexhill, perhaps. Southend, possibly. But, good Lord! How am I to explain?"

"Explain?"

"WELL, dash it, I shall have to give some explanation of why I've suddenly disappeared. I've just got engaged to be married. My fiancée will be a little surprised, won't she, if I vanish off the map without a word?"

"I never thought of that," said Berry.

"I only just thought of it myself," admitted the Biscuit handsomely. "How would it be to write and tell her I've broken my leg and am confined to bed? No. She would come and see me, complete with flowers and grapes. Of course she would. Silly of me. Dash it, this is complex."

"I know," said Berry. "Mumps."

"What?"

"Say you've got mumps. She won't come near you then."

The Biscuit patted his shoulder with a trembling hand.

"Genius," he said. "Absolute genius, probably inherited from male grandparent. You've solved it, old boy. The only thing to decide now is where shall I go? I must go somewhere. I shall sell a few trinkets to obtain a bit of the ready for necessary expenses, and then fly at dead of night to . . . well, where? It must be somewhere in the wilds. No good a place like Brighton, for instance. Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed probably spend their week-ends in Brighton. Bexhill? I don't know. Hawes and Dawes have most likely got bungalows there. I believe Wigan would be safest, after all."

The history of this summer day has shown already that Berry Conway's brain was at its nimblest. Ever since Mr. Frisby had breezed into the office and given him the freedom of the city, he had been in a highly stimulated cerebral condition. To this must be attributed the inspiration which seized him now.

"Biscuit," he said, "I've got it. The fellow who lives next door to me—Bolitho his name is, not that it matters—has had to leave suddenly for Manchester . . ."

"He been having unpleasantness with his creditors, too?" asked Lord Biskerton sympathetically.

"He wants to let his house, furnished. You could walk right in. I'll see him this evening, if you like. Or he may have gone already. Anyway, I could fix things through the house agent. That's the thing for you to do. Nobody would ever find you in Mulberry Grove. You could lie low there for the rest of your life. And we should be next door to each other."

"Prattle across the fence of an evening?" cried the Biscuit enthusiastically.

"That's it."

"Gossip about the neighbors! Borrow each other's garden roller!"

"Exactly."

"Berry, old boy," said Lord Biskerton, "you've hit it. That male grandparent of yours must have been a perfect mass of brain cells. I expect they ran excursion trains to see him. Fix up the details, and drop me a line at my flat. Drop it dashed soon, mark you, because it's only a matter of days before I shall feel the hot breath of Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed on the back of my neck. I'm going to enjoy life in the suburbs. Get a nice rest."

"I'll have everything settled tonight."

"God bless you! A true friend, if ever man had one. And now," said the Biscuit, "I suppose I had better be getting back to that unfortunate female and explaining that I'm on my way to a fancy dress garden party or something. She had a severe shock, poor child, when the fungus came away in her hands. But no doubt I shall be able to smooth things over. How did you get down here, by the way?"

"In a car," said Berry guardedly.

"Your own?"

"No."

"Hired, eh? Well, I think I will remain lurking here till you've receded a parasang or two. Common prudence suggests the course. I owe a bit here and there at various garages, and your bloke may quite possibly be attached to one of them. So forgive me if I don't come to see you off."

"I will."

"What's the name of this desirable residence I'm renting?"

"Peacehaven."

"Peacehaven!" said the Biscuit. "The very sound of the word is balm. In passing, old boy, the fine old crusted title will have to go, I'm afraid. No mention of the Sieur de Biskerton, if you don't mind. Tell this bird Bolitho that a Mr. Smith wishes to take his shack, with use of bath. One of the Smithfield Smiths. Right. And now to trickle back and comfort Baby. When I left her, poor lamb, she was snorting like a steam engine and turning blue round the nostrils."

BERRY came out of the Jolly Harvesters, smiling contentedly. He had his plan of action perfectly shaped. He would tell the girl that the suspect had cleared himself, had proved not to be The Sniffer after all. And then he and she would drive off into fairyland together and talk together of all those things which suit a perfect summer day.

A good program, he felt. Even an admirable program.

But programs are notoriously subject to alteration without warning. Suddenly, abruptly, as if he had received some deadly stroke, the smile faded from his face, and he stared about him with a fallen jaw.

The car had disappeared.

About the entry of Lord Biskerton into the suburb which was to be his temporary home there was nothing that savored even remotely of the ostentatious or the spectacular, no suggestion whatever of a conquering king taking

(*Continued on page 34*)

THE HIGH SPEED MACHINE COMPTOMETER FOR ALL FIGURE WORK

Sales Analysis the low cost way

IN business, as in navigation, safety and profit demand the locating and charting not only of the danger points—the rocks, the reefs and shoals—but likewise, the shortest routes to profitable ports.

Management finds its best and truest chart in a broad, searching sales distribution and analysis.

Always the clerical expense of operating such an analysis is reflected in the profit account. And it is important, therefore, that the fastest, most direct methods be employed.

Two things essential to high speed distribution at low cost, are:

1. Rapid, accurate addition.
2. Elimination of the many postings of items as in the spread sheet method.

Comptometer speed, with the Strip Peg Board Method, meets these requirements. In combination, they lower the cost of accumulating the totals and make the expense of numerous postings unnecessary.

When the strips are shingled across the metal pegs on the board, they become, in fact, a "flexible spread sheet" from which, by rearrangement, many different statistical facts can be drawn without reposting.

On the average distribution, one Comptometer clerk should be able to analyze the sales of from twenty to twenty-five salesmen.

If you would like to see how the Comptometer Strip Board would handle your sales distribution and analysis, a Comptometer man will be glad to demonstrate it in your office, without obligation or commitment on your part. Or, we will mail you free on request a copy of our booklet, "Simplified Sales Analysis."

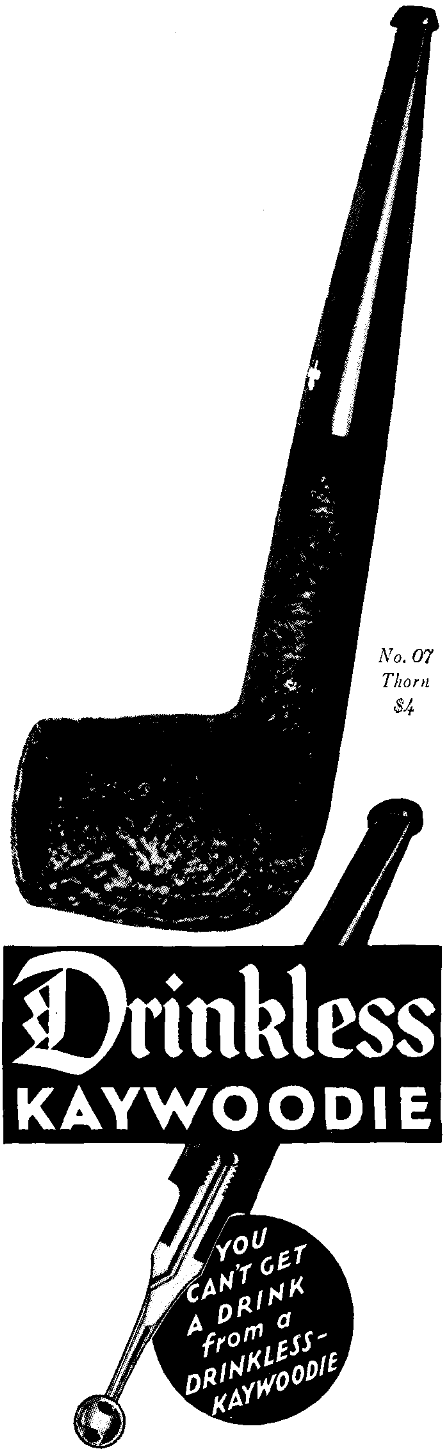
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

If not
made by
Felt & Tarrant
it's not a
Comptometer

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

Only the
Comptometer
has the
Controlled-Key
safeguard

Believe it or not
There's ONE DRY THING in America



Until you smoke Drinkless* Kaywoodie, you don't know the real pleasure of pipe smoking!
100 Shapes and Styles—$3.50, $4, $5, $7.
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. *Est. 1851*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Big Money

Continued from page 32

seisin of subject territory. He behaved from the start like one desirous of attracting as little attention to himself as possible. A purist might even have considered him furtive.

Having partaken of an early lunch at his club, he stole out onto the front steps, looked keenly up and down the street with his hat well over his eyes, and then, leaping into a passing taxi, drove to Victoria, where he caught the 1:59. Only when the train rolled out of the station did he allow himself to relax. Unless Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed were hiding under the seat, he was now safe.

VALLEY FIELDS, when he reached it a short while later, came as an agreeable surprise. The very station had the look of a country station. Grass banks sloped away from it, gayly decorated with cabbages, beets, and even roses. Not to mention four distinct beehives. The Biscuit came to the conclusion that Berry did not know a good thing when he saw it. Why, Valley Fields, as far as a cursory inspection would allow him to judge, appeared to be the sort of place an American songwriter would have wanted to go back, back, back to. It was in excellent humor that he called at the offices of Messrs. Matters and Cornelius, House Agents, for the keys of his new domain.

Mr. Cornelius welcomed him paternally. He was an old gentleman of druidical aspect with a long white beard at which the Biscuit, that connoisseur of beards, looked with respectful envy. Full of patriotic spirit where Valley Fields was concerned, Mr. Cornelius approved of those who wished to come and live there.

"A most desirable property," he assured the Biscuit. "A bijou bower of verdure. The house is a beautifully appointed modern residence, fitted with every up-to-date convenience, and in perfect order."

"Company's own water?" asked the Biscuit, keenly.

"Certainly."

"Both H. and C.?"

"Quite."

"The usual domestic offices?"

"Of course."

"And how about the estate?"

"Peacehaven," said Mr. Cornelius, "has parklike grounds extending to upwards of an eighth of an acre."

"What happens if you get lost?" asked the Biscuit, interested. "I suppose they send St. Bernard dogs in after you."

He proceeded on his way, and came presently to his journey's end, Mulberry Grove. And his contentment deepened. For his eye, as he approached, was caught by what appeared to be a most admirable pub just round the corner. He went in and tested the beer. It was superb. Every explorer knows that the most important thing in a strange country is the locating of the drink-supply: and the Biscuit, satisfied that this problem had been adequately solved, came out of the hostelry with a buoyant step, and a moment later the full beauties of Mulberry Grove were displayed before him.

In the course of a letter to the South London Argus exposing the hellhounds of the local gas light and water company, Major Flood-Smith of Castlewood had once referred to Mulberry Grove as a "fragrant backwater." He gave the letter to his parlormaid to post, and she forgot it and found it three weeks later in a drawer and burned it, and the editor would never have printed it, anyway, as it was diametrically opposed to the policy for which the Argus had always fearlessly stood, but—and this is the point we would stress—in describing Mulberry Grove as a fragrant backwater the major was dead right.

Mulberry Grove was a tiny *cul-de-sac*, bright with lilac, almond, thorn, rowan and laburnum trees. There were only two houses in it—Castlewood (detached) and a building of the same proportions next door, which some years earlier had been converted into two semi-detached residences, The Nook and Peacehaven. The other side of the road was occupied by a strip of ornamental water, with two swans on it—reading from left to right, Egbert and Percy. And the general effect of rural seclusion was completed by the fact that the back gardens of the houses terminated in the verdant premises of the Valley Fields Lawn Tennis Club. There was, in short, a pastoral charm about the place which—to quote Major Flood-Smith once again—made it absolutely damned impossible for you to believe that you were only seven miles from Hyde Park Corner—or, if a crow, only five.

Nothing marred the quiet peace of Mulberry Grove. No policeman ever came near it. Tradesmen's boys, when they entered it on tricycles, hushed their whistling. And even stray dogs, looking in with the idea of having a bark at the swans, checked themselves.

The Biscuit was well pleased with the place.

"O. jolly K.," he said to himself.

And, pausing for an instant to throw a banana skin at the swan Percy, who had stretched out his neck and was making a noise like an escape of steam and appeared generally to be getting a bit above himself, he passed on and came to a gate on which was painted in faded letters the word: PEACEHAVEN.

Peacehaven was a two-story edifice in the Neo-Suburbo-Gothic style of architecture, constructed of bricks which appeared to be making a slow recovery from a recent attack of jaundice. Like so many of the houses in Valley Fields, it showed what Montgomery Perkins, the local architect, could do when he put his mind to it. It was he, undoubtedly, who was responsible for the two stucco sphinxes on either side of the steps leading to the front door.

WHERE nature had collaborated with Mr. Perkins, the result was more pleasing. A merciful rash of ivy had broken out over one half of the building, and a nice box hedge ran along the front fence. Substantial laurel bushes stood here and there, and there were flowers bordering the short snail walk which Mr. Cornelius would most certainly have described as a sweeping carriage drive.

To the right, shaded by a rowan tree, was a latticed door, leading apparently to the back premises. And the Biscuit, with a nature-lover's eagerness to set his eye roaming over the parklike grounds, made for it immediately.

He passed through and, having passed, paused, not exactly spellbound but certainly surprised. Digging energetically in one of the borders with a spade not so very much smaller than herself was a girl.

Nothing in Mr. Cornelius' conversation had prepared the Biscuit for girls in the parklike grounds.

"Hullo!" he said.

The digger ceased to dig. She looked up, and straightened herself.

"Hello!" she replied.

A man who has so recently become engaged to be married as Lord Biskerton has, of course, no right to stare appreciatively at strange girls. But this is what the Biscuit found himself doing. The fact that Ann Moon had accepted his hand had done nothing to impair his eyesight, and he could not fail to note that this girl was an exceptionally pretty girl. Her blue eyes were resting on his: and what the Biscuit felt was, as far as he was concerned, let the thing go on.

Something—perhaps the fact that she was a blonde and he a gentleman—seemed to draw him strangely to this intruder.

"Are you anybody special?" he asked. "I mean, do you go with the place?"

"Are you Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," said the Biscuit.

"Pleased to meet you," said the girl.

Her voice had that agreeable intonation which he had noticed in a slighter degree in the voice of his betrothed.

"You're American, aren't you?" asked the Biscuit.

She nodded, and a bell of gold hair danced about her face. Very attractive the Biscuit—quite improperly—thought it. At the same time she made an observation which was neither "Yep," "Yup," nor "Yop," but a musical blend of all three.

"I've just come over from America," she said.

THIS was undoubtedly the moment at which the Biscuit should have been frank and candid. "Ah?" he should most certainly have remarked in a casual tone. "An odd coincidence. My fiancée is also American."

Instead of which, he said:

"Oh? And how were they all?"

"I'm visiting with my uncle at Castlewood," said the girl. "Over there," she indicated with a sideways shake of the golden bell. "I came over the fence. Your garden looked awful. It hadn't had a thing done to it in weeks, I should think. If there's one thing that gives me the megrims, it's a neglected garden. I've been trying to get it straight."

"Frightfully good of you," said the Biscuit. "The real Girl Guide spirit. I'm glad you like gardening. I fancy it's going to be one of my hobbies. We must do a bit of spade and trowel work together."

"You're just moving in, aren't you?"

"Yes. My things came down the day before yesterday. I expect old Berry has fixed them all up neatly by now. He said he would."

"Berry?"

"Squire Conway. Of The Nook. His property marches with mine."

"Oh? I haven't met Mr. Conway."

"Well, you've met me," said the Biscuit. "Isn't that enough of a treat for a small girl about half the size of a peanut?"

He paused. He perceived that he was allowing his tongue to run away with him. A newly-engaged man, conversing with blue-eyed girls, should be austerer, more aloof.

"Nice day," he said, primly.

"Fine."

"Making a long stay over here?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Capital!" said the Biscuit. "And what might the name be?"

"What name?"

"Yours, of course, fathead. Whose did you think I meant?"

"My name is Valentine."

"And the Christian name, for purposes of informal chat?"

"Kitchie."

(*Continued on page 36*)

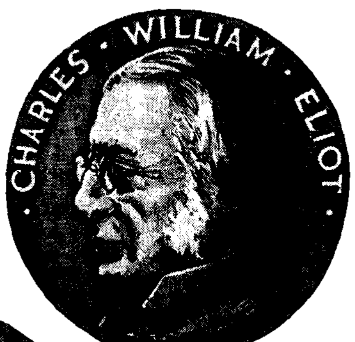
ANNOUNCING

the beautiful New Edition of The Harvard Classics

The most important publishing news in 15 years

- *New Larger Type*
- *New Larger Volumes*
- *New De Luxe Paper*
- *New Magnificent Bindings*
- *New Duo-Tone Illustrations*
- *New Cover Designs*
- *New Massive Plates*

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, *editor of The Harvard Classics, a work so universally received that this beautiful Home Library Edition has become possible.*



THE publishers of the world's most famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, take great pride and pleasure in making an announcement which will be of vital interest to thousands.

Now this great library is available in a beautiful modern home edition. *And the price is the same low price of the earlier editions!* This means that literally you can own these fifty volumes of great beauty—a veritable lifetime library which will grace the most imposing home—at a price per volume considerably less than popular fiction.

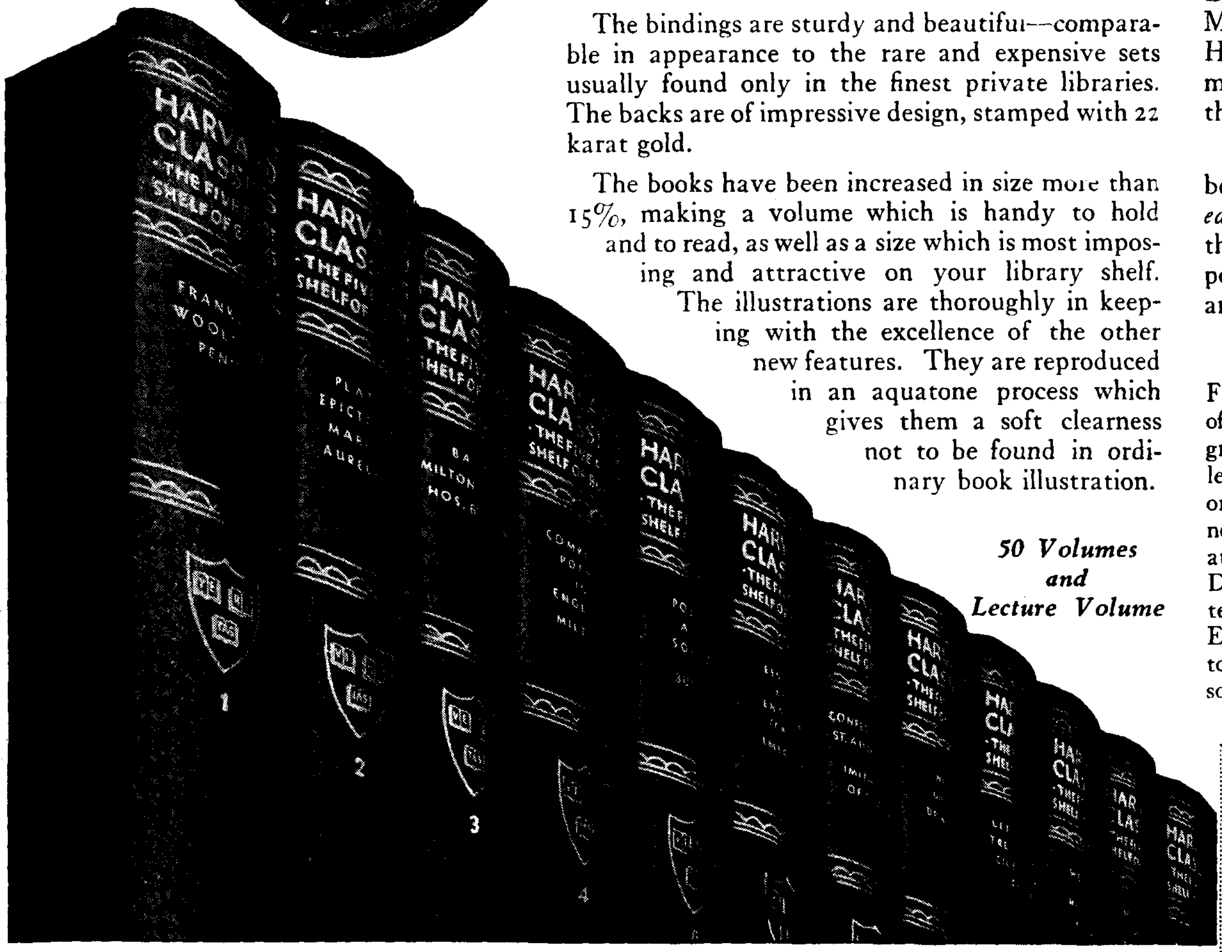
The new home library edition

The modern type face (substantially larger than the type of former editions) has been selected with great care by the foremost craftsmen of book manufacture. Its size, its spacing, the width of margins, and many more details have been executed with skillful care, giving the utmost in a beautiful page, and offering greater reading pleasure and comfort.

The superb paper used for this edition was designed especially for it. It is an achievement in pure and lasting whiteness which forms a pleasing background for the crisp, black type.

The bindings are sturdy and beautiful—comparable in appearance to the rare and expensive sets usually found only in the finest private libraries. The backs are of impressive design, stamped with 22 karat gold.

The books have been increased in size more than 15%, making a volume which is handy to hold and to read, as well as a size which is most imposing and attractive on your library shelf. The illustrations are thoroughly in keeping with the excellence of the other new features. They are reproduced in an aquatone process which gives them a soft clearness not to be found in ordinary book illustration.



50 Volumes and Lecture Volume

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Surely here is a library for every home! And surely here are books worthy of such a glorious setting. For these Harvard Classics, selected by Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, have reached into hundreds of thousands of homes and have become a cultural influence impossible to calculate in human terms.

302 immortal authors

Happy indeed is the owner of this magnificent library. First of all it is a thing of beauty to the eye, a source of great pride to possess, a mark of good taste.

But its chief delights are the stirring and stimulating writings that glorify its 20,000 luxurious pages. Here are the great deeds of man throughout the ages, the deathless story tellers, the mighty philosophers, the immortal poets and historians. And the great humorists and scientists join the glorious pageant which begins at the dawn of literature and thunders down through the ages to our own times.

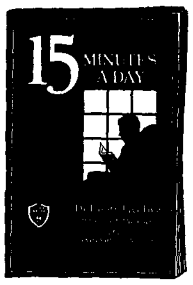
Examine this amazing price offer

Dr. Eliot said, "Do not publish an expensive edition. Make the price within the range of the average family." His wishes have been faithfully followed. The most modest family budgets have comfortably absorbed the notably low price of these wonderful books.

And now comes the new edition—De Luxe in form, beautiful and imposing, *but costing no more than the earlier, less pretentious editions!* Yet if you examined these two sets side by side, the greatly added value possessed by the new edition would be strikingly and conclusively evident.

Send for this free book!

Find out today full details about our wonderful price offer, by which you may have this great private library at considerably less than the cost per volume of the ordinary popular novel. You need not decide now. But send immediately for the booklet which gives Dr. Eliot's plan of reading and which tells more in detail about the new Edition. It is free, and it comes to you without any obligation whatsoever.



P. F. Collier & Son Dist. Corp.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics). Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments. 8180 HB

NAME { Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....

ADDRESS..

....

The

THREE DROPS OF OIL

THAT MIGHT HAVE SAVED 2 DOLLARS

Guests coming to dinner. Evening only a few hours away. And the electric refrigerator threatening to run another fever at any minute!

Frantically, Mrs. M. telephoned for the service man. His diagnosis was simple: "Keep the switches oiled properly and you'll have no more trouble."

So three drops of 3-in-One saved the day . . . but not the two dollars for the service man's advice.

Does 3 Important Things

On any type of electric refrigerator which requires oiling—as well as other home and office devices—3-in-One Oil does three important things to postpone the day of replacement or repairs. It *cleans out* sticky "gum" formed by the combination of worn-out oil with dust and dirt. It *lubricates* perfectly. And then it *prevents* harmful rust and tarnish. Three-in-One is blended by a special process from three different oils—*animal, mineral* and *vegetable.* That is why it does three jobs at once, and does them far better than any single-element oil ever can.

Frequent use of 3-in-One will save you many dollars every year. At all good stores, in both handy cans and bottles. Always identified by this red trade-mark. ➸ 3

FREE SAMPLE: Write for sample of 3-in-One Oil and "Dictionary of Uses." Address Dept. 37

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William Street, New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. - Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil
CLEANS - LUBRICATES - PREVENTS RUST

Big Money

Continued from page 34

"Caught cold?" asked the Biscuit.

"I was telling you my name. It's Kitchie."

Something of sternness crept into the Biscuit's gaze.

"You needn't think that just because I've got one of those engaging, open faces you can kid me," he said. "I'm pretty intelligent, let me tell you, and I know the difference between a name and a sneeze. Nobody could possibly be called Kitchie."

"Well, I am. It's short for Katherine. What's your first name?"

"Godfrey. Short for William."

"Well," said the girl, who during these conversational exchanges had been eying his upper lip with some intentness, "let me just tell you one thing: You ought to do something about that mustache of yours—either let it grow or cut it off. At present it makes you look like Charlie Chaplin. If you'll excuse me being personal."

"Replying to your remarks in the reverse order," said the Biscuit, "be as personal as you desire. If two old buddies like us can't be frank with each other, who can? In the second place, I see no harm in resembling Charlie Chaplin, a man of many sterling qualities whom I respect. Thirdly, I *am* letting it grow—in moderation and within due bounds. And, finally, the object under advisement is not a mustache, you poor Yank; it is a mustarsh. These points settled, tell me how you like England. Enjoying your visit, are you? Glad you came?"

"I like it all right. I wish I was back home, though."

"Oh? Where's that?"

"Great Neck, New York."

"And you wish you were there?"

"I certainly do."

"Why 'certainly'?" asked the Biscuit, nettled. "What an extraordinary girl you must be. Here you are, having an absorbing conversation with one of the best minds in Valley Fields—and that best mind, mark you, wearing a new suit made by the finest bespoke tailor in London—and you say you wish you were elsewhere. Inexplicable! What is there so wonderfully attractive about Great Neck?"

Kitchie's blue eyes clouded.

"Mer's there," she said.

"Ma? Your mother, you mean?"

"I didn't say Ma. I said Mer. Merwyn Flock. The boy I'm engaged to. Dad got sore because Mer's an actor, and he sent me over to England to get me away from him. Now do you understand?"

THE Biscuit understood. Yet, oddly, he was not pleased. To an engaged man the news that a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl he has just met is an engaged girl ought to be splendid news. It ought to make him feel that he and she belong to a great fellowship. He ought to feel like a brother hearing joyful tidings about a sister. Lord Biskerton felt none of these things. Utterly immersed though he was in a whole-hearted worship of his fiancee, the information that this girl before him was also betrothed made him feel absolutely sick.

"Merwyn Flock!" he said.

"You ought to hear Mer play the uke!"

"I don't want to hear Mer play the uke," said Lord Biskerton vehemently. "I wouldn't listen to him playing the uke if you paid me. Merwyn! Ha!"

"That's all right, you standing there saying 'Merwyn'," said Miss Valentine with equal warmth. "It's a darned sight better name than that of Godfrey."

It struck the Biscuit that he was allowing the tone of the conversation to become acrimonious.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Don't let's quarrel. Cheer up, half-portion, and let us speak of other things. Tell me your impressions of England. What's it like living at Castlewood? Jolly? Festive?"

"Not so very. And I expected it would be a bigger place. When I was told I had an uncle living in a house called Castlewood, I thought it was going to be a sort of palace."

"WELL, so it is. It's got a summer house and a bird bath. What more do you want? And, if you're disappointed, what about me? What's become of the civic welcome I was entitled to expect? Where are the villagers?"

"What villagers?"

"I always understood that a chorus of villagers turned out on these occasions to welcome the new squire with dance and song. It won't be long before I find myself believing that I have no seigniorial rights at all. How about that, by the way?"

"What about it?"

"Well, for one thing, as I came along here I noticed a sort of lake or mere across the road. Do I own the fishing? And the swanning, what of that? I shall most certainly want to have a pop at those swans with my bow and arrow very shortly."

The girl was looking at him earnestly.

"You know," she said, "when you talk quick, you remind me of Mer. His nose twitches like that."

It was on the tip of Lord Biskerton's tongue to say something so scathing and devastating about Mer that the friendship ripening between this girl and himself would have withered like a juvenile crocus in an early blizzard. At this moment, however, he perceived out of the corner of his eye that strange things were going on in Castlewood.

"I say," he said, directing his companion's attention to these phenomena, "there's an extraordinarily ugly little devil in an eyeglass next door glaring and waving his hands at one of the windows."

"That's my uncle."

"Oh? I'm sorry."

"It isn't your fault," said the girl kindly.

The Biscuit surveyed the human semaphore with interest. "What is it? Swedish exercises?"

"I expect he wants me to come in. Now I remember, when I said I was thinking of coming over into your garden, he told me that I wasn't on any account to stir a step till he had called on you and seen what you were like. I suppose I'd better go."

"But I was just going to ask you to come in and see my little home. I expect there are all sorts of things in it that call for the feminine touch."

"Some other day. Anyway, I've some letters to write. A girl I met on the boat has just got engaged, I see in the paper. I must write and congratulate her."

"Engaged!" said the Biscuit gloomily. "It seems to me that the whole bally world is engaged."

"Are you?"

"Me!" said the Biscuit, starting. "I say, I think you had better rush. Uncle seems to be hotting up."

He stood where he was for a moment, admiring the nimble grace with which his small friend shinned over the fence. Then, pondering deeply, he made his way into the house to ascertain what sort of a dump this was into which Fate and his creditors had thrust him.

THAT night, smoking a friendly cigarette with his next-door neighbor, John Beresford Conway of The Nook, Lord Biskerton, somewhat to his companion's surprise, spoke with warm approbation, rising at times to the height of enthusiasm, of the home life of the Mormon elder.

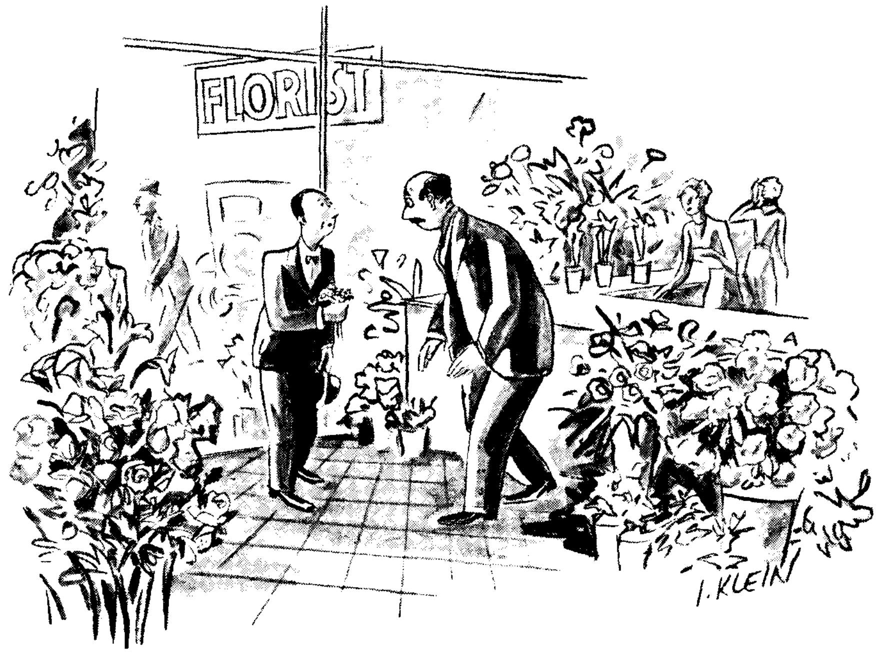
A Mormon elder, said the Biscuit, had the right idea. His, he considered, was the jolliest life on earth. He also stated that in his opinion bigamy, being, as it was, merely the normal result of a generous nature striving to fulfill itself, ought not to be punishable at law.

"And what you've got against Valley Fields, old boy," he said, "is more than I can see. I don't know when I've struck a place I liked more. I consider it practically a Garden of Eden, and you may give that statement to the press, if you wish, as coming from me."

He then relapsed into a long and thoughtful silence, from which he emerged to utter a single word.

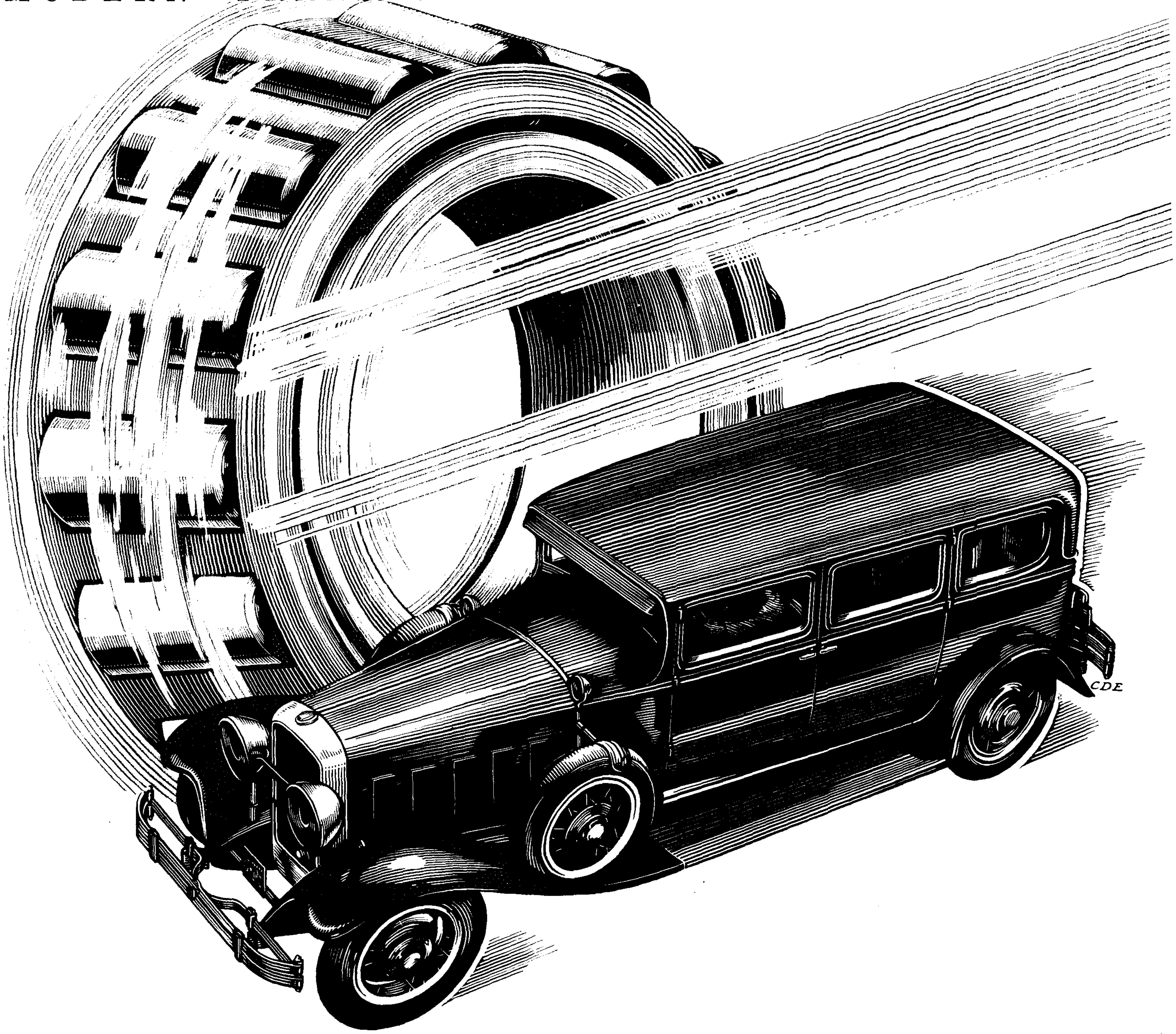
It was the word "Merwyn!"

(*To be continued next week*)

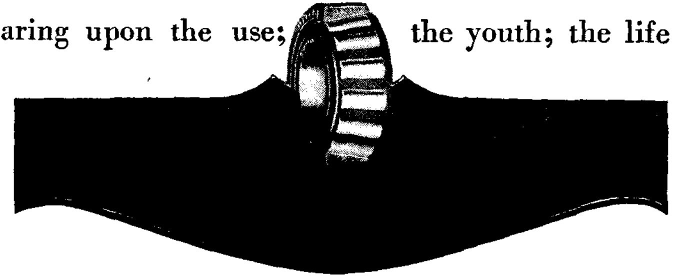


"I am calling for my sweetheart Agnes."

MODERN TRANSPORTATION ROLLS ON TIMKENS

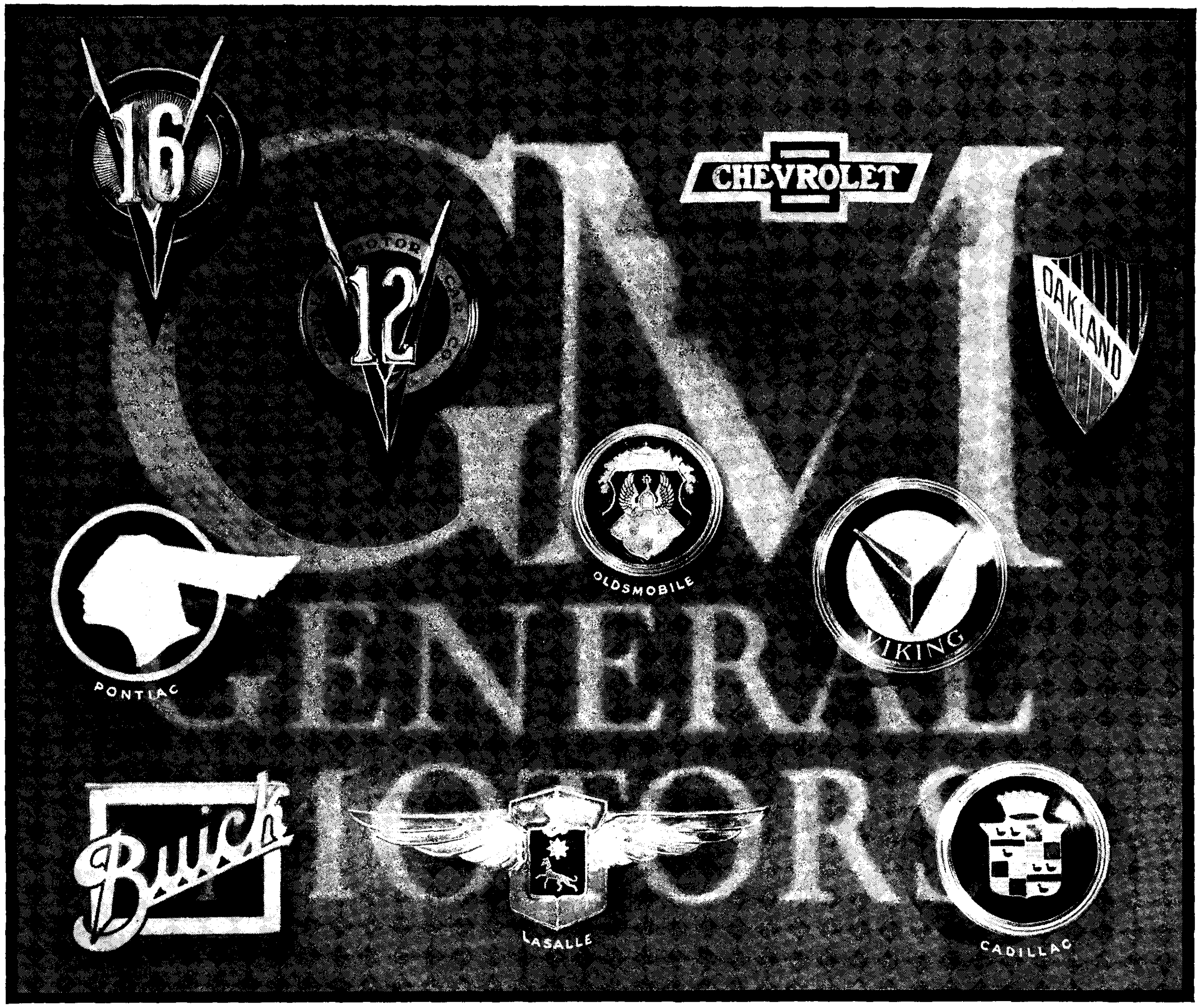


"Beneath its flashing beauty—those vital mechanical parts which you may never see". This is one manufacturer's way of describing an inner excellence to which Timken contributes mightily . . . "Among the outstanding features", says a world-famed maker of motor cars, "are a larger number of roller bearings"—these too are Timken . . . "Economical * * in ability to serve long" —"Power that is swift and smooth"—"Satisfaction that is continued"—all these are different ways of describing one thing—"Timken Bearing Equipped" . . . To secure these benefits the nation turns to Timken tapered construction, Timken positively aligned rolls and Timken-made steel, whether the load runs into tons of pressure in steel mills or mile upon mile over steel rails or millions of wheel-revolutions in buses, trucks and motor cars . . . The public has learned that Timken has a decided bearing upon the use; the youth; the life of motor cars and wisely insists that they be "Timken Bearing Equipped"...The Timken Roller Bearing Company . . . Canton, Ohio.



© 1930, The Timken
Roller Bearing Company

See what General


16
12
MOTOR CAR CO
CHEVROLET
OAKLAND
GM
GENERAL MOTORS
OLDSMOBILE
VIKING
PONTIAC
Buick
LASALLE
CADILLAC

Motors offers in the kind of car you want

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND · VIKING · BUICK
LASALLE · CADILLAC

TASTES in motor cars differ as widely as people differ, but everybody wants *value* for his automobile dollar.

On both counts it will pay you to see what General Motors offers before you decide on your next car.

TYPE AND STYLE? You have a choice of 107 models in 8 makes of cars—all with bodies by Fisher.

PRICE? General Motors cars range from as low as $495 to as high as $15,000, and may be purchased on the GMAC Plan.

SERVICE? Every new General Motors car is sold under an Owner Service Policy which provides a warranty and service plan of broad and liberal scope.

VALUE? General Motors uses the resources of the world's largest industrial organization to build quality into its products and put them into your hands at low cost.

Read the list of prices at the right. See the cars that interest you most in their dealers' showrooms. Perhaps you will find that you can have what you want for less than you thought it would cost.

GENERAL MOTORS

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

WHAT A CHOICE!

What opportunities!

107 models

$495 *to* $15,000

(All prices f. o. b.)

$495 *to* $945

$495	Chevrolet Phaeton
495	Chevrolet Roadster
515	Chevrolet Sport Roadster
565	Chevrolet Coach
565	Chevrolet Coupe
615	Chevrolet Sport Coupe
625	Chevrolet Club Sedan
665	Pontiac Sport Roadster
665	Pontiac 2-Door Sedan
665	Pontiac Coupe
675	Chevrolet Sedan
685	Chevrolet Special Sedan
695	Pontiac Phaeton
725	Pontiac Sport Coupe
725	Pontiac Sedan
785	Pontiac Custom Sedan
895	Oldsmobile Std. Coupe
895	Oldsmobile Std. 2-Door Sedan
895	Oakland Coupe
895	Oakland Roadster
895	Oakland 2-Door Sedan
945	Oakland Phaeton

$965 *to* $1,565

$965	Oldsmobile Std. Sport Coupe
965	Oldsmobile Std. Phaeton
965	Oakland Sport Coupe
995	Oldsmobile Std. Sedan
995	Oldsmobile Std. Conv. Rdstr.
995	Oakland Sedan
1,025	Buick "56" Business Coupe
1,035	Buick "50" 2-Door Sedan
1,045	Oakland Custom Sedan
1,055	Buick "54" Sport Roadster
1,055	Buick "55" Phaeton
1,055	Buick "56-S" Special Coupe
1,060	Oldsmobile Patrician Sedan
1,095	Buick "57" Sedan
1,285	Buick "66" Business Coupe
1,325	Buick "66-S" Special Coupe
1,335	Buick "64" Sport Roadster
1,335	Buick "65" Phaeton
1,355	Buick "67" Sedan
1,535	Buick "86" Coupe
1,565	Buick "87" Sedan

$1,610 *to* $2,795

$1,610	Buick "94" Sport Roadster
1,620	Buick "95" Phaeton
1,695	Viking "125" Conv. Coupe
1,695	Viking "125" Brougham
1,695	Viking "125" Sedan
1,720	Buick "96-S" Special Coupe
1,765	Buick "96" Coupe
1,785	Buick "91" Sedan
1,935	Buick "90" Sedan
2,035	Buick "90-L" Limousine
2,195	LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,245	LaSalle Fleetwood Roadster
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,295	LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,345	LaSalle Fisher Town Sedan
2,345	LaSalle Fleetwood Touring
2,475	LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,595	LaSalle Fisher Imperial Sedan
2,695	Cadillac Fisher Coupe
2,795	Cadillac Fisher Coupe

$2,795 *to* $3,795

$2,795	Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,845	Cadillac Fisher Town Sedan
2,845	Cadillac Fleetwood Roadster
2,945	Cadillac Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,945	Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,945	Cadillac Fleetwood Phaeton
3,095	Cadillac Fisher Imp. Sedan
3,245	LaSalle Fl't'd Sedanette Cab.
3,245	LaSalle Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton
3,245	LaSalle Fleetwood Sedanette
3,795	Cadillac Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton

The prices of the New 12-Cylinder Cadillacs just announced range between the V-8 and the V-16 prices.

$5,350 *to* $9,700

Cadillac V-16, in 32 Fleetwood custom models

$9,700 *to* $15,000

Cadillac V-16, in an unlimited choice of special custom models

There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

Writing for publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25. $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travel, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

If you would learn to write *Start Writing*

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the train*ing that has produced so many successful* authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your present ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's, October 11th.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss

Address..

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21J350

Taxi Ride

Continued from page 28

her. "What a horrible brat," he said, and stalked out, mumbling that he'd meet them later at the Bascoms.

Jennifer stamped a large mark on the polished floor and muttered threats. "Look!" she wailed at Sally. "Now I have to go home and change my dress!"

Sally helped her into her wrap and wiped her eyes free of tears. "Don't you pay any attention to Jay," she said.

"I'll pay attention to him!" Jennifer sobbed angrily. "I'll . . . I'll . . ." But she couldn't think of anything bad enough, so she just rushed out without finishing her threat.

JAY, after futile attempts to hail a taxi, had crossed the street to try his luck. A taxi drew up in front of the Lunns', and he rushed across the street and threw himself into it.

Simultaneously, Jennifer threw herself in the other side and fell into the seat. "Get out of this taxi," she said.

"This is my taxi and I will not get out of it," said Jay.

"Well, I won't ride with you."

"Good," Jay said, "I was afraid you were going to."

"I hailed this taxi," said Jennifer, "and I'm going to keep it."

"*Who* hailed this taxi?" Jay demanded.

"I did."

"I hailed this taxi myself," said Jay.

"We'll let the taxi driver decide who hailed him," said Jennifer, "and if you're a gentleman you'll abide by his decision."

"If anyone tried being a gentleman with you," Jay said, "he'd get himself a swift kick in the seat of the trousers."

Jennifer leaned forward and pulled back the glass partition which separated them from the driver. "Ask him," she commanded Jay.

"Who hailed you, Philip?" Jay asked.

Philip Lamontagne turned around. "You both did, mister."

"Whom did you stop for?" Jennifer asked.

"Whichever one got here first," said Philip, amiably.

Jennifer settled back in her seat. "Well," she said, "I'm not going to get out."

"Neither am I," said Jay, and settled back in his.

Philip Lamontagne did not mince words. "Where to, mister?" he asked.

"Wherever you like," Jay said, shrugging.

"Through the park?" Philip asked hopefully.

"Yes, Philip, if you like the park."

"Is that all right with you, lady?"

"It's absolutely immaterial to me where you go," Jennifer said.

The taxi pulled out into traffic and headed for Central Park. There was a long, dead, devastating silence.

"I have to go home and change my dress," said Jennifer, coldly.

"Oh, by all means," Jay murmured. "Where shall I have him stop?"

"Wherever you're getting out."

"I'm not," Jay said.

"You're a double-damned beast," Jennifer said, and tore her lace handkerchief in two pieces.

"One more crack like that," said Jay, "and I'll tell you about yourself."

Jennifer made a hushed screaming noise in her throat and stamped the floor with both feet.

"Scream again," Jay said. "Go on, scream."

"Harry Armstrong will twist you into small pieces!" Jennifer said. "He'll make a . . . a pretzel of you!"

"Let's talk about Harry Armstrong," Jay said delightedly. "He's my favorite subject. Every time I look at that funny pan of his I go home and mope for a week."

"I'll tell him that you called him a wet smack, too," she said.

"Good old Harry," Jay said. "I wouldn't miss the expression on his face for anything."

"Jay Locke, *I have to go home and change my dress.* Is there no way we can settle this properly?"

"Oh, I'm a hound for propriety," Jay said. "At college my nickname was Hound for Propriety Jay."

"We're late for the party already."

"Aren't we, though!" Jay said, looking at his watch. "Exactly an hour late. It's too bad you're stubborn, isn't it?"

Jennifer ripped one half of the torn half of the handkerchief and put it in her mouth, pulling viciously at it with her teeth. "You're the meanest man I ever met," she said.

"You may leave any time you wish, you know," he said.

"I'll stay in this cab until you leave it if it's the last thing I do!"

"The couple who spent their lives in a taxicab," Jay said, "or The Adventures of the Taxicab Couple in the Wilds of Central Park. We'll get a small fortune for our memoirs. Let's keep a log and sell the rights to a tabloid exclusively."

Jennifer snorted.

"We are now passing Cleopatra's Needle," said Jay. "The weather is still fair, but the moon has a ring around it."

"I wish your eye had a ring around it," Jennifer said. "A black one."

"There's another dog," said Jay. "He has a bell on his collar. If we did this properly, we'd take him along for a mascot."

Blank, dank silence while Jennifer tore the remaining bits of her handkerchief into infinitesimal shreds.

"I think that's a dog over there," Jay said. "That black lump on our left."

"It's a stump," said Jennifer.

"There are very few people in the world who can go around saying that the things I pick out for dogs are stumps," he warned her.

"I will if they're stumps!" she flared.

Philip Lamontagne drew up to the curb at the upper end of the park and stuck his head in the aperture. "Mister," he said, "I should have gone off duty an hour ago. Maybe you could ride around in another cab, eh?"

Jay looked at Jennifer and grinned. Jennifer scowled.

"See her scowl?" Jay said to Philip. "That means no."

PHILIP drew his head back like a turtle. "Well," he said, "where shall I go?"

"Drive to the nearest telephone," said Jennifer.

Philip drove to the nearest cigar store and started to snap the meter. Jennifer restrained him gently. She poked a bit of paper through and wiggled it at him. "Go in and call this lady," she said. "Tell her that Miss Cranston is unavoidably detained, but that she'll be along later."

"Tell her that if Miss Cranston is along later, Mr. Locke will eat his shirt," Jay said.

Philip came out after a few moments and climbed in, wearily. "She said all right," he said. "Listen, mister, I got a wife and kids."

Jay edged up on his seat. "That's nice, Philip," he said. "Have you any pictures of them?"

"Yeah, I got a picture of my wife, an' I don't like it. She expects me home like decent men."

Jay turned to Jennifer. "You see?" he said. "You're probably breaking up a home right this minute."

Jennifer sniffed.

"Where do I go now, mister?" Philip said.

"Miss Cranston?" said Jay.

Miss Cranston gave him a dirty look. He smiled sweetly. "You have the most *fantastic* face!" he murmured. He looked at Philip. "Let's take a little jaunt down Eleventh Avenue," he said, "and don't miss any of the bumps, Philip."

"Don't worry," Philip said, under his breath.

They jaunted up and down Eleventh Avenue until Philip had all the bumps worn down to a level. He drew up at the curb in desperation. Jennifer mumbled sleepily, "Let's go to another telephone."

"There ain't many telephones open at this time of night, miss," Philip said.

"One is enough," she said.

Philip found a telephone on Eighth Avenue. He came back. "The party said all right, but hurry," he said.

"What time is it?" Jennifer mumbled.

"Three-thirty, miss," Philip said hopefully.

JENNIFER closed her eyes again and sighed. Her head drooped slowly toward Jay's shoulder. Jay frowned down at her uncomfortably. He was doubtful of the ethics of this particular situation. Her face was fantastic, though alluring. He looked away and had a talk with himself. Then he shook her gently. She roused and frowned at him. He was glad he had shaken her.

"Listen, miss," Philip said, "I *gotta go home. My wife knows that I know* a lotta bums, an' . . ."

"Philip," Jay said sternly, "you're not calling us bums?"

"No, sir," Philip said, "but . . ."

"That's one thing I don't like to be called," Jay said, "a bum. You may go on, Philip."

Right there the iron entered Philip's soul and he didn't care what happened to him. Doing the grapevine on Sixth Avenue between the elevated posts ought to do the trick. Jennifer fell out of her seat as they rounded the corner and tore across town. She looked up at Jay. He held his hand down to help her back into her seat. She frowned at him. "I . . . I'll b-bet," she said, scrambling up and hanging on for dear life, "t-that you put-put-put . . ."

"Motor boat," Jay said brightly.

"Put him u-up to th-this!"

"I'm s-sorry I d-didn't," Jay said, "it's a gran-d-d i-d-d-dea."

"Make him s-stop," Jennifer chattered.

"Do y-you w-want to g-get out?"

"N-no, I want him to go s-slower," she said.

"Quit-quit-quitter!" Jay said delightedly.

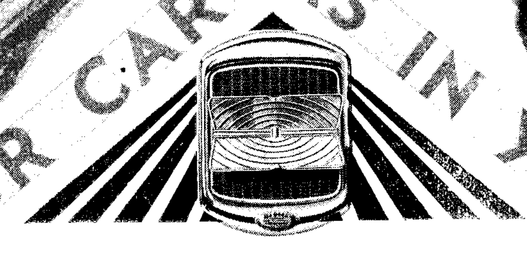
"I yam n-n-not!"

"Hang *on!*" Jay yelled, but Jennifer had fallen out of her seat again. She just braced her heels against the seat and sat there with a grim white look.

Philip hit Sixth Avenue and started his grapevine. In one, out one, in one, out one. The elevated posts looked like a roller coaster on its side.

"Y-you're scared," Jennifer screamed at Jay.

(*Continued on page 42*)

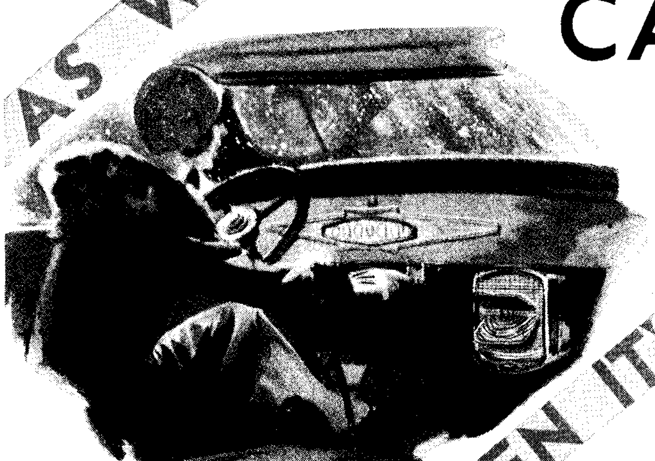


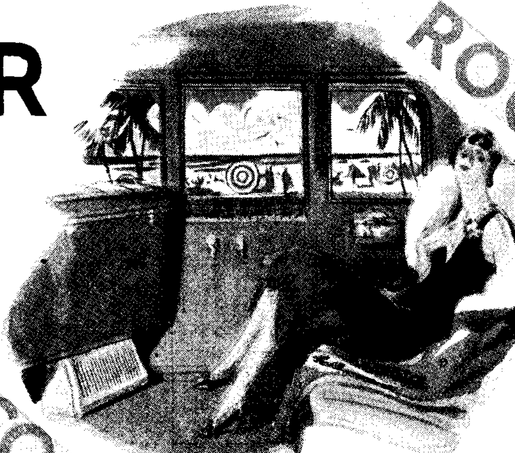
AS WARM IN YOUR CAR AS IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

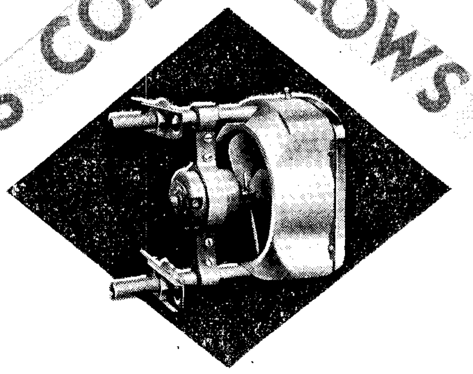
HāDees

HOT WATER CAR HEATER

PATENT Nos. RE17131 and 1746985







BLOWS HOT WHEN IT'S COLD BLOWS COOL WHEN IT'S HOT

Electric control from the dash

Three logical steps mark the development of the motor car toward complete driving comfort. First: there was the open car: then came the closed car: now HaDees scientific hot water heaters provide the ultimate requirements of comfort all the year 'round.

Driving in bitter cold weather: HaDees Hot Water heat, with forced radiation gives you all the pure-air heat you want, when and how you want it, regulated from the dash.

Driving in chilly weather: HaDees, by a touch of the finger, gives you just the degree of warmth you require. Turns on or off like an electric light.

Driving in hot weather: HaDees gives you fan-cool ventilation by cutting off the source of heat.

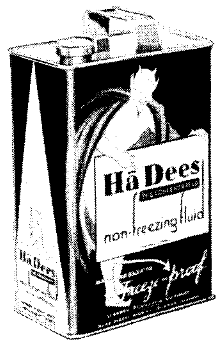
Simple and substantial in construction . . . perfect in operation . . . a handsome, chromium finished unit that adds permanent smartness to your car interior.

The price you pay is insignificant compared with the important and lasting benefits enjoyed, because a HaDees heater can be easily transferred from old to new car thereby giving years of service.

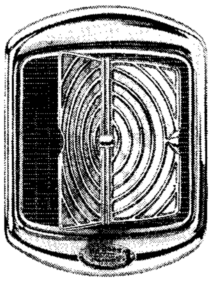
Front dash models for Sedans and Coupes—a special model for Ford cars—also a DeLuxe Rear Seat Heater. Ask your dealer for all the facts.

Every HaDees Heater guaranteed by the world's largest bonding house, the National Surety Company. Their Gold Bond Guarantee of quality adds no extra cost to you.

LIBERTY FOUNDRIES COMPANY, *Rockford, Ill.*
(A Division of Burd Piston Ring Co.)



HaDees non-freezing fluid, the never-failing, economical, all-winter radiator fluid.
Ask your dealer.



This shows the deflector, adjustable to any position, which gives control of heat volume and direction.

Quick Heat . . . Pure Air . . . On or off with touch of button

HāDees HOT WATER CAR HEATER

PATENT Nos. RE17131 and 1746985

Taxi Ride

Continued from page 40

"You're c-crazy," Jay screamed back. "I'm just worried about my suspenders. They broke on t-that last curve!"

Philip clung to the wheel like grim death. They'd give up soon and he could go home to his wife. He missed a post by the narrow margin of a whistle and grinned grimly.

It was the sixteenth post on the left side uptown from Schwartz's delicatessen that finally got playful and jumped at them. The rear fender failed to clear it and the car wrapped itself around the post a couple of times and then jumped for the curb. Philip twisted the wheel viciously and they landed against the opposite curb, upside down.

Jennifer screamed then, and Jay grabbed her. They became a tangled mess in the flotsam and jetsam of Sixth Avenue. The cushions were wrapped coyly around Jay's neck. He struggled to free himself and get Jennifer right side up. She was pretty breathless and white.

"Sit still, you little chump," he said. "Let me feel you over. You've probably broken something."

"I'm all right," she said, but she held her arm very tightly and clamped her teeth together.

"You certainly stick," he said, with reluctant admiration.

Philip's face peered down at them from the bottom of the cab, which was on top. "Still there," he said wonderingly. "Well, mister, you'll *have* to get out now. I got a wrecker coming."

"Miss Cranston?" Jay murmured.

Jennifer gripped her arm and opened her teeth far enough to say, "I'm not getting out until after you do."

"Then you're going to ride behind a wrecker," said Jay.

"I can stand it if you can," she said.

THE car was tilted in such fashion that they sat on the back window. With every bump Jennifer got sicker and whiter. They bumped into the garage and to a standstill. The repairmen gathered around. "That baby'll have to go to Detroit for repairs," one of them said.

Jennifer moaned faintly. Jay reached over and held her up with his arm. His voice sounded frightened. "Jennifer," he said, "you *are* hurt." He looked at the men. "Could someone get me a cup of black coffee for the lady?"

"I'm all *right,*" Jennifer muttered, and then fainted.

Philip Lamontagne sighed with relief. "Now, mister," he said, "you won't have to go to Detroit. You can take her out first while she's unconscious."

"Get me some water," Jay said.

Philip brought the water. "Better take her out while she's unconscious," he warned Jay. "You won't get her out any other way, mister."

"I couldn't do that," Jay said. "She's a game kid. Let me have the water."

"That's white of you, mister," Jennifer said, opening one eye and regarding him steadfastly.

"Jennifer," Jay said, "if I take you in my arms and step out, we'll be getting out together and nobody will have lost."

"If you take me in your arms," the little wretch said, "I . . . I will be."

Jay considered this for a moment, looking straight in her eyes. "It's okay with me if it is with you," he said.

Jennifer locked her uninjured arm about his neck. "Proceed, young man," she said.

Jay stepped out, holding her carefully. "Philip," said he, "you are out one taxicab, and I am in for a wedding. I'll pay for the taxicab and you come to the wedding. How about it?"

"Yes, sir," Philip said, "but I won't bring me new cab."

"Oh, Philip," Jennifer said, "nobody else could take us to the station afterward. Promise you'll bring it."

"Well," Philip said, "if you'll promise to get out at the station. . . ."

Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's great coach, in many ways has become the symbol of modern American football. His teams have wandered from coast to coast, winning a great majority of their contests against the strongest combinations in the game. In this way the Notre Dame leader has built up the greatest national following that football has ever known. His teams have been noted for speed, smartness and magnificent team play, as well as for a football spirit that has been unsurpassed. Knute Rockne is without question one of the leading forces in football's amazing growth. He is one of the smartest and one of the most interesting coaches that ever developed a championship array. The articles he has written are sure to appeal to millions

GRANTLAND RICE

From Norway to Notre Dame

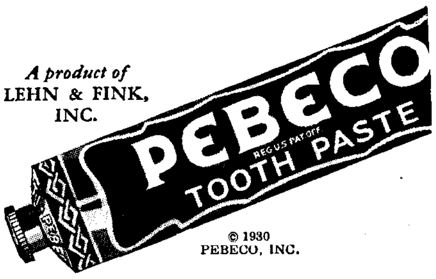
By KNUTE K. ROCKNE

THE FIRST OF A SERIES BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

"If I Only Knew! *If I Only Knew!*"

So many people thus hesitate—in doubt about which tooth paste really will help. Our answer is, "If only you'll try PEBECO—*then* you will know." For Pebeco's ability to do more than simply wash your teeth is foretold by its very taste. This distinctive tang says Pebeco is *working*, is cleaning, whitening and helping Nature check decay by increasing the flow of saliva. And also, it gives the most refreshed feeling your mouth ever had. But you'll *never* know until you try it. Why not today?

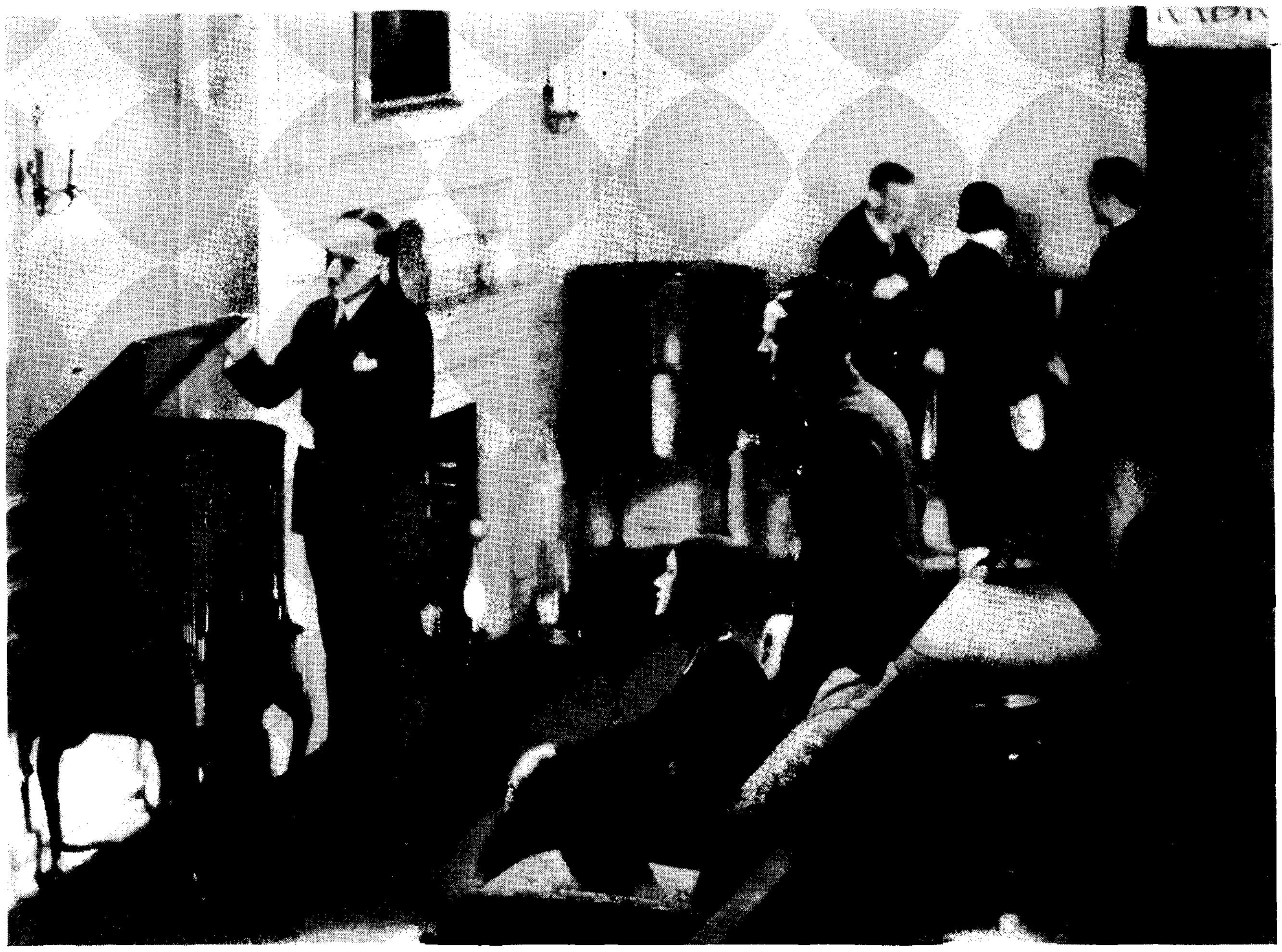
A product of LEHN & FINK, INC.



© 1930 PEBECO, INC.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

Buy with confidence from the
GENERAL MOTORS RADIO DEALER



General Motors Radio dealers provide pleasant, homelike surroundings for demonstrations

When you consider making an investment in radio, call on the General Motors Radio dealer in your community. You will find him the type of business man you like to deal with—a responsible merchant, building his business on the good-will and satisfaction which grow out of the sale of General Motors Radios. Naturally, you can expect a more personal interest in your purchase from such a dealer—an *exclusive* dealer.

Radio has become so important a factor in home entertainment and home furnishing that you should make your choice of an instrument only after the most careful consideration. Judge the new General Motors Radio from *every* standpoint before you buy—value, performance, appearance, reputation of maker and character of dealer. We are confident you will find these fine instruments the most logical choice in radio today.

Prices, without tubes, radio models $136 to $172, radio-phonographs $198 and $270. All are available on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient payment.

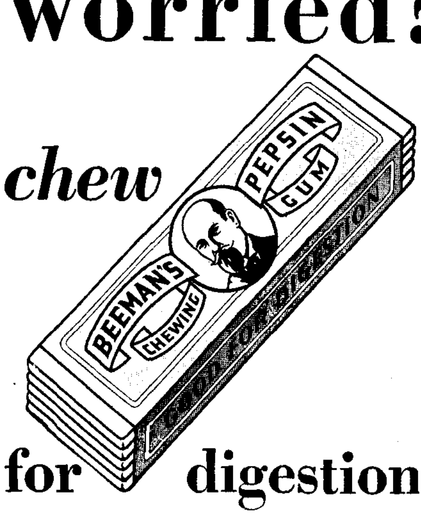
GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

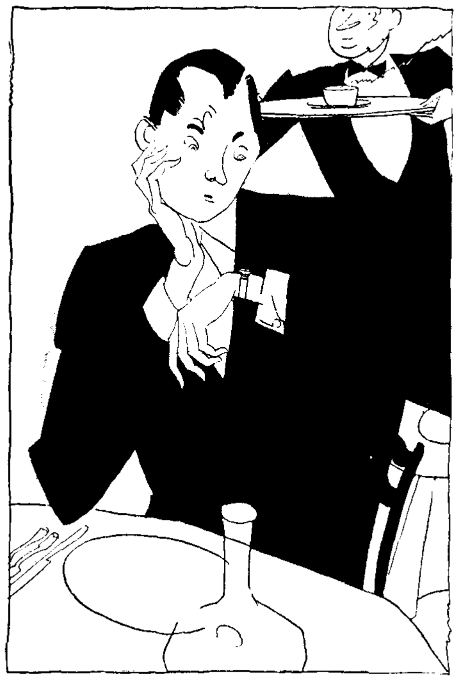
THE NEW GENERAL MOTORS RADIO WITH TONE SELECTOR

hurried worried?

chew

for digestion!





WHEN you haven't eaten calmly, when home cares or business cares pile up—do something to help your digestion. Chew the delicious pepsin gum which Dr. Beeman perfected 30 years ago as the most pleasant of all digestive aids.

Today, Beeman's Pepsin Gum is the favorite of millions who chew gum to help their digestions. Its keen, fresh flavor, its satisfying smoothness, and its mellow quality will win you too.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

"Let no Man therefore Judge you"

Continued from page 11

It would be impossible to enumerate the people whom we have met who like this law and who believe in prohibition. One judge who is at present assigned to the business of handling cases of liquor-law violation said that he never drank a drop in his life and believed in prohibition, but he had learned that it could not be enforced and that this present system was the best he had ever known.

Daniel McKinny, who has been employed on the police force for forty-one years in Toronto, is now one of the staff workers of the department. He has for twelve years been connected with social service, especially in connection with the sale and use of liquor. Mr. McKinny is a man who practically never drinks. He is thoroughly independent and upright. He said he would like to see prohibition if it could be brought about. He states that the present system is the best that Ontario has ever known, that bootlegging and drinking have almost disappeared, that it is practically impossible for any person to prosper and carry on the business of illicit selling of liquor for any length of time.

Petty Bootlegging

Inspector Kennedy is one of the chief men employed by the Control Board. He has been for many years one of the most important men on the police force and trusted with important business. He has never taken a drop of liquor in his life. Everyone that meets him knows he is a man of honor and efficiency in his business. Almost all of his time is spent with other officers in dealing with violations of the liquor law. He unhesitatingly says that the present act is the best law Canada ever had, that it has practically eradicated excessive drinking. He spoke especially in reply to the wild statements made by two or three clergymen about intoxicating liquor. One of these had said that there were one hundred bootleggers within one square mile enclosing his church. The clergyman was urged to give Kennedy the names and addresses of the bootleggers. After a long search he produced the names of ten, but could find no more.

The petty bootlegger does not get his trade amongst the down-and-outs, but will generally find his business near the big hotels. He is looking for strangers, men from the United States. His trade is after six o'clock at night when most of the government stores are closed. Or he caters to a social gathering where the host has been unable to supply his guests before the place of distribution closed and so the bootlegger fills the order.

It is difficult to understand how any intelligent visitor who investigates the situation could possibly make an adverse report on the Ontario system on the ground that it does not work. Whenever he makes such report it is because, consciously or unconsciously, he believes that intoxicating liquor is a terrible thing and anyone who drinks is a criminal. He does not believe in compromising with sin.

All people who discuss economic and social questions indulge in statistics. Nothing is more unreliable than figures. They are of very little use as the basis of any argument. The conduct of human beings and the fortunes of lives depend on so many different circumstances that it is almost impossible to attribute consequences to any special cause. This makes it easy for one who is obsessed with an idea to find statistics to fit his case.

For instance, in the days before the United States adopted prohibition, statistics were freely used as to the amount of drunkenness in wet and dry towns. Both the wets and the drys used these figures. As a matter of fact, a dry town with a dry mayor produced more convictions for drunkenness in proportion to the population than a wet town with a wet mayor. The amount of human lapses is not measured by the number of convictions. This is especially true in such laws as concern the sale of liquor. Court convictions are measured largely by the zeal of officials concerning their pet hobby.

This fact should mean more convictions under the present law than ever before, for no body of men was ever more determined to make the law work than is the Control Board. Criminal statutes have little effect on the amount of liquor consumed. The extent of sale of intoxicating beverages depends more upon financial conditions in the country than on any other factor. The prohibitionists feel sure that every human action has to do with the use or disuse of intoxicants. If we did not know the real reason for the change of the seasons the prohibitionists would believe that they were due to the use of rum.

The Department of Trade and Commerce of the Dominion of Canada published some liquor statistics in 1921. They were not gathered and compiled by the statistical bureau of the Dominion. They were compiled in the summertime by agents who were given employment during the vacation months. The chief of the statistical force was a well-known minister who was always dry. Some of the discrepancies patent in the report, which have already been exposed by the Control Board, might be pointed out.

One of the outstanding objections to all statistics is the measurement of commodities in terms of dollars. Both in Canada and America the dollar has done much fluctuating. Any volume of statistics that is based on dollars will easily show this result. The same amount of many commodities sold in 1913 would represent twice as many dollars if sold ten or twelve years later, and yet average statistics are "lumped in" as if the dollar never changed. The population of a state or city also makes a considerable difference. During the last ten years Canada, and especially Ontario, has been growing very rapidly, and the amount of everything consumed changes with the population.

What the Figures Mean

The total revenues collected from the sale of intoxicating liquor by the whole Dominion of Canada were gathered in the report of the Department of Trade and Commerce. These statistics begin with 1913, when the revenue reached nearly $19,000,000. From that time it fell off to $10,500,000 in 1919. The fall obviously resulted from the number of Canadians who were still in France, and the business reaction immediately after the war. In 1917, $17,300,000 was the total amount of revenue from the sale of liquor. The year 1917 was the first year of prohibition. In general, these figures began to mount until in 1926, still under prohibition, they reached the aggregate sum of $43,000,000. This seems to be a strong argument against prohibition. But the present liquor control law went into effect January 1, 1927. In that year the total revenue from liquor in the whole Dominion reached $52,500,000. In 1928, it reached $72,500,000. The prohibitionists, in making their argument, of course, lose sight of another fact which was the cause of the increased revenue, both under prohibition and liquor control:

In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1913, the rate of taxation was: customs, $2.40 per gallon of alcoholic content, and excise $1.90 per gallon. In August, 1914, the customs was $3.00 and the excise $2.40. In 1920, the customs duty was $5.00 and the excise duty $4.40 per gallon. In May, 1921, the former excise tax of $2.00 on imported spirits was abolished, but the customs duty was increased to $10.00 and the excise duty increased to $9.00 per gallon. The result was that in 1921 the amount of revenue collected was $32,500,000. This too, under prohibition.

To show the absurdity of the conclusions that the prohibitionists reached, it is only necessary to call further attention to the tables of the Department of Trade. The table referred to shows that the largest liquor revenue under the old basis of taxation was in 1913. This revenue was $18,690,000, made up entirely of excise and customs duties. The Custom-Excise Department shows that the number of gallons of imported spirits of that year was a little above 8,500,000. Had the revenue in 1913 been collected upon the basis of the tax in 1921, instead of producing $18,500,000 in revenue, it would have produced over $80,000,000.

A Campaign Against Crime

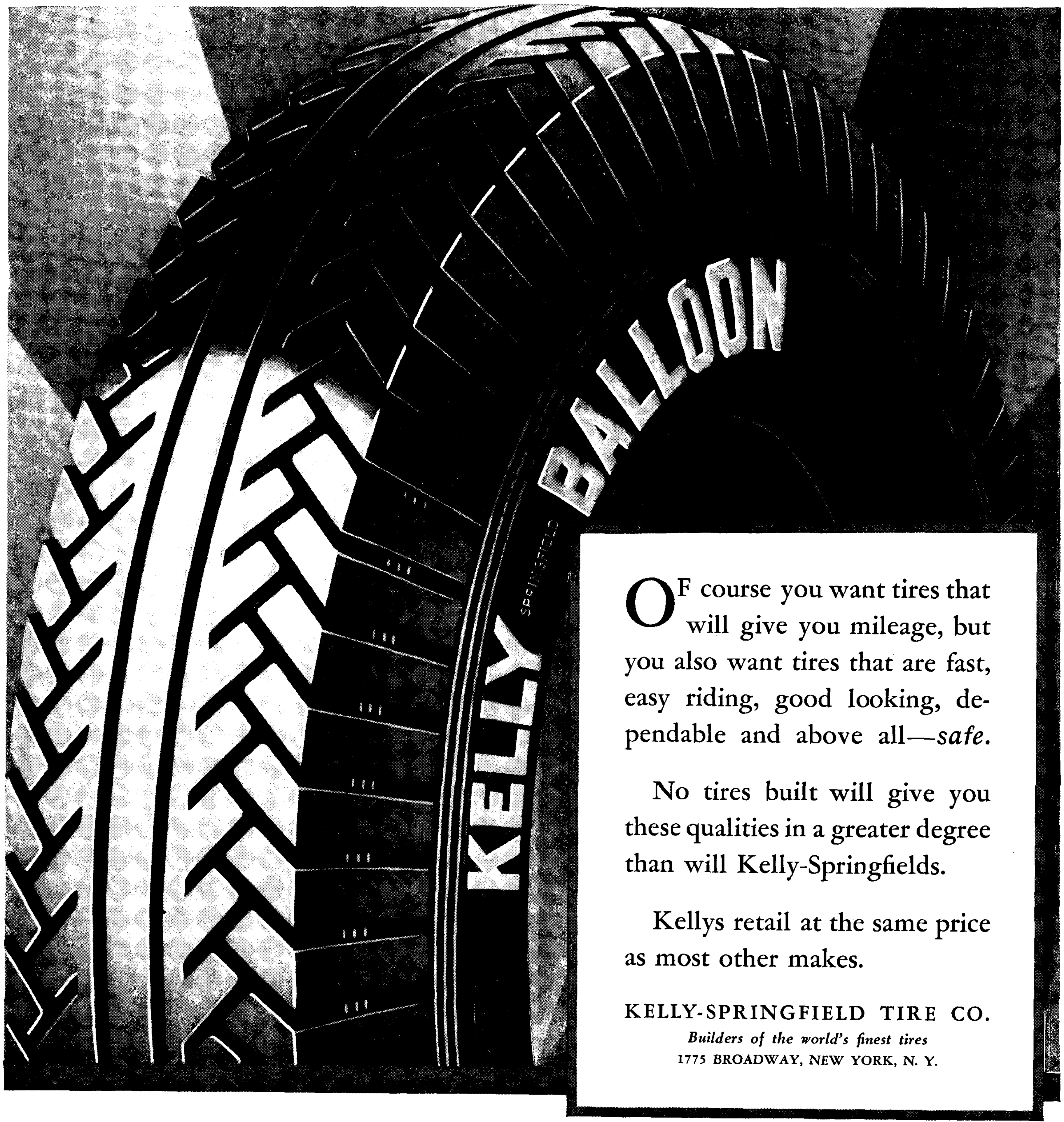
Another table in the same report of the bulletin shows that the *consumption of spirits* from which the great bulk of revenue is derived dropped from 3,350,000 gallons in 1919 to 2,900,000 gallons in 1927. That is, there was a very large increase in revenue, accompanied by a reduction in consumption of about 450,000 gallons. Canada suffered a short but severe depression immediately after the war. This resulted in cutting the income from liquors almost in half.

Statistics of crime are still more uncertain. This report shows that under prohibition convictions of crime in Ontario ran from 17,000 to 19,000, the last year being 17,448. Another thousand was added to that in 1927, when the Government Control Act was put into effect. In 1928, it rose to 21,600. These are the latest figures that are presented, but in 1927 and 1928 a general and intense campaign was launched against crime. This campaign has been carried on with great zeal both in the United States and in Canada and has resulted in filling prisons to overflowing. The Trade and Commerce Department's column in reference to immoderate drinkers and crime would be illuminating if it had any value. In 1914, out of the total convictions 29.6 per cent were of immoderate drinkers. Later this decreased to 10 per cent. In the last year of prohibition it was 11.1 per cent. In the first year of government control it was 11.4 per cent. In 1928, 14.4 per cent. A footnote to one of the tables of the Trade and Commerce bulletin is illuminating. It reads as follows:

> Two facts are mainly responsible:
>
> (a) The separate listing of juvenile minor offenses and juvenile major offenses, and
>
> (b) The rapid increase of convictions against traffic regulations concurrent with the increase in the number of motor cars.

In 1912, automobile traffic formed 9.2

(*Continued on page 47*)



OF course you want tires that will give you mileage, but you also want tires that are fast, easy riding, good looking, dependable and above all—*safe.*

No tires built will give you these qualities in a greater degree than will Kelly-Springfields.

Kellys retail at the same price as most other makes.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
Builders of the world's finest tires
1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

KELLY

Kelly-Springfield tires are sold exclusively by Independent dealers

Invest Your Leisure Hours in Good Magazine Reading

that's the investment
that pays you big
dividends for life
in prosperity
and happiness

WHEN EIFFEL was asked how long his famous tower would last, he replied, "Just as long as you keep the rust away with fresh new paint."

You spend eight to fifteen years at school preparing your mind for after-life. And what you learned soon disappears unless you keep the rust away with fresh new ideas.

Good magazine reading carries on where your schooling leaves off. In magazine pages every taste is satisfied; you meet the world's best minds, the most entertaining, the keenest, the most amusing. In this ever-changing today of ours, you can't over-rate the importance and value of good magazine reading, for every member of the family.

Periodical Sales Company has carefully selected the leading magazines from every publishing field—fiction, fashions, general, travel, nature, culture, politics, sports, entertainment and humor.

These magazines you can purchase in the comfort of your own home. And because of our large volume of sales and our favorable contracts with publishers, you pay the lowest rates obtainable anywhere.

Our sales representatives are highly trained, experienced experts. They are courteous and trustworthy, know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from a representative of Periodical Sales Company.

So, welcome him when he visits you. His purpose is to serve you, to bring you all the magazines you want, at the lowest possible prices, with a positive guarantee of delivery.

Every representative is bonded

Ask him to show you his bond identification certificate, bearing his name and signature. It is your guarantee that he has been carefully investigated, that he is completely dependable, that his work is thoroughly supervised. Issued by one of the greatest surety companies in the world, it guarantees that your order will be filled or your money returned.

PERIODICAL SALES COMPANY

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

"Let no Man therefore Judge you"

Continued from page 44

per cent of the total, while in 1927 it formed 49.3 per cent. The note goes on to say that if traffic convictions are deducted from the table of crimes and misdemeanors there is a natural decrease of convictions during the period of more than 17 per cent.

It is important to know that in a few years the number of automobiles in use in Canada has doubled, and, besides this, that 3,600,000 tourist automobiles entered Canada in 1928. The tourist business as reported by the Liquor Control Board is the growth of the last few years. The number in 1928 was a multiple of any former year. These reports estimate that the tourists spent more than $250,500,000 in Canada in 1928.

Dr. Wilson and the rest of the prohibitionists understand why so great a number of tourists visit Canada every year. But whatever the reason, the Canadian merchants and hotel keepers welcome them with open arms. Aside from tourists, all sorts of associations from the United States now hold their conventions in Canada. The people from the United States are largely the cause of the many new and fine hotels that have been built in the Dominion in the last few years.

Who's a Sportsman?

There are no prohibitionists in Ontario who do not freely admit that the liquor control law, with its fine administration, makes prohibition in Ontario a far-off dream. It is no longer even discussed. Here and there some discouraged zealots contend that they are waiting until the present system has had a fair chance. They loudly proclaim that this is due to the "sportsmanship" of the prohibitionists.

It is due to nothing of the sort. When did the prohibitionist ever come to be a sport? If prohibitionists knew the meaning of the word they would be content to urge the people to be dry, but would not seek to prevent men from drinking through fear of jails and poison. No prohibitionist ever failed to take advantage of any situation *at any time*. In the United States they used the threat of holding up the preparations for war, in 1917, until the government should forbid the use of liquor, either in camps or out. Until prohibition of intoxicating liquors was placed on the food bill, they would not let the measure pass. Later, before the soldiers returned from France, and without submitting the question to a vote, they forced prohibition upon the United States. They were not even content to rely upon their drastic medieval laws. They made felonies of misdemeanors. Their poison gangs insist on pouring their deadly potion into the spirits used for manufacturing purposes lest some unfortunate person who bought alcohol should use it for a beverage. While men and women have a perfectly legal right to drink, the prohibitionists insist on mixing poison in alcohol so that they may be killed or blinded by it if they do drink.

While in Canada I heard some prohibitionists lament the Ontario plan because of its paternalism. I can never suppress at least a smile when I hear any prohibitionist resent paternalism. They love paternalism when they are the parents.

Some men believe that the individual should be left free to govern his own life so long as he does not directly interfere with his neighbor. All of these are firmly convinced that the liquor control law is as much superior to our prohibition as an oasis is to a sterile desert. Of this I, too, am thoroughly convinced.

In spite of all I have said, and feel, I do not believe that the Ontario Liquor Control law is the last word on the subject of the use of liquor for beverage purposes.

There is much about the law that does not appeal to me. I do not quite like the idea of going to a government store and buying a quart of Scotch or a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry and being told to hurry right home and not stop on the way. I don't like to hold it tightly in my hands lest someone grab it. I don't relish the idea that I can't stop in a neighbor's home and share the treasure with a friend. I don't like the feeling that I may not order a bottle of wine and drink it at my table in a hotel. Somehow I have the feeling, when I take the liquor from the store, that I must go home and up to my bedroom and lock myself in and drink it down in secret and, if possible, with the spirit of guilt and shame. I don't need to or want to drink a quart, or any considerable part of it, and probably none at all unless to share with someone else and thus contribute to the amenities of life. I might even feel like having a stimulant without having to pay for so much. To be sure I can call in my neighbors and friends and share it with them in my own house, but, somehow, when I get the bottle and know I must go straight to my home I have almost the feeling of having gone to the drug store with a prescription for ipecac or castor oil.

To me the fruit of the vine never meant any such thing. In my mind it has been associated with art and song, with poetry and music, with toleration and kindliness, and generosity and fellowship. I am quite sure that no fine book or great work of art, no sublime music, or poetry, or drama, or novel, was ever the work of a prohibitionist. Genius and imagination and friendship and all the graces of social life have been and, I fancy, always will be associated with the grape.

The Great Adventure

From the time when men and women first gathered around the table in social intercourse, they have eaten and drunk. True it is that so long as men eat many of them will eat too much, and while they drink some of them will drink too much; but this only means that men and women never have had, and probably never will have, perfect control of themselves. Still, danger is incident to every step of life from the time the babe leaves the cradle until the old man stumbles into the open grave. No plan or scheme or contrivance has ever been devised to prevent all accident and misfortune. The plan that would avoid these would prevent life. For, after all, the prime adventure of all the sons and daughters of men is the venture of living.

Of course I admire the men and women, who, with energy and devotion, are carrying out the Ontario plan. They are intelligently fighting for freedom. I am hopeful, too, that one day their devotion will help the human race to something higher and better than we have so far known. I hope and believe that it is a milestone in the thorny road toward liberty. I have faith that some time in the far-off future the world will be tolerant and kind and temperate and free. If this dream is ever realized, North America will count the Ontario plan as one of the greatest factors in the progress of man.

COMFORT

from the first step
Walk-Over
STANDARD

This Walk·Over needs no "breaking in"

The DUNCAN last that needs no "breaking-in" needs but one introduction. Thousands of men, discovering its "first step" comfort, insist on the DUNCAN last for every purpose . . . sport shoes, golf shoes, business shoes. This newest DUNCAN is an English blucher of plump, yet pliable, veal calf. Stout, flexible soles. Snug ankle fit. Black or brown. $9. Stop in today at the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

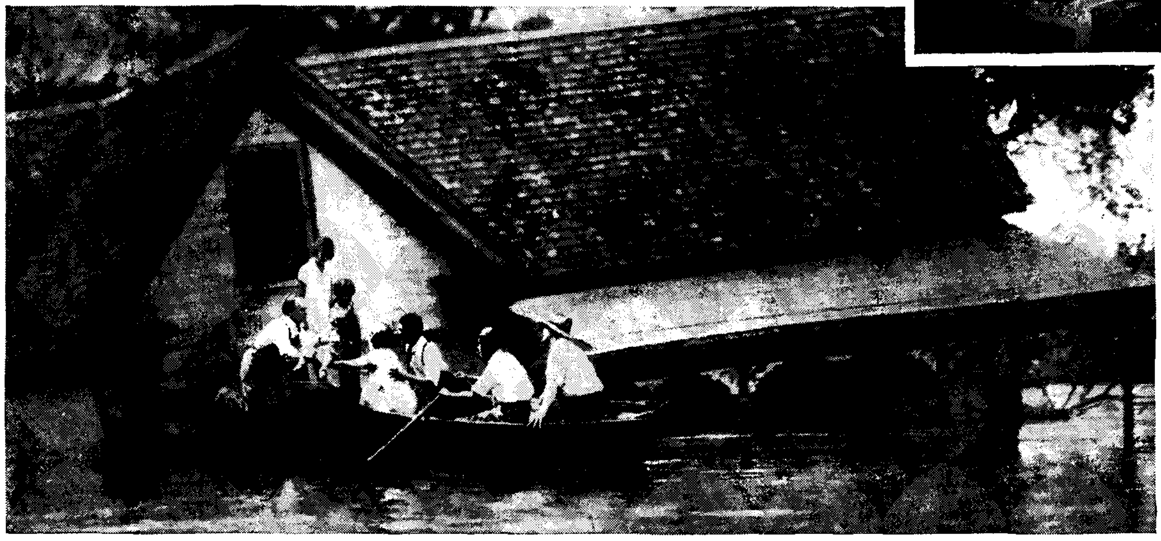
WALK OVER
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

HIGHLIGHTS & SHADOWS

TO THE RATTLE OF GUNS IN THE SMOKE-FILLED PRISON . . . REPORTER PHONES CITY'S BIGGEST STORY . . . Armed and rebellious, in the grip of hatred and fear, convicts battled the guards of a burning State prison. Throughout hours of vicious guerrilla warfare a Scripps-Howard reporter stayed at the telephone at a window within gun range of the battle, dictating his story to his paper.

AN ORPHAN OF THE STORM GETS A NEW DEAL . . . Here is James Robert Byers, wounded in the head, but still smiling bravely. A hurricane hit his town (Argo, Ala.) and blew away his mother, father and all the home he had, leaving Robert and four brothers homeless and penniless. The Birmingham Post, a Scripps-Howard Newspaper, promptly raised a fund that will pay for the education of these five unfortunate children until they reach a self-supporting age.

RELEASES 1,132 UNEMPLOYED FROM THE BREADLINES (*at left*) No one expects a brilliant columnist personally to do an outstanding social welfare job. But Heywood Broun of the New York Telegram found jobs for 1,132 in a "Give a job" campaign conducted through his daily column.



POST MEN RESCUE FLOOD REFUGEES . . . During the devastating floods in Southern Alabama, Jack C. York, Lewey Robinson, William O. Player and Fred Powell, of the Birmingham Post, cruised the stricken district in a row-boat, and rendered rescue service to homeless victims. Forty-six refugees were brought down from trees and house-tops, and were delivered safely to food and shelter.

STARTS STORM OF NEARLY 7,000 ANTI-TARIFF TELEGRAMS . . . Just before the new tariff bill came up for passage, the New York Telegram published an appeal to voters, urging them to wire their protests. Within 48 hours Senator Copeland received nearly 7,000 of these protesting telegrams! P. S.—Senator Copeland voted against the bill.

in gathering the day's news

RISKS LIFE TO GET PICTURE OF MANIAC BLASTED FROM HOUSE . . . Clarence Bailey, Toledo News-Bee photographer, snapped his shutter as police dynamited Hubert Floehr from his machine gun nest. For seven hours Floehr had kept scores of police at bay in his barricaded dwelling. At the climax of the tragedy the Scripps-Howard photographer took this actual picture at peril of his life.

WITH humor and pathos . . . with editorial appreciation for fine, unselfish lives, and with revealing rays of publicity for the shadows of greed and crime . . . so do the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers record the chronicles of their 25 cities. Brief, concise, compressed—they unroll the drama of the daily news before their audience of 2,500,000 American families . . . Each is free to print *all* the news. For each is free from all outside domination—financial or political. They are owned from within—by editors, executives and staff workers. They have no entangling alliances . . . except with the good citizen!

A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND . . . A ten-year-old crippled waif wanted a dog, so he wrote to a Scripps-Howard editor. His plaintive plea was published in Mr. Fixit's column. And twenty-five kennels arranged a dog show for the boy . . . and gave the youngster his choice of 25 pedigreed pups.

HELPS STOP BANK RUNS . . . AVERTING FINANCIAL DISASTER . . . A prominent bank in Cincinnati was found insolvent and closed by state officials. Rumors that other banks were involved spread like wildfire. A tremendous run started on another bank. This bank also was closed. Wilder rumors flew. New runs were started on many local banks! Then Editor Frank W. Rostock, of The Cincinnati Post, communicated with the city's biggest bankers, and published their definite statements. The bigger banks met and agreed to back all going banks in the county. An extra was issued. It helped calm many depositors. Next day depositors gathered again, but another edition, announcing additional U. S. aid, thinned out the "withdrawal lines" and helped restore normal conditions.

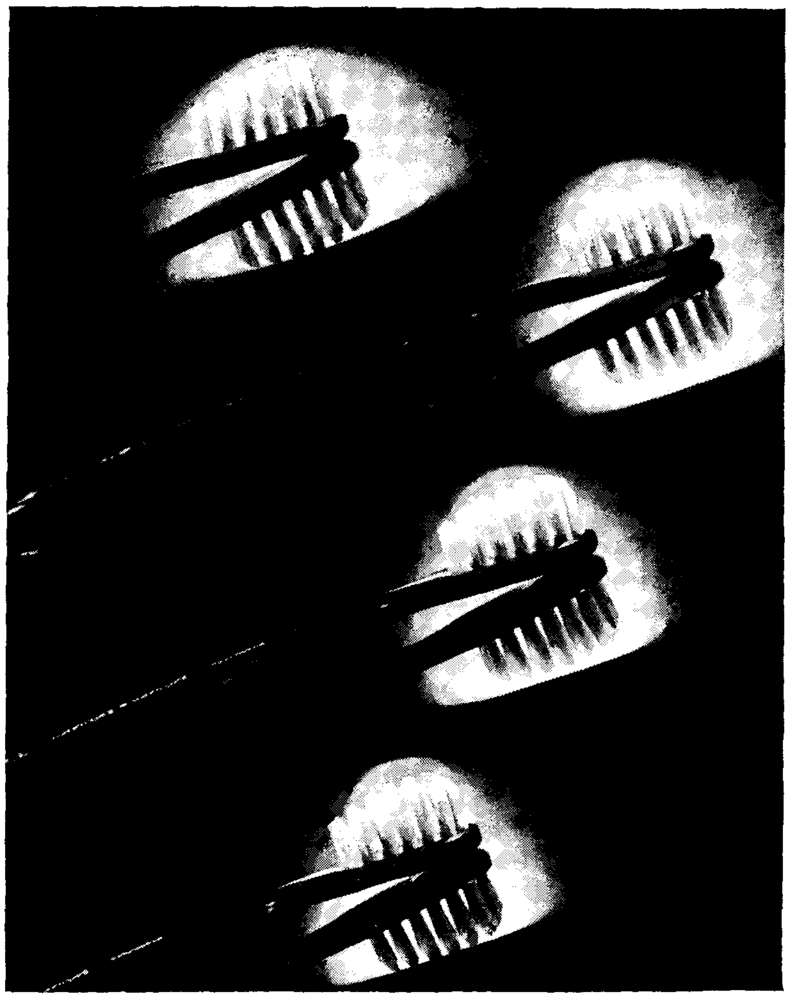
SCRIPPS HOWARD
NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS, AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press*
SAN FRANCISCO . *News*
WASHINGTON . . *News*
CINCINNATI . . . *Post*
COVINGTON *Kentucky Post*
—*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*
BUFFALO . . . . . *Times*
INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times*
DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
AKRON . . . *Times-Press*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press*
YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram*
FORT WORTH . . *Press*
OKLAHOMA CITY . *News*
KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
EL PASO . . . . . . *Post*
SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
EVANSVILLE . . . *Press*

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *John E. Finneran*, DIRECTOR, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

It's the BRUSH that does the work



The shape's the thing and the bristles' spring

It's bristle-power, efficiently applied, that cleans teeth and massages gums. Tek, being small and precisely shaped, puts all its bristles into action at every stroke . . . even on the sharp curve behind your front teeth. This new *technique* typifies the modern tooth brush. You'll enjoy Tek-*sercise* . . . the teeth-cleansing and gum-stimulating action of Tek.

Tek Tooth Brush 50c. With dental floss in the handle 75c. Tek Jr. 35c. Each Tek brush is guaranteed by the laboratories of the world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings . . . . Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Tek
the Modern
TOOTH BRUSH

"Oh! Is it my bid?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-9-8-3
H. 9-8-7-4
D. 6
C. Q-10-4-2

West
S. 4
H. A-K-J-10-6-3-2
D. J-7-3
C. 8-7

East
S. Q-J-10-7-2
H. Q
D. 10-5-2
C. J-9-6-3

South
S. K-6-5
H. 5
D. A-K-Q-9-8-4
C. A-K-5

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, South would bid four Diamonds at Auction Bridge and West hardly would dare to overcall. If West did bid four Hearts, North would bid the fifth Diamond, which would close the auction.

The hand actually was played at a large number of Progressive Contract tables. Some of the Souths were venturesome enough to bid five Diamonds right off the reel, and in one case North—on the strength of his Ace of Spades and South's five-bid—risked a bid of six. At most of the tables, however, the bidding ran as follows:

South three Diamonds, West three Hearts, North four Diamonds, East pass and South five Diamonds; so that at every table South was the Declarer playing a game contract in Diamonds, and at one table the bid was for a small slam.

The Play

In the play West led the King of Hearts and at most tables, when it won and the Queen fell, continued with the Jack. South ruffed and in most cases exhausted the adverse trumps and then tried to make good a fourth Club in dummy. That effort failing, a Spade trick was lost in addition to the first Heart and consequently the Declarer made only five-odd.

The Declarer, however, had a much better play than immediately resorting to the Clubs. After ruffing once and exhausting the adverse trumps, two more Diamonds were left in the closed hand; and those two trumps should have been led in an effort to squeeze. West had nothing to protect but winning Hearts with no chance of ever getting in to make them; but East would be placed in a different situation. When called upon to make his first discard on West's second Heart lead, he could discard a Spade; and on the first lead of trumps to which East does not follow suit, he could part with a second Spade; but on the last crucial squeezing lead of trumps East is so placed that whatever he does is wrong. North, called upon to make four discards, has parted with two Hearts and two Spades—significantly keeping the four Clubs. It is clear, therefore, that East must keep the protecting Clubs together; but that means discarding a protecting Spade. Either a Spade or Club discard by East would be fatal; and yet this opportunity for a perfect squeeze was overlooked by all the Declarers except the one who was playing a slam. He proved as skillful in play as his partner had been bold in bidding and by the aid of the squeeze made his slam.

There were two tables, however, at which the Declarer did not have a chance to make a slam. When the first Heart trick fell (King, Four, Queen, Five), West could see the remaining Hearts in his own hand and dummy and knew that neither East nor South had any more. In view of South's high bidding, it was reasonable to suppose that South held the Ace-King-Queen of trumps; but East might have a trump that could force one of South's honors and thus make West's Jack good. Those Wests who thus diagnosed the situation led a *small* Heart to trick 2, and East was obliged to ruff.

West's original lead of the Heart King meant Ace-King in view of the fact that East held the Queen, and East realized that the Deuce play at trick 2 meant that he was expected not only to ruff, but to ruff with his highest trump.

When East played the Ten, all hopes of Declarer's making twelve tricks was lost; indeed he had to play with some care in order to make even the five-odd he had bid. He could take eleven tricks by discarding a Spade on the Ten of Diamonds instead of over-ruffing; or by over-ruffing, leading trumps and allowing West's trump to win, and then leading trumps after West again forced South with a high Heart by leading the last trump.

The simpler and surer plan was to let the Ten of Diamonds win because West would not have made the play to force the trump from East unless West held the Jack twice guarded.

At one of the two tables at which the forcing play was made, the Declarer won the trick, led two trumps and then three Clubs. West refused to put his good trump on the third Club trick; and at that one table the Declarer was unable to make his five-odd.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-Q-6
H. A-K-Q-8-5
D. K-4-3
C. A-K

East
S. K-7-4-3
H. 10-4-2
D. J-9-8-2
C. 9-6

West
S. J-10-9
H. J-9-6-3
D. A-6-5
C. Q-7-5

South
S. 8-5-2
H. 7
D. Q-10-7
C. J-10-8-4-3-2

Clean inside-well outside!

and they look it!

★

© 1930 Stanco, Inc.

"Thought I had you at that water hole, Bill!"

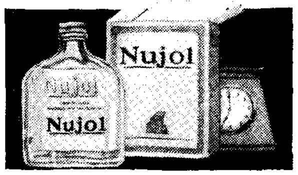
"Yeah? Well, I'm here to tell you . . . . "

Health! Having a grand time with a great game—and they'll have just as much fun tomorrow across the directors' table.

This business of being *well,* which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease." Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

Nujol



health

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked Nujol to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you without using drugs you know are bad for you. Why don't you try it?

19 years of growth —and now a Billion Dollars of Assets

The rise of CITIES SERVICE to its present rank as one of America's greatest industrial enterprises is one of the romances of modern business.

CITIES SERVICE growth has been continuous for nineteen years because it is engaged in highly essential undertakings—the production and distribution of such everyday necessities as electricity, gas and petroleum. CITIES SERVICE grows with the Nation.

So wisely have CITIES SERVICE capital investments been made, and so ably has this capital been managed, that, since its formation, net earnings of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY have grown from less than $1,000,000 in 1911 to over $43,000,000 in 1929.

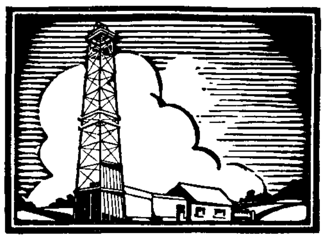
At the end of that year, consolidated assets of the CITIES SERVICE organization were in excess of $1,090,000,000.

Securities of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY and its subsidiaries are today held by more than 750,000 investors —institutions and individuals, more than 350,000 of whom are owners of CITIES SERVICE Common stock.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of nineteen years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.



Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company brought in the discovery well that opened the famous Oklahoma City field.

INDIAN TERRITORY ILLUMINATING OIL COMPANY

A CITIES SERVICE subsidiary which is one of the largest producers of crude petroleum in the Mid-Continent area. The Company's most recent major accomplishment has been the discovery and development of the now famous Oklahoma City Oil Pool.

The Company holds leases on the major portion of what is regarded as the productive area of this pool, including properties acquired from Foster Petroleum Corporation. It has completed 132 oil wells in the pool and is now drilling 200 additional wells. The Company owns approximately 340,000 acres of gas leases with 205 gas wells and approximately 1,122,000 acres of oil and gas leases of which about 26,500 acres are producing. The Company has been unusually successful in the selection of petroleum acreage. Among its important discoveries have been the famous Seminole City, Bowlegs and Little River pools, where it ranks as an important producer.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 Wall Street New York City
Branches in principal cities

Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—33 Stations.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 Wall Street, New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

Name________
Address________
City________

00086-184

The Man of Destiny

Continued from page 13

poor judgment, win her he surely will."

"Never!" cried Julian, raising a clenched hand, as if he registered a solemn oath. "Never, I swear!"

"Who shall prevent?" murmured Sir Jonas.

"Myself!" answered Julian, between white teeth. "Ianthe shall never—"

At this moment was a soft rapping, the door opened and the footman announced:

"Mr. Anthony Dale."

A JINGLE of spurs, a gleam of sky-blue and satin, a flourish of laces and a young, hearty voice loud in greeting:

"Sir Jonas, your obedient servant. I hope—ha, the devil!"

"No, no," smiled Sir Jonas, rising to salute the visitor, "no, no, Anthony, here's only your brother Julian—"

"Tush, sir, all's one!" said Anthony, his handsome face flushed, black brows scowling. "Julian and the devil—the devil and Julian, all's one! And as the devil I *detest him* and he me—we always have done and always shall—eh, brother Julian?"

"Nay but," cried Sir Jonas, seeing Julian sat mutely scornful, "be reasonable, my dear Anthony. 'Tis but natural that brothers should agree, twins love each other; be then at the least naturally agreeable together. Here is our Julian ready, I'll vow, and altogether willing to . . . overlook all your past unkindnesses, to forgive you freely any and every—"

"Hey—forgive me?" roared Anthony, stamping in fury. "Forgive, d'ye say? Julian forgive me, with his cursed high, superior airs? Why, damme, sir, 'tis for me to forgive him—though I never shall of course! . . . So, brother Julian, it's come to this, hey? You can't even hate honestly it seems, but must crawl behind my back to our neighbor here with mewling, hypocritical professions of—"

A third rapping at the door and entered to them the cadaverous Thomas who, bowing, crossed to the small table at Sir Jonas' elbow and, halting there, spoke in his toneless voice:

"My lady Ianthe Everard sends this token and with it her heart's love to Mr. Anthony Dale which should have come sooner but for a brother's lies and treachery." And he laid the locket upon the table; for a hushed moment no one spoke or moved. . . . Then Anthony caught up that precious jewel and with it in clenched fist turned upon his brother, speechless still.

Thus stood they a long moment staring upon each other in a stunned silence, each so alike in form and feature but so utterly dissimilar in all else.

"So!" gasped Anthony at last, raising that clenched hand as though to smite. "Brother, you were ever a cold, scheming, traitorous cur and so I prove you at last—"

"Liar!" said Julian, softly.

"Ha, d'ye say so?" cried Anthony and, falling back a pace, flashed out his sword. "Draw—draw, Julian!" he panted. "Draw and defend yourself or, by Heaven, I skewer ye like the foul cur you are—"

"Wait, Anthony! Hold, man!" said Julian in shaken voice. "We must not fight, 'tis out o' nature . . . we cannot fight, you and I—"

"Ay, but we can, and will—draw, I say!" and, speaking, Anthony struck his brother across the face. Slowly, unwillingly, Julian drew sword:

"Then . . . if I must—" said he, "what is to do I'll not look on!" And with sudden sweep of his blade he struck the many-branched candlestick to the floor and trod out the lights. . . .

. . . And in this sudden darkness a clink of steel on murderous steel, the stamp of a foot . . . silence while sword felt cautiously for sword and found it not. . . . So stood Julian utterly still, scarce breathing, eyes staring blindly on the thick darkness. . . . Came a rustle of stealthy movement at last and, lunging on the instant, Julian felt his point bury itself, plunging deep and, loosing the hateful weapon, heard a dreadful, choking gasp . . . something fell heavily at his feet. . . . And now, knowing what he had done, horror seized him and he shrank from that awful, unseen thing, back and away until he was checked by the paneled wall. And then his flesh crept, for suddenly in that dreadful silence the dead, or dying, spoke: Anthony's voice, whispering, choked by agony of remorse:

"Julian . . . oh, brother. . . . God forgive me!"

A hurry of feet at last—the door swung open and an old serving-man entered bearing lights, which he set down upon the table with shaking hand—lights that showed the brothers standing within a yard of each other. Pale, motionless, scarce breathing, they viewed each other with looks of remorseful horror, an awful dread that changed to dawning hope, to a great and wondering joy; with tremulous lips they questioned each other in broken whisper:

"Julian . . . thou'rt not—hurt? Then . . . 'twas not thee . . . thank God—!"

"Anthony . . . I thought . . . Oh, Tony!" Suddenly, uttering an odd, uncertain laugh, Anthony pointed to a great, padded elbow chair, its high back transfixed by their two swords . . . now from this the brothers stared upon each other with a new vision and reached forth eager, tremulous hands that met to grip each other hard; and in this moment their old animosity, the hate and misunderstanding of all the years was swept clean away and forgotten.

"And yet," said Julian, looking anxiously into his brother's comely face, "I heard a cry . . . oh, ghastly—like one death-smitten!"

"Faith, yes, Julian, I . . . I thought 'twas . . . thyself, dear old lad—"

"Sirs—oh, sirs—'tis here!" gasped a thin, fearful, quavering voice, "see—oh, see here!"

NOW, looking where the old man's shaking finger pointed, they beheld something huddled half beneath the table, a sprawling, motionless, horrible thing that had been Sir Jonas Fosbroke.

"But how . . . how . . ." gasped Julian, recoiling.

"This!" answered the old man and, parting the finery of dreadfully stained laces, showed them the small, black haft of a knife upstanding in the dead man's back.

"'Tis Tom's, sirs—Tom's little, black knife!" wailed the old man, wringing bony hands. "'Twas Tom did it—ay, he's done it at last! And he's away, sirs, slipped by me on the stairs as I came up . . . he's done it at last, ay, ay —and now he be off and away, sirs—harkee where he rides!"

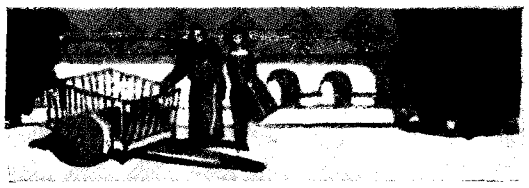
A clattering of hoofs from stable-yard, hoofs that leaped to sudden, wild gallop, hoofs that throbbed a while upon the warm, stilly night, that died away —and were gone.

"Poor gentleman!" murmured Anthony, gazing down upon the dead man with strange, new compassion. "Come, Julian . . . brother . . . dear old lad, help me cover him up."

Where else, so many ways for fall and winter play?

A HOLLYWOOD "FIRST-NIGHT"

THE DESERT NEAR PALM SPRINGS


OLD SPANISH MISSIONS . . . FOREIGN "COLOR"

HERE's that escape you need from winter's rigors, from work and worry, too. And here's more . . . a land of endless variety, of contrasting sights and scenes, of new ways to play and rest, of *complete change* that brings new energy to mind and body. Here are really half-a-dozen vacations in one:

The sun-drenched winter desert at Palm Springs, rendezvous for travelers who know their way about the whole world. Close-by mile-high mountains for another kind of play. Hollywood, where you'll mingle with the stars . . . the glamour of gay night life . . . world famous orchestras and entertainers . . . "first-nights."

costs need not exceed
$215
a month . . . while here
SEND FOR NEW FREE WINTER ITINERARY

The friendly Pacific . . . its placid waters for voyages to pleasure-islands. Foreign "color" in crumbling Spanish Missions and in nearby Old Mexico. The unique shops, cafes and theatres of cosmopolitan, hospitable Los Angeles. Over 60 evergreen golf courses . . . every sport in new and thrilling settings. Famed highways for motor trips through miles of orange groves to Pasadena, Santa Monica, Long Beach and scores of places unending in lure.

You can stay six months and do something different every day. Or if time is limited, even a two-weeks vacation gives you eleven days actually here from most points in the country (plus the fascinating journey out and back through the scenic, historic West).

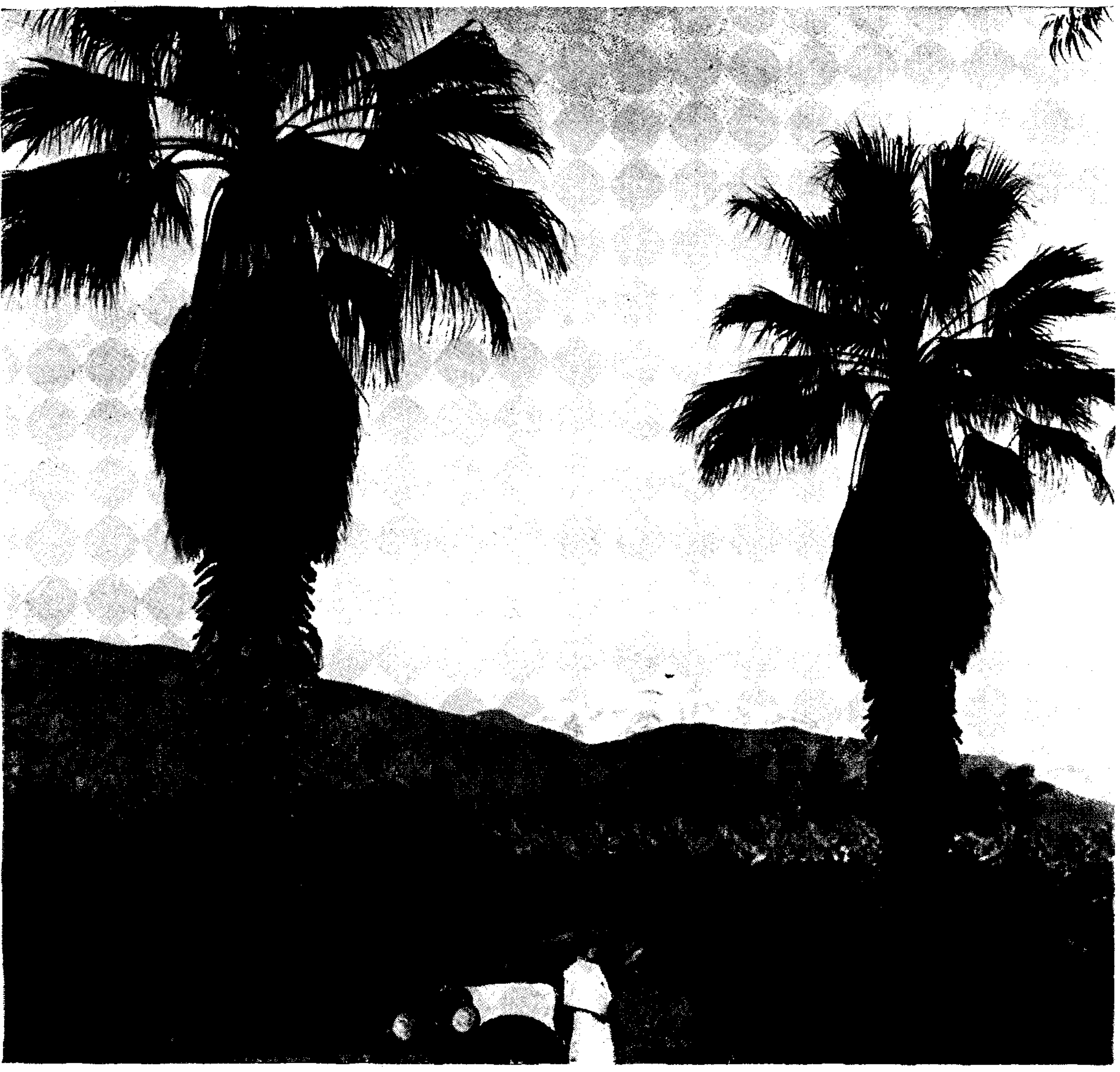
Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, accommodations are ample . . . you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. In fact, U. S. Government figures show that costs of food, rent, fuel and light here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your costs while here may easily be no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

A month's stay, for instance, including hotels, meals, trips to every major point of interest, sports, etc., need cost no more than $215 while here. We have prepared a suggested itinerary for such a visit, outlining just what you can see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes, and itemized daily cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

If you wish *another* beautiful Southern California book containing 71 large gravure photographs, send 4c to cover mailing cost.

EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions. The agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.


ORANGE GROVES . . . PALMS . . . SNOW-PEAKS . . . SUNSHINE (NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FROM FOOTHILL BOULEVARD)

GOLF BESIDE THE PACIFIC . . . EVERY SPORT

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 10-B,
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* one-month's Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.

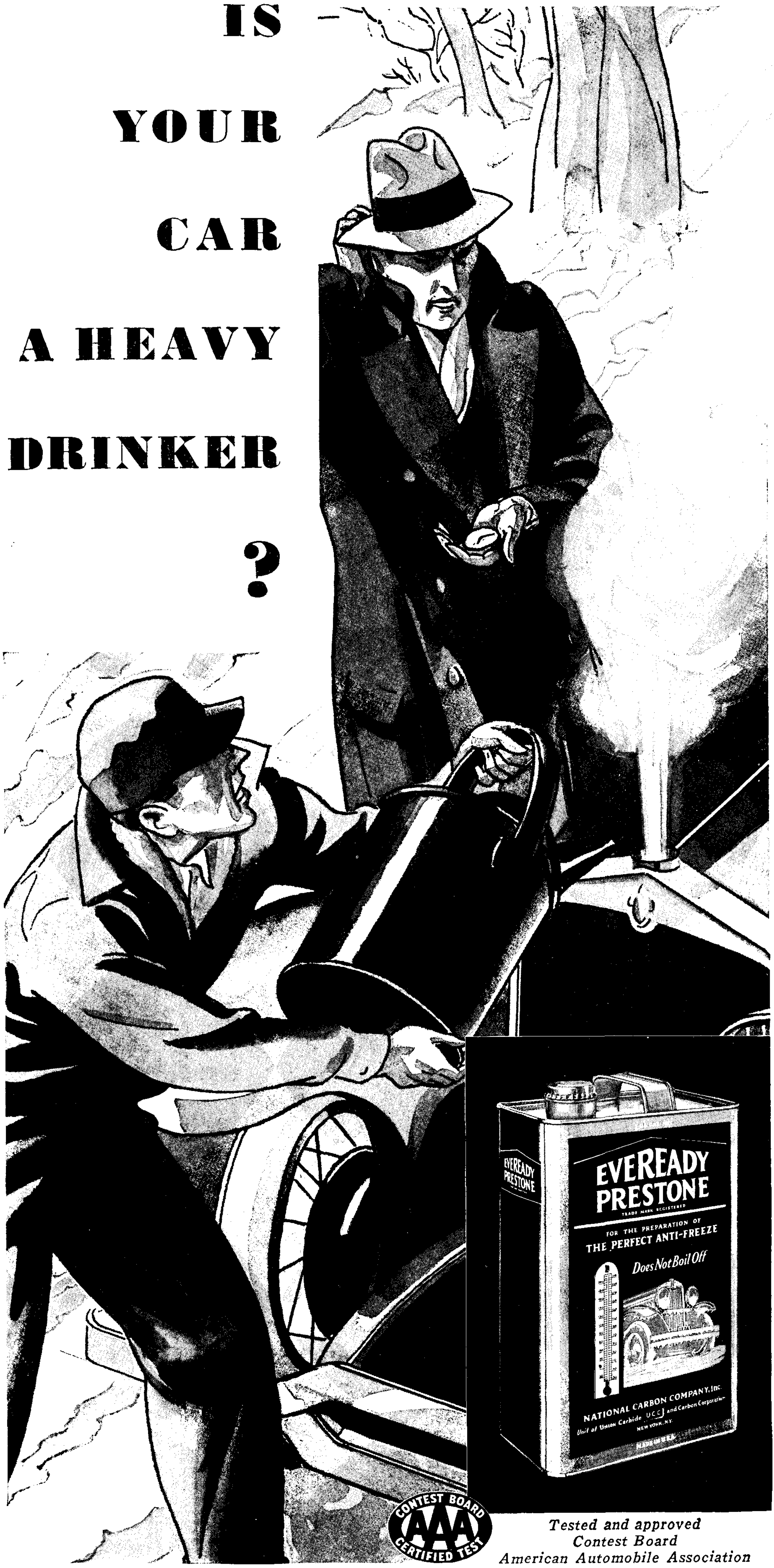
(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles
☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ Orange
☐ Riverside
☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino
☐ San Diego

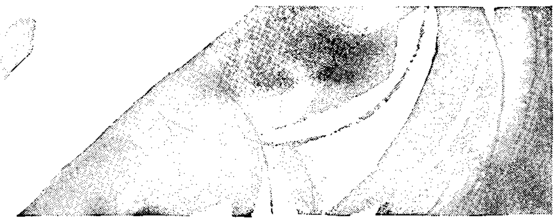
Name .... *Street* ____________
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

City ____________ *State* ____________

IS YOUR CAR A HEAVY DRINKER?


EVEREADY PRESTONE
EVEREADY PRESTONE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FOR THE PREPARATION OF THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association



IN HOT WEATHER, you naturally expect to add water to your radiator once in a while. That's no special hardship, for water is cheap and plentiful. But when your car develops a huge thirst in winter, it's probably boiling off valuable anti-freeze as fast as you put it in. You can't control the temperature, but you *can* use an anti-freeze that stays on the job — Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Used by Byrd Antarctic Expedition

With every type of anti-freeze to choose from, the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used Eveready Prestone. They first thought of using kerosene, but decided against it. Fortunately . . . because later, in the unimaginable cold of the South Pole, the kerosene actually froze! Yet Eveready Prestone easily passed the stringent test of Antarctic winter. The Byrd Expedition radioed: *"Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims . . ."*

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

Economy Plus *Protection*

The economy of using Eveready Prestone lies in these two facts: 1. A single filling will last all winter, irrespective of temperature-fluctuations. 2. Eveready Prestone is an *undiluted* anti-freeze. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required to give your car complete all-winter protection. For example, if the radiator capacity of your car is three gallons, you can get complete protection from early fall to late spring for a cost of $2.50 to $7.50, depending on whether you live in a moderate or extreme climate.

Go to your dealer or garage-man, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

You can put Eveready Prestone in *today.* It's always in tune with the temperature.

Tune in the Eveready Hour, every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over the N. B. C. network.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 30

later that the circumstances warrant it."

From that moment, for Dina, everything became dreamy and unreal. She was tired; the days, the weeks of strain and suspense had told upon her more than she knew. She did not feel ill, she did not feel tired, but a sort of lassitude came over her, and it was hard for her to realize that what was going on in the grimy old courtroom this morning was not all the effect of her overwrought imagination.

In the first place, after the brief statement from the judge, as the woman who had come in with Billy Polk rose from her rather inconspicuous seat and made her way toward the witness box, a sudden sound from Sonia drew all the eyes in the room to the widow of the murdered man. Sonia had apparently seen this witness for the first time now; she had risen from her chair, one black-gloved hand on her heart, the other clutching her attorney's sleeve.

"Ray!" Sonia exclaimed agitatedly. Immediately she regained control of herself, subsided in her seat, and resumed her air of bored, unwilling participation in what was going on.

NOT so the other woman. While she gave her testimony her eyes were constantly moving to Sonia, and she spoke nervously, apologetically, almost in terror.

"Your name is Ray Ralston?"

"That is my stage name, yes."

"And you know the wife of the late Perry Hickson, Sonia France?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've known her how long?"

"Oh—" Miss Ralston stopped for thought. "Five years."

"Five years. When she was in Los Angeles she used to stay with you?"

"Yes, sir."

Rouged, powdered, perfumed, dressed to perfection, yet carrying about her all the dreaded indications of triumphing years that she spent her whole life in combating, Miss Ralston bit her lips, flushed, paled, jumped nervously to turn to face any speaker, especially addressing herself to the judge in quick, agitated monosyllables.

"Can you remember the particular Saturday last November when Perry Hickson was murdered in his San Francisco studio?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Miss France staying at your house in Santa Monica then?"

"Yes, sir."

"She was there in the house with you?"

"No, sir. She had been staying there. But she had gone away early that Saturday morning."

"She had gone away? That is, to stay with some other friend?"

"No, sir. She took her car and a suitcase—" The witness stopped, overcome.

"Oh, she was going for some time?"

"She told me on the Friday night that she was going—"

"Where?" Billy Polk asked sharply, as the woman's voice sank into silence.

"She said she was coming up to see her husband in San Francisco."

"Coming up to see Perry Hickson, was that it?"

"I suppose so," Miss Ralston said faintly.

"She was driving up?"

The witness swallowed and looked at Sonia, who was deadly white, but smiling.

"She said so."

"No one knew it but you?"

"I don't think anyone did."

"And she did do so, did drive to San Francisco that night?"

"I don't know *that*."

"But you saw her start."

"I heard her alarm clock at three in the morning, and went into her room, and she said she was going, and that she would get some coffee along the way."

"You knew she was angry at Mr. Hickson?"

"She talked a little about it, yes."

"Said she would never give him his divorce?"

"I don't remember her saying exactly that. She said that nobody could talk about her like that."

"AND then when did you see her again?"

"On that same Saturday night—or Sunday morning, rather. We were having—" Miss Ralston hesitated. "We were having a little fancy dress party," she said mildly.

"Down at your house in Santa Monica?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she came in in the middle of it?"

"Well, no. She was in bed when I went upstairs. There was a young lady taken sick," Miss Ralston explained delicately, "and I didn't get upstairs until about six. And Sonia, Miss France, was in bed."

"Awake?"

"Yes, sir; reading. Reading a film magazine. She said she had had engine trouble, and hadn't gotten any farther than Santa Barbara, and she said she was too tired to sleep, and I said it was nonsense, and to go right off, and she put out her light. It was morning by that time, and she did go to sleep. And then the next day I went in with the paper and said, 'Oh, my God, Sonia, your poor husband's been . . .' "

"And you say you never connected Miss France with the tragedy?"

"I never thought of it!" exclaimed Miss Ralston, shocked. "A gentleman came out—on the Monday I think it was," she added, "and he talked to Sonia, and all he asked me was how long Miss France had been with me, and I said about four weeks. Then he asked her if she had been at the party the night before, and she said yes, but she hadn't felt very well, and had gone upstairs early.

"And that was all I knew . . ." the witness ended, her voice, which during the recital had steadied somewhat, rising to a pitch of excitement again. "So help me God, that was all I knew, until Mr. Polk came to see me a few days ago, and said that Mrs. Brett had smelled the perfume Sonia uses—it's called 'La Vertige'. . . ."

THERE was a hubbub in the court, rapping of the gavel, subsiding confusion, when Billy Polk was heard saying:

"—and we propose to show, Your Honor, that Mrs. Brett has had this characteristic from childhood. I have talked with her aunt in Squidgett, and I propose to prove, beyond the possibility or peradventure of a doubt, that Sonia France . . ."

"I must remind you," the judge interrupted sharply, "that it is the prisoner at the bar who is on trial!"

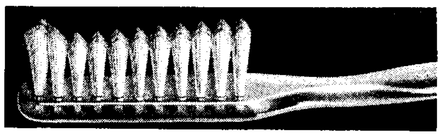
"Certainly!" Billy said quickly, rebuked. But Dina knew that he was neither snubbed nor sorry. She heard

(*Continued on page 56*)

DO YOU WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

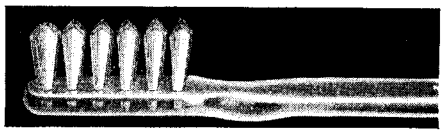
A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, 11 by 14 inches, on heavy art paper without any advertising, will be sent for 4¢ in stamps and one side of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush box. Address Dept. C.W.O., Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., *Florence, Mass.*

The *technique* of GUM MASSAGE is built into the longer bristles



TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars; 50¢. Larger English type with four rows of bristles; 60¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A busy little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched; 50¢. Youth's Pro-phy-lac-tic; 40¢. Baby size; 25¢.

DO you feel a tingling glow of health in your gums after brushing your teeth? If you don't, please try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

You will agree that it was a stroke of genius to make the bristles longer, to design a brush with special emphasis on stimulation of sluggish gums.

As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method which dentists approve), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d. Gently but firmly they massage the gum margins. You polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, and automatically you do good to your gums. The blood supply is energized. The tissues are firmed. Oral resistance is strengthened.

Give credit for this massaging action to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts. New England craftsmen make them in a town where brush-making has been an art for three generations. Each finished brush is flawless perfection. And the way the bristles stay in and last tells why these men are internationally known as bristle authorities. Our confidence in the quality of their work is expressed in the sweeping guarantee on the familiar yellow box: *If for any reason at all the service of this brush fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION
• POWER • GAS • WATER •

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION CONTROLS:
FEDERAL WATER SERVICE CORPORATION
PEOPLES LIGHT & POWER CORPORATION
SOUTHERN NATURAL GAS CORPORATION
AMERICAN NATURAL GAS CORPORATION
POWER, GAS AND WATER SECURITIES CORPORATION

A Lower-Cost Fuel—
Developing the Industrial Southeast

The recent coming of Natural Gas to the Industrial Southeast has stimulated a huge demand for this new lower-cost fuel.

- High temperatures required in steel production, heat treatment of metal and similar industries in this section call for steady fuel consumption in large quantities. And Natural Gas has proved profitable alike to consumer and supplier.
- Southern Natural Gas Corporation is the sole supplier of Natural Gas in this rich territory—through one of the largest and longest pipe line systems ever built. Its growing business is protected by favorable long time contracts in Birmingham, Atlanta and other important centers. And with the rapid completion of additional branch lines, new contracts are being added.
- Investors in the securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation, which controls Southern Natural Gas Corporation, will participate in the assured growth in earnings of this successful enterprise. Additional facts upon request.

When you invest in the securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation, you participate in the combined earnings of the above successful corporations. These earnings have increased consistently. For the year ending March 31, 1930 gross corporate income INCREASED 16.2% over the preceding twelve months.

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION

G. L. OHRSTROM & Co.
INCORPORATED
36 WALL STREET · NEW YORK CITY
UPTOWN NEW YORK: 400 MADISON AVENUE · BRANCHES IN TWENTY PRINCIPAL CITIES

(*Continued from page 55*)

Sonia's lawyer say to her quickly, "Don't say anything!"

The reporters' pencils were flying now; it was very close in the courtroom. Some of the members of the press had raced away to the nearest telephones; there was still time to catch an afternoon edition. These missed the last sensation of the morning.

It was when the girlish, anxious-eyed Mrs. Brett rose to her feet, slid to her knees beside her husband's chair, put her arms about him, and cried out, in a voice that rang through the place.

"Oh, Monty dearest—Monty dearest! It worked! We're all right! It worked!"

Their two young faces, hers glowing and firm, his haggard and feverish and thin, were pressed together; their brimming eyes were not the only wet eyes in the courtroom.

THREE weeks later Dina came out of her bedroom at Elliot's house, just as the clock was striking ten upon a perfect March morning. Spring had burst over the world and over the Hill. The lilacs and fruit trees were in full blossom, buttercups and poppies fringed the terrace steps, even the eucalyptus and pepper trees wore tassels of bloom.

Dina had on a new gown; a dark blue gown that matched her dark blue hat, her brown pumps were new, her chamois gloves new. There was a general air of newness and freshness about her; freshness of glowing transparent skin and shining brown eyes, freshness of brushed mahogany hair, and grave flashing smile.

The Chinese boys were there; she spoke to them.

"You put my bags in car?" And as they nodded, "Thank you, Hong; thanks, Sam Loo."

She walked over to the couch. Elliot had been watching her since she entered the room. Now he raised his long, thin hand.

"Good-by, little girl. Come back and see me sometimes."

She made no protestations. Her face was very grave as she looked down at him. She sank to her knees.

"I shall miss you terribly, Elliot."

"I'm glad you will."

"I'll no sooner be gone than I'll think of all the things I didn't say to you."

"Imagine them said."

"We never would have gotten out of it all except for you, Elliot."

"For me, or somebody else, Dina. You carry your passports with you, my dear. You gave an old criminal lawyer a very thrilling time for a few weeks. You don't owe me anything!"

"It's thanks to you that I'm a property-owner, Elliot."

He laughed; his face grew serious again.

"You mean the little cabin at Bolinas? I've not been there since I bought the other place, five years ago. I'd all but forgotten it."

"I'll never forget," she said, soberly.

Elliot smiled into the face so near his own.

"Nor I, worse luck!" he said whimsically. "Now beat it, Dina. Give my best to Mont, and when you come into town with chickens or eggs or pumpkins to sell, be sure to come up and see me."

She put her arms about him, kissed him; his thin arms went round her tightly for a second. Then she got to her feet, and loosened his hand, and went from the room without a backward look.

A great silence followed. He lay perfectly still, like one who fears to move lest a pain suddenly develop. The room was just what it had been before she came to the Hill, this eager, simple, ignorant, loving country girl. But it seemed empty, and the bright spring world empty.

He thought of the little apothecary's box in the desk drawer; a small blue box, with an elastic about it. There were seven capsules in it. It was marked "For Pain." Elliot thought that perhaps when the head pain came back again he might become absent-minded about these little pills. He looked out on the blue, blue bay, as smooth as a great wash of satin on this warm morning.

"No," he presently said aloud, "I'll read all Shakespeare first, and work up the Chopin. And by that time, who knows? She may be back again for a visit anyway. . . ."

Elliot rang his bell.

"Sam Loo, hand me that little picture on the bookshelf. No; the other. Lady in blue dress. . . .

"Missy Brett, huh?" Sam Loo said simply.

Elliot took Mont's old crayon sketch in his hands. He made no answer.

Meanwhile Dina had gotten into a small shabby car that had been waiting on one of the circuitous terrace roads of the Hill and had driven away across the city to the southwest to the great hospital. And here Mont, thin and quiet, but looking healthy enough, interested enough, had been waiting.

There had been farewells to doctors and nurses, and then the Bretts had come down the big steps, Mont carrying a little suitcase and Dina the big one, and had put them into the already well-filled back seat space in the car, and had climbed into the front seat, Dina at the wheel.

"Where are we going; to Elliot's?"

"Nope."

"But where? Not to the Mhoon House, I suppose?"

"Oh, Mont!" she breathed, with an oblique glance.

He was nervous, she knew; shaken from his long illness; he felt the strange weakness and helplessness upon first encountering streets and voices again that only the invalid knows. But she saw that he was trying to be his old cheerful, adventurous self, and sheer love and pity wrung her heart.

She drove down Van Ness Avenue, and to the ferry, and on board a big automobile boat. Theirs was the first car on board, and they were placed far forward, as if in box seats for the panorama of bay and island settlements and hills that began to unfold before them.

MONT leaned back against the seat, and shut his eyes, and the sweet salt air from the Gate blew over him. Dina thought that she had not seen so peaceful an expression on his face for months.

"Where now?" he said, awakening from his half-doze in Sausalito.

"Never you mind."

She threaded the curving streets on the abrupt rise of the hill, above the cluttered piers, and they were out in the open country, running past the marshes, looking west at peaceful cottages and farms that were hidden away on the wooded slopes. Beyond Manzanita, Dina turned left, and they followed a lonely, winding old dirt road that rambled along a cliff above the blue Pacific.

The ocean deserved its name today; even the little waves that broke along the shore were quiet, chuckling and murmuring among the rocks, or spreading in lazy interlocking circles when there was a bit of beach.

Willows, cottonwoods, farmhouses far up in the canyons, and after a while the lagoon, a deep-locked body of water that was so still today that the reflection of a white farm and pointed poplars and fences lay painted in it almost as clearly as the originals stood in the spring sunshine.

Dina, seeming to feel no hesitation, drove through all these. Half a mile beyond the village she turned the car into a dirt road that presently reached an old-fashioned gate. Mont saw a little unpainted cabin on the very cliff, with whitewashed barns beyond, and the light of a warm March noon upon the snowball of a plum tree, the riot of roses on the roof's silver shingles, and the green, coarse grass of a neglected dooryard. Here she brought the car to a stop, and she and Mont got out and looked at each other.

"Gosh, what a place!" Mont said, in a whisper.

THEY could hear the sush-sush of lazy waves, breaking somewhere below the cliff, on the shingle, and the cry of gulls. A lark rose from the grass with its heartbreaking whirl of song.

"Is this Elliot's place?"

"It's his old place. But he's got a bigger place on the other side of the village, now. This is ours."

"Ours!"

"Mine. He gave it to me. He said it was costing him twenty-five a month for a caretaker," Dina elucidated mildly, "and he gave it to me."

Mont walked slowly across the sloping doorway, looked out at the blue sea, against which a little white sail was etched, here and there, turned and came back.

"It's two acres," Dina stated. "And three rooms and a sort of study in the barn. And there's eleven chickens that go with it. The Portuguese lady whose hen hatched them is going to bring them over tomorrow."

"God!" Mont said, under his breath, not hearing her.

He walked to the little corral fence, looked over at tumbling blackberry bushes, at a long empty chicken run where little feathers still littered the scraped and bare earth.

"Let's go in!" Dina said.

They crossed the little shelf of porch, and Dina put a key into the lock and opened the door into a big, almost unfurnished room, where there was an air-tight stove and a little heap of old magazines, a few odd wicker chairs, a couch, a long table, stringy, sun-faded curtains of old denim.

Beyond was a small kitchen, shabby but complete, with a pepperbox and a salt-bin, bowls and spoons, a few unopened tins of soup and vegetables. There was a sun-flooded washroom beyond, and opening off the main room in the other direction was a small bedroom, rather more luxuriously equipped than the rest, with a reading lamp, and pillows, and books.

Mont and Dina carried in all their bags and boxes. Before he returned from his second trip she was dressed in her favorite wear, a new, trim, dark blue gingham. Her hat and coat and new gown were neatly hung away. Now and then she laughed an exultant laugh as they went to and fro, putting things in order, now and then admiringly called his attention to some newly discovered convenience or treasure. But Mont spoke hardly at all.

He built her a wood fire, and it was a miracle to them both to hear the kettle begin to sing, to smell toasting bread and sizzling bacon. Dina was ecstatic in housewifely devices.

"This old battered tin—take a good look at it, Mont—is for my chicken scraps. It's going to stand here. No, here. Mont, I want to get that garden into some sort of shape. Will they tear it up on me?"

"Will . . . what, Dina?" He cleared his throat.

"Will the chickens ruin my nasturtiums and roses and everything?"

"I'll put a little fence up."

"And you like . . ." She was measuring. "You like coffee cleared with eggshells, don't you? Well . . ."

"Ah, don't!" he said, in a low tone.

"Push that table in the other room up against the window, Mont, and we'll have a view with our lunch. Did you set the alarm clock? 'Member the day we bought that in Chinatown? Is it really twenty minutes of one?"

During the lunch she did most of the talking; after lunch she ordered him about in her old competent fashion; reducing the hot little kitchen to spotless order before she would attack the sitting-room, before they once more made beds with stiff new sheets, tore the round pasted labels from new towels.

"Dina, are we really going to stay here?" Mont said, when the sun was moving down the west, and the chickens had been brought home, and he and she were sitting on the porch steps, looking off at the sea, tired, grimy, pausing for the first time in the long day to catch their breath.

"As long as we like."

"That's as long as I live," Mont said, simply.

"You paint in the barn, and I do everything else," Dina explained after a pause. "I'll go into the village for things we need; we'll eat our own apples and plums and eggs, and this Portuguese lady has cows."

Mont was sitting with his shoulders drooped, his locked hands dangling between his knees. The dark loose wave of his hair had fallen forward in the way she remembered; she remembered too the quick side glance of his blue eyes as he looked at her over his shoulder.

"Dina, there's something I want to say," he began, in a hoarse, unnatural tone.

"Not now!" she warned him quickly.

He shrugged, checked.

"Why not now?"

"Because you're tired now, Mont! You've been very ill; you had an experience before you were ill that would have driven some men crazy. Don't try to talk now. Everything can wait. We've weeks ahead, we've months, years ahead. We've only got to sit tight now, and rest and read, and wander around here, and talk. That's all."

"I'LL get a job," he said, with a humbleness, a simplicity, that hurt her.

"Not for a while. We—" she laughed a little nervously. "We have money, you know."

"Money?"

"About—a thousand dollars, I guess."

He shot her another quick glance.

"Borrow it?"

"No; they paid it to me," Dina said, almost apologetically. "For my story. I told it, and a man wrote it for the newspapers. 'The Story of Dina Brett.' It's going to be syndicated—because of smelling, you know. I suppose they'll put in pictures about it, of Indians smelling out trails, and nooses and gallows and things," she finished speculatively.

Mont, looking at her over his shoulder, looked away to the sea again, and there was a long peaceful silence.

"Once a week," Dina said, after a while, "I'm going to drive into town and see Elliot, and take him eggs or blackberries, or something."

"I'll never leave the place," Mont stated.

"You'll want to some day. If you do little sea pictures, and they like them."

"Never!" he said.

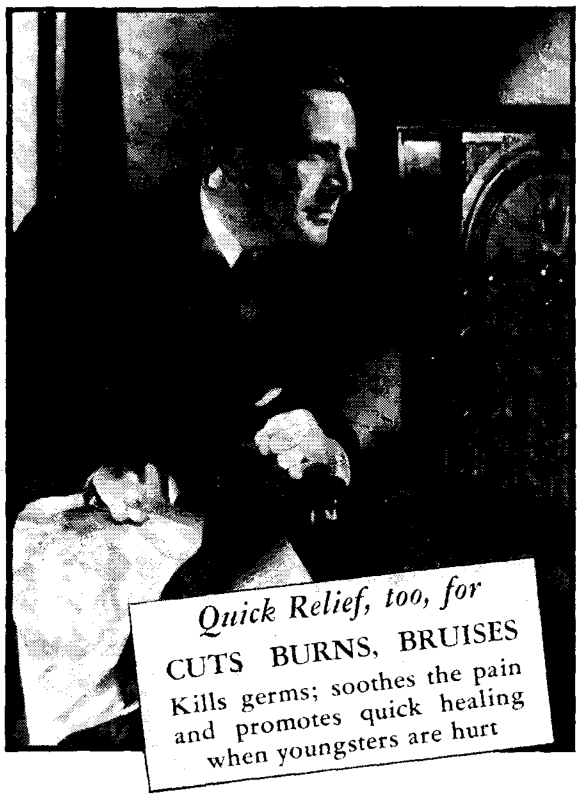
"Oh, yes, you will, Mont. We'll go to New York, and stay at a hotel, and go to theaters . . ."

(Continued on page 58)

He's only a radio rooter

. . . *yet he has*

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"



BACK in '09 he *did* try out for the Varsity, only to be sent back to the cheering section before the first week of regular practice. Since then he has never indulged in exercise more strenuous than an occasional game of billiards at one of his clubs, or an occasional plunge in the pool.

How surprised he will be to learn that those itchy little blisters between his lesser toes*—thought of which has haunted him so of late—are due to the very common infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot"!

For while it hasn't bothered him much *physically* as yet (it's not far enough advanced for that) the thought of it has followed him, and an uncertain "I wonder what it is?" has set his mind to wandering at most inopportune times. . . .

But *you* probably know how it is, for almost *everybody*, it seems, suffers at some time from the ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"!

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

(*Continued from page 57*)

Mont moved his position to come down below her on the steps and twist his long body about so that he was facing her with his shoulder against her knee and their hands clasped.

"Will we, Dina?" he asked, wistfully.

She moved her free hand to push back the rich wave of his hair.

"You know we will."

"I'll believe it, if you say so," he said, not moving his eyes from hers.

"I do say it!"

"Dina, it's going to be years before I can even ask you to forgive me."

DINA interrupted him, laying for a second a dusty, square little hand on his mouth.

"You're not to talk that way yet."

"But you're going to give me another chance?" he faltered, his eyes brimming. "You can forgive the stupidity, and the selfishness, and the conceit, Dina? You can still love your boy, who took you away in the moonlight that night, and bought you a brown dress?"

Her face was wet with tears, but she was smiling. She put her cheek against his.

"A thousand times, a thousand times, Mont!"

"I love you—" he whispered, his arms around her. And then, after a long silence, "I could go after a Catlin Scholarship."

They were sitting side by side a few minutes later, Mont's long thin arm still tightly about her, when Dina said dreamily:

"We need a dog here, Mont. A ranch ought to have a dog, even if it's only a two-acre ranch. I'm going to look for an Airedale, like Elliot's. Chickens—" she mused aloud, "and an Airedale.

"And after a while—" she added. And then, in a more animated tone, "Mont, what was your father's name?"

"What was—what?"

"What was your father's name?"

"Like mine, William Montgomery Brett. Why?"

"But my father's name was William, too!" Dina exclaimed, delightedly, "and Elliot Lampson's first name is William. And then there's Billy Polk. Isn't that perfectly extraordinary, Mont!"

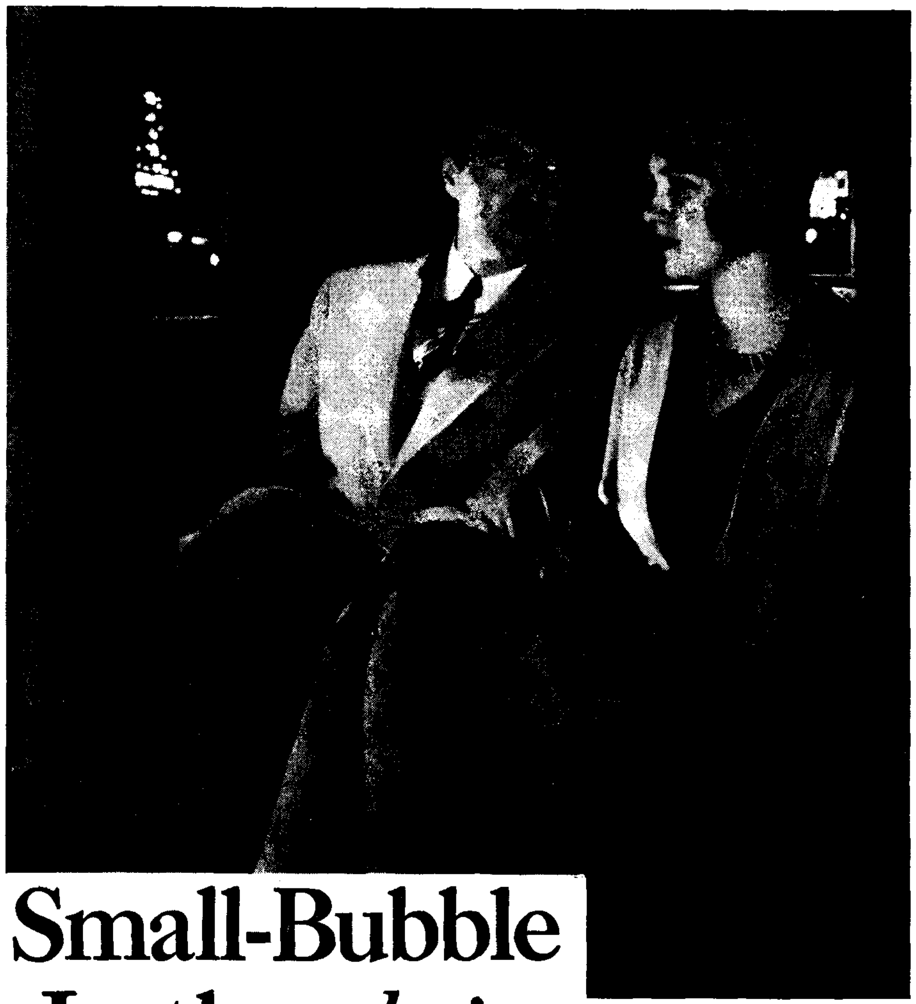
"But why?" he asked.

"Why, because . . ."

Dina interrupted herself suddenly, fell silent.

"We'll call him Will, for short," she presently said, in a thoughtful tone. "Will . . . to believe."

THE END



Small-Bubble Lather *brings longer-lasting shaves*

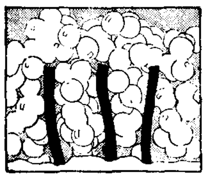
Colgate's offers closer, smoother shaves, because beard is completely softened at base

ANY comparison of lather proves the quicker softening power of Colgate's Small-Bubble lather, as compared to ordinary, big-bubble lather. The small bubbles convey more water direct to the hair base—where the razor works. The softer the beard, the closer the shave—the longer it lasts. Note our offer—make a comparison. Convince yourself.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

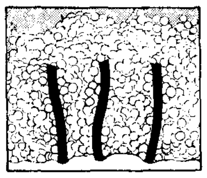
Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, the new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



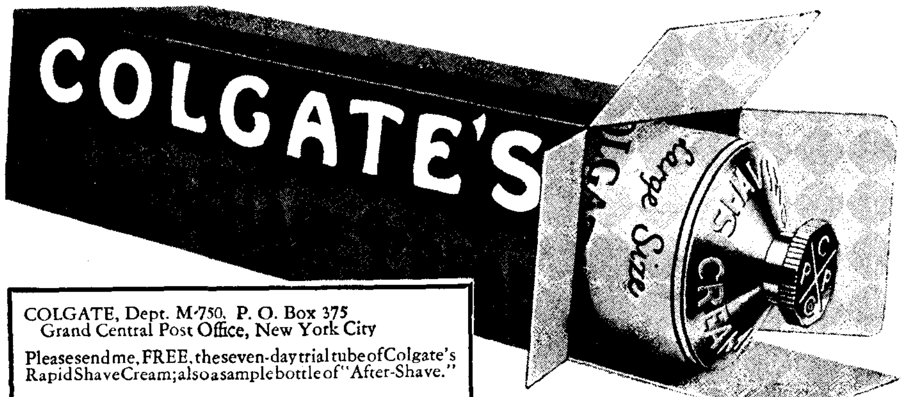
ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-750, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name...

Address...

City...*State*....................

WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly nine words (each having just eight letters) that begin with the letters S-P-L-I. One of them is SPLITTED. You supply the others

1	S	P	L	I	T	T	E	D	(Rare) Divided lengthwise. Rent; torn asunder. Separated into components.
2	S	P	L	I					(Machinery) Cutting a keyway in for a feather key; slotting.
3	S	P	L	I					(Rare) Fastened or confined with splints, as a broken limb.
4	S	P	L	I					A thin piece split or rent off lengthwise.
5	S	P	L	I					(Scottish and Dial. English) Quite new.
6	S	P	L	I					Dialectal past participle of "split."
7	S	P	L	I					One who, or that which, splits.
8	S	P	L	I					A ripsaw.
9	S	P	L	I					Uniting, by interweaving. Uniting, as spars, timbers, etc., by lapping the two ends together. Also (slang) uniting in marriage.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for October 4th

1. Impact
2. Impack
3. Impalm
4. Impark
5. Impall
6. Impawn
7. Impave
8. Imparl
9. Impart
10. Impair
11. Impale

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1930, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

Fall Clothes Line

Continued from page 19

or can buy will come in handy. In addition to the fur jacket and its muff, there will be long fur coats for street and afternoon wear that cover the frocks below, three-quarter fur coats that flare over tweeds for sport, short fur capes for day and evening, separate fur scarfs, gloves with fur cuffs, even fur suits—and this is only a beginning. Cloth coats will be furred up to the ears, down at the hem, around the cuffs—and some of them will even sprout fur sleeves. Daytime dresses will carry such conceits as "eyelet embroidery" of white lamb, fur collars that project over their accompanying coats and fur bands in all latitudes and longitudes. Even the evening dress may grow a fur border.

Not content with the so-called precious furs and such staples as lamb and astrakhan, the *couturier* presents us with dyed exotics like green otter, smoked fox, gray ermine and navy lamb. There is even a hint that the buried classic known as Hudson seal is to be disinterred with great éclat.

More Wool Than Ever

Another entry with a future that threatens to rival anything in its impressive past is velvet. The younger set will wear velveteen by day and night, for dresses, suits and wraps, unless, indeed, the color choice happens to fall on black, which is much better in Lyons or chiffon velvet.

Metal cloths are another important offering—*lamés* which have nothing in common with their *nouveau riche* cousins of other years that looked as though someone had got busy with a can of radiator paint and a bunch of transfers from a seedsman's catalogue in full color. The metal cloths have a soft frosted look, a sort of antique luster. Where flowers are used, they are subdued and delicate in tone as flowers seen through a mist. Such metal cloths make evening dresses and wraps, many of them even venturing successfully down the clock into the long-sleeved hours of afternoon.

At the other end of the fabric field, we find more wool than ever before. There are jerseys plain and striped, bouclettes and basket weaves, wool laces and eyelet woolens that are new, wool crêpe and novelty weaves that are finer than ever for the money.

Though fur coats as such have to yield in popularity this year to their own abbreviations in jacket form, cloth coats and suits have nothing to fear. There is the little velveteen suit with the short coat, the dressy velvet suit and the jaunty tweed suit with the flaring three-quarter coat, the economical suit of almost any woolen fabric which elects to have a full-length coat that may be worn with other dresses. Some of the best of the full-length coats have a Russian feeling and sport a belt, others are shaped by means of flares and godets. All are heavily furred.

Accompanying skirts for such of these coats as have them may occasionally be straight, but never scant. Blouses are more apt to stay outside than tuck in, and they range in length from those that reach only a few inches below a waistline belted or otherwise indicated, to those elongated to become tunics that touch the hem of the three-quarter coat. If they don't contrast in color, after this season's usual procedure, blouses take out their instinct for individuality in their choice of material. In most of them, as in dresses and coats, there is pronounced sleeve interest. This year's sleeve is not a section of stovepipe to cover a projecting arm. It's an opportunity to do something arresting between shoulder and wrist. That something is apt to be a saddle shoulder, dropped shoulder, kimono or raglan sleeve, giving the desired soft line. And we are already knocking elbows with leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

The evening surprise in the fabric field is chiffon, for this summery web of nothing much but color is one of the leaders because it best carries out the popular softly ruffled silhouette. Lace, sometimes in one color, sometimes in three at a time—net, tulle, georgette, crêpe romain, taffeta, velvet, *lamé*, crêpe satin—the list is as long as inventive fingers have found the time to deal with it in flounces and tiers and molded lines that break into fullness at all sorts of distances from the floor. Evening wraps are of all lengths and all materials, though the most talked of are three-quarters or full-length, and the favored fabrics are velvet, velveteen, the metals and quilted silks.

Leaving the larger items of the wardrobe and zooming upward, we find hats almost a unit in fitting closely, avoiding severity like the plague and showing the brow with a bit of the hair. There's a change, too, in the way in which we are wearing them. Our heads no longer go into our hats—rather our hats sit on our heads. Other than on these points, hats are as diverse as the features they frame. There are velvet tricornes and turbans, velvet bérets cleverly draped, and felt almost as pliable and flattering. There are cushion brims that soften the outline, and double brims that triple the interest.

The same liberation that is abroad in millinery has taken the glove by storm. No longer are we told that the beige suède slip-on is *de rigueur* for all occasions; we could go through this livelong winter without a single pair. Black, white and brown are the leading colors. Beige is to be worn only when our color-combination naturally demands it. Glacé kid divides the field with suède. Gloves for daytime are longer.

Strange to say, the riot of emancipation has not reached the lowly levels of daytime shoedom—there are fewer colors than before. Black and brown should see us through for street. Night, however, reverses the situation, because it demands satin or crêpe pumps in shades to match or contrast with our dresses. Moire is also mentioned and sandals are seen.

The Jewel Tree

Jewelry has tightened up in its variety. The costume or *couturier* sort of thing is no longer in favor—out go the clashing strings of glass, wood, cork, bone. Elaboration in the dresses against which they swing has taken away their last excuse for being. In their place we have the ever-faithful pearl for day wear, than which nothing more becoming and adaptable has been devised. The evening mode sees rubies at the top of the tree, with garnets for those of us not in the king's ransom class. Turquoises, too, are very good.

All in all, this Monday-year of our present fashion cycle is most encouraging. Clothes have become pretty, not to say provocative, and care has been taken to make them wearable as well as watchable. Women are more exciting to look at than they were a while ago, for when you've seen one, you still have an infinite number left to observe, no two alike.

The
INGERSOLL MITE
$5

Like a Looping Plane . .

the Wrist Watch Must Run in All Positions

. . . so the Mite is given the 4-Position Test

NOW FACE UP—now face down—now at this angle—now at that! The watch on your wrist is like the engine of an airplane looping in the skies—it must run without a miss in every position!

To prove that it will keep time on the most active wrist, every Mite that leaves the Ingersoll factory must pass the Ingersoll 4-Position Test—192 hours of dependable time-keeping in four crucial positions!

If the Mite looks small when you first see it, don't be afraid that it's just another woman's tiny watch movement in a wrist watch case.

There's as much sturdy reliability packed away under the Mite's slim, untarnishable chromium-finish case as ever there was in the original, brawny Ingersoll.

And there's just as much beauty in its engraved design—just as much utility in its chromium-finish mesh band—as in many watches many times its price. Ask to see the Mite!

We service Ingersolls. Should any Ingersoll ever need attention it may be sent to the Ingersoll Service Department, Waterbury, Conn., for prompt repairing or replacement at small cost.

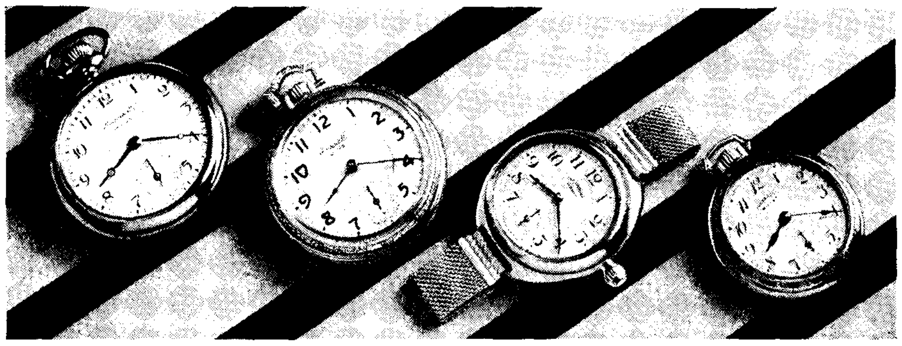
The new small

INGERSOLL MITE $5

THE INGERSOLL-WATERBURY CO.

INGERSOLL WATCHES AND CLOCKS WATERBURY CLOCKS

New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal



Yankee, $1.50. World's most famous watch. *Radiolite, $2.25.*

New Eclipse, $2.50. New thin model—chromium-plated. *Radiolite, $3.25.*

Wrist, $3.50. Rugged! Chromium-plated back. *Radiolite, $4.00.*

New Midget, $3.25. It is tiny but tough. *Radiolite, $3.75.*

Illustrations slightly less than half actual size

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

16 SEPARATE STEPS GIVE YOU

"Soft Shirt Comfort"

in your STARCHED COLLARS

. . . the present-day laundry way

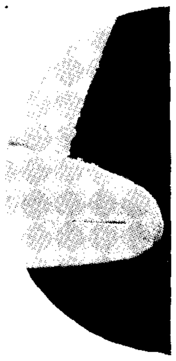
YOU men who discarded starched collars with regret; who would prefer their trim, crisp dignity always, except for reasons of comfort. Now you can go back to starched collars again!

Present-day laundries have found the way to give your stiff collars the ease and comfort of a soft shirt. No more chafing edges—a special process removes the saw-tooth effect, makes your collar lie smooth and flat against your neck. And, of course, when a present-day laundry handles your collars they *hold their looks* for hours longer, and survive many more launderings.

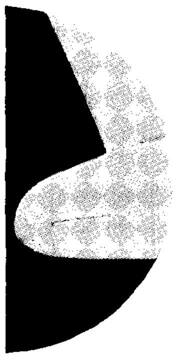
Well-informed men nowadays send all their things to the laundry. They know that the present-day laundry, using *rainsoft* water, gentle soaps and the *multiple-suds method*, safeguards fabrics and colors with supreme care. Just as scientific, labor-saving devices have won recognition in industry—so this new service wins favor in the home. Eight million families "let the Laundry do it."

Phone a present-day laundry in your community, to handle safely not only your starched collars, but all your family washing. Enjoy this efficient service, every week! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

(Below) Note rough edge of starched collar before receiving final finishing process. The old way made men say, "I can't wear a stiff collar."



(Below) Same collar after edge is processed. It will retain this smoothness all day long when the collar is done by a present-day laundry.



Let the LAUNDRY do it!

© 1930, L. N. A.

Jailbirds of Paradise

Continued from page 26

"Court's already set and adjourned," an official informed him. "Only one case, and that didn't take long—girl from New York without a license ran over old Eph Lillibridge. . . . Are you the gentleman that everybody waited for, nearly a quarter of an hour?"

"I was unavoidably detained—yes," said Freddy, secretly pleased by the description which the clerk had given him. "Er—what happened? Was the case adjourned?"

"No, sirree; you don't get any adjournments out of Judge Whipple. He sentenced that girl to thirty days in North Granby Jail—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Freddy, his heart sinking so comprehensively that it carried his stomach down with it. "I must see her at once. Where is she?"

"Well," said the official, "the last I saw of her they were taking her to jail. . . ."

WHEN Laura, shaking her head at the suggestion of appeal, had elected to start upon her sentence, she had told herself that once for all, and without more delay, she would put Mr. Frederic Mumford to the test.

Would he now come forward and acknowledge that he was driving the car at the time of the accident? Or would he let her serve her thirty days?

But this wasn't the only reason for her sudden decision. She was also following her inherited tendency to seize upon the brightly colored threads of impulse and weave them into the pattern of her life whenever she grew weary of the design. And, truth to tell, she had suddenly grown somewhat weary of Freddy's design—particularly at his failure to return to Granby in time for her trial—at his apparent willingness to sacrifice her upon the altar of a problematical future success.

"Is there a department store around here?" she asked her escort—Wally Chipp, the jailer—as they started away from the Town Hall. "I didn't come prepared to pay you a long visit, and—I need a few things."

"Why, sure, miss," said Wally, with respectful good nature. "We'll stop at the Boston Store over there in the Shannon Building."

It didn't take Laura long to buy the few things she would need—jail toilettes being obviously simple—and they started for Mr. Chipp's headquarters at the county seat, about twenty miles to the north.

"You come at a good time for me," said Wally; "that is, you come at a good time for me if you don't mind helping Mrs. Chipp some. We got no other inmates in the women's quarters right now—and if you don't mind helping out a little, we can make you pretty comfortable. Fact of the matter is," he confessed in a tone which wasn't far from being apologetic, "we got a new little Chipp last week—off the Old Block, they tell me—and you probably know the way these young ones are, even in a jail—more trouble than all the rest of the inmates put together."

"But of course I'll help," smiled Laura. "Something told me I was going to have an exciting time as—as one of your guests, but I never thought you'd have a real live baby for me to play with."

"Well, we *do* try to make everybody comfortable—if not always with babies," said Wally, thoughtfully. "You can have almost anything you want—"

Laura could almost have purred to herself—even while grinding her teeth at the thought of Freddy Mumford; and when they finally reached the jail—a red brick building, partly covered with ivy—she only had a momentary qualm as a steel door clicked behind her. In the office she noticed a sign: "Visitors Positively Not Allowed Except Saturdays, 2 to 3 P. M.," and guessing that Freddy would be following hot upon her heels she asked if any exceptions were made to this rule.

"No, *ma'am!*" said Mr. Chipp. "We try to be human up here; but we stick to our rules."

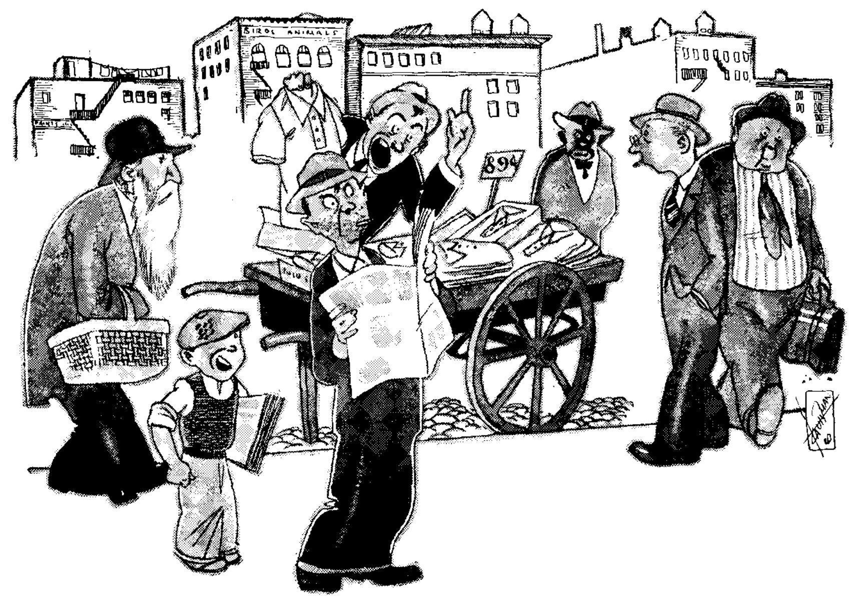
"GOOD for you!" exclaimed Laura; and to herself: "More than ever now, it's up to Freddy!"

"This is the women's quarters," continued Wally—another steel door clicking open and shut. "Suppose you look around a bit, and I'll call for you in a minute or two and take you in to the house and introduce you to Mrs. Chipp and the baby—"

Laura made her way down a corridor, and a cold wave of aversion suddenly rolled over her.

"If I could only see Fred Mumford now—just for one minute—!" she thought grimly.

Wally's wife was a gentle soul who parted her hair in the middle and wore



"H'yah, gents, get your polo shirts here!"

a cameo brooch. Laura liked her from the first. But she liked the baby better—a fat young comedian who knew already that life was a joke and refused to pay it the tribute of his tears.

"They say he favors his pa," said Mrs. Chipp, as they sat down to lunch.

"Gr-ha-ha!" exclaimed young Wally, treating life as it deserves. But not having learned yet that the gesture can also be accomplished with the thumb, he tried to press his toe against his nose and almost rolled out of his blanket.

"I'll straighten him," said Laura. As she arose she saw Freddy's car roll past the window. A few moments later a bell rang in the adjoining hallway.

"Now who's coming just as we're setting down to eat?" said Wally, Sr., pushing his chair back.

"I wouldn't be surprised if it's someone for me," replied Laura.

"What's the matter with 'em? Don't they know we have a regular visiting day?"

"Not yet," beamed Laura. "But I'll bet they'll soon learn!"

WALLY looked at her, mildly studious; and whatever he thought he saw in her glance, as soon as he reached the reception office he looked at Freddy Mumford in much the same way that he had just looked at Laura.

"I'd like to see the warden—or whatever you call him," began Freddy crisply.

"I guess I'm the man you want; they call me the dep'ty jailer," said Wally; and unconsciously echoing the question of the town clerk, he added, "Are you the gentleman that everybody waited for in Court this morning?"

"Yes—er—I was unavoidably detained."

They looked at each other and, hearing about it later, it wasn't hard for Laura to imagine the scene. On the one side was Freddy, fastidiously groomed and dressed from the top of his hat to the soles of his shoes. And on the other side was Wally, slightly bucolic in clothes and manner, and with that bland tranquillity which is sometimes seen upon a sleek-faced walrus when the mackerel are coming in.

"I'll tell you the purpose of my visit," said Freddy, and Laura told herself later that he probably relaxed a little, like a keen swordsman who perceives that he is about to cross foils with an amateur. "I—er—I've been informed that a young lady just arrived here from Granby—as a prisoner, I believe—and it is imperative, absolutely imperative, that I should see her for a few minutes on a vitally important matter."

"Mmm," said Wally. "What's the young lady's name?"

"Her name? . . . Miss Ann Jones."

If Wally was disappointed at the answer, he didn't show it.

"You'll have to come Saturday," he said, pointing to the sign, "between two and three."

"Yes, yes; I read that," said Freddy impatiently. "But this is no ordinary visit. This is a call of the most urgent possible character."

"They all are," said Wally evenly. "If you haven't an order from the Court, you'll have to come Saturday between two and three just the same."

"But at least," said Freddy, when at last he understood that the word "positively" on the sign meant nothing else, "at least I can send a note to the young lady."

"You can do that, yes—but there's a rule against writing notes in the office. You can write it outside, and drop it in the letter box by the side of the door."

So Freddy returned to his car, looking badly shaken, and started to write a letter on the blank pages of his notebook; and Wally returned to his lunch and placidly told what had happened; and Laura nodded with warm approval, and peeping through the curtain she could see the back of Master Freddy's head as he sat in his car writing the most difficult letter of his bright young career.

"I think he's finished it," said Laura. "He's getting out."

Again the bell rang loudly, insistently, in the hallway.

"Now what's he want?" said Wally.

Freddy wanted an answer to his letter; and, having thought things over in the privacy of his car, as soon as he saw the deputy jailer he drew a suède wallet from his inner breast pocket—a wallet bearing an intricate platinum monogram—and from this he selected a twenty-dollar bill.

"Will you do me the favor of accepting this?" he confidentially began.

From a drawer of his desk Wally drew a pair of shining handcuffs.

"Will you do me the favor of wearing these?" he demanded.

With an expression that was richly expressive of horror Freddy turned to the door.

"I'll drop the letter in the box outside," said he. And having done that he first drew a deep breath of mingled futility and finality, and then he made an unconscious gesture toward the sky, and then he almost passionately told himself, "Heaven knows I've done everything humanly possible. . . !"

Before night, Laura wasn't far from being a member of the deputy's household.

"'Whatever you decide to do, do it thoroughly!' . . . How well Dad knew!" she thought, as she warmed young Wally's milk over the kitchen stove for his six-o'clock feeding. Her eyes were happy—her cheeks brighter than they had been for many a day. Suddenly, still bending over the stove, she laughed as she thought again of Mr. Chipp's description of Freddy's call and the hurried letter which he had written her on the blank pages of his notebook.

"I could hardly believe your being here—can hardly believe it yet—" that was the opening line of the letter.

"Mr. Kenifer kept me longer than I thought. He is really frightfully interested, and personally I haven't the least doubt that the deal will not only go through, but will lead to many others *if properly handled.* But the General Dairies business alone runs into millions of dollars; so of course you can't blame him for being cautious.

". . . Wanted me to stay to lunch, in fact, and then, to spoil everything, he began talking about this wretched automobile accident. He knew old Lillibridge, and he's frightfully bitter about the driver who ran over him. In fact, I believe the whole connection is broken if he once finds out that I was driving. What shall I do? Shall I wait a few days, till I close the deal, before giving myself up? Or shall I do it now? Whichever you say!"

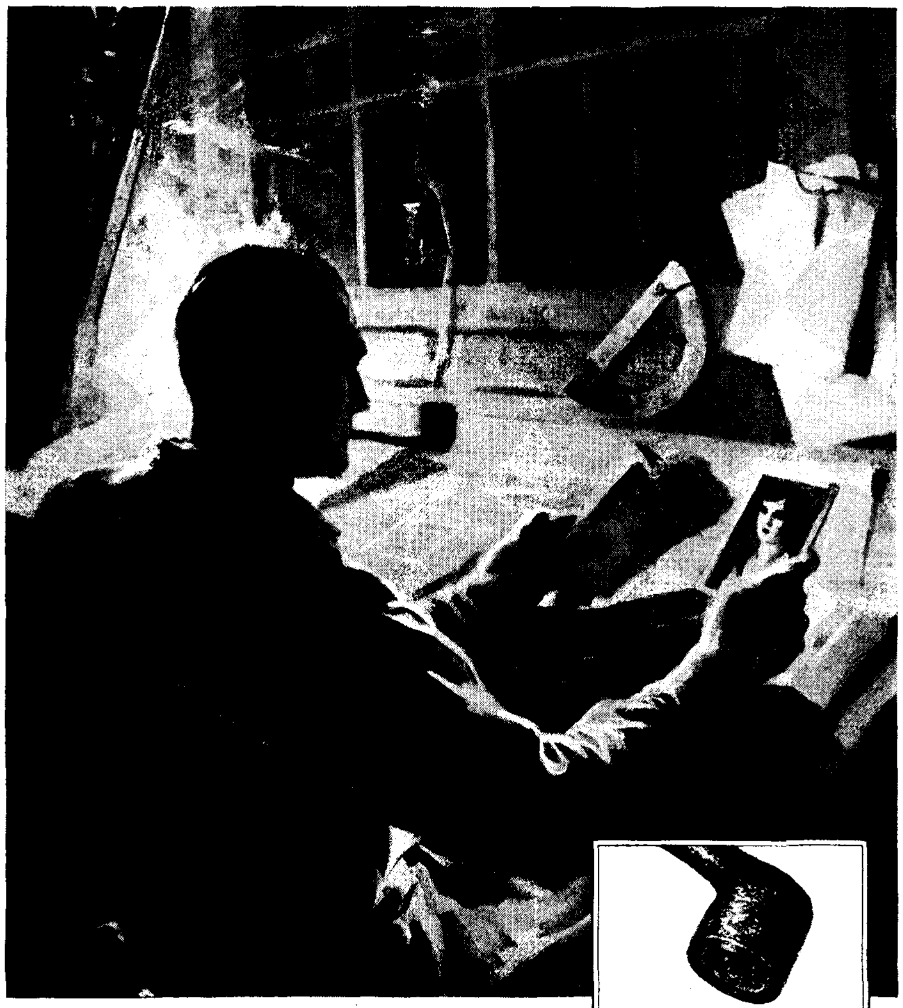
"OH, NO, Freddy," Laura told herself, her glance growing grim at the gesture of generosity which was implied in that last exclamation mark. "It's whichever *you* say. *You* are the specimen under the microscope. Me—I'm only watching through the lens."

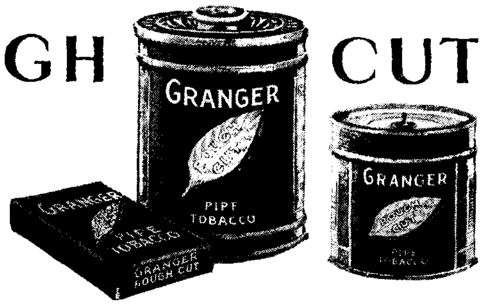
Whereupon she laughed again—laughed, indeed, so heartily that she didn't hear the kitchen door open and close.

"What's the joke?" asked a pleasant voice behind her.

She turned quickly and saw a young man with an armful of wood—a young man with hair that was inclined to be curly, and one of those keen chins which she had learned to know generally de-

(*Continued on page 62*)





1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

"And as I watch the smoke clouds rise,
Old thoughts come crowding thru my brain,
I weave the fairest phantasies
And dream my day dreams o'er again".
—R. R.

There's "Home Sweet Home" in each fragrant puff!

A fuller, deeper fragrance . . . a sweeter ripeness and mellowness . . . there's a whole bowlful of memories in each pipeload of Granger!

Granger's rich aroma, its prime "fruity" flavor—that's the result of "Wellman's Method", our priceless old-time tobacco secret that mellows tobacco to just the right balance and body.

Cut the *one* right way for the pipe; big shaggy flakes that burn slow and cool; "Rough Cut" purposely to keep your pipe dry and clean.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

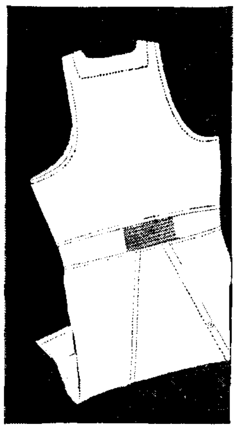
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

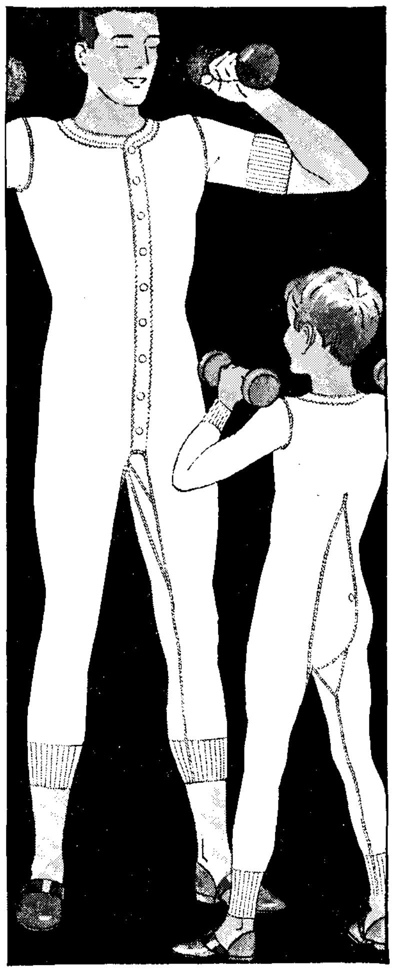
THE DOLLAR THAT BUYS

THE GREATEST UNDERWEAR VALUE

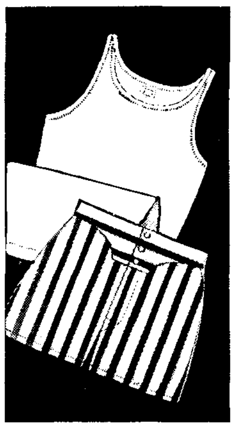
IS THE DOLLAR YOU SPEND FOR HANES



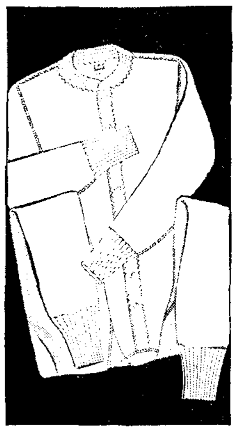
HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt.* $1.



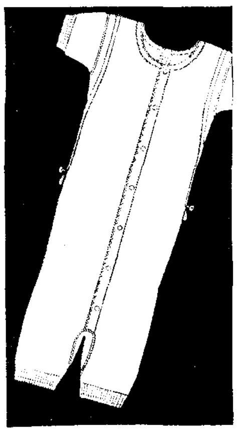
Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1. *Boys', age 2 to 16, "heavies,"* 75c *to* $1.



HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors.* 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75c *to* $1.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 to 12, 85c. *Also made ankle length with long sleeves.*

You can pay more than HANES costs—but you can't get more. Just try to match HANES values.

There's the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight. Packing more satisfaction to the thread than you ever experienced before. The soft, durable hanespun cotton is knitted and cut to careful measurements of both trunk and chest. No binding, bunching, or wrinkling. Seams lie flat—never irritate. Buttons won't pull off. A great garment for fall or winter and all-year-round wear in mild climates.

If winter to you means ice and snow and polar gales, keep snug and warm in HANES Heavyweights. Millions wear them—despite the city man's swing to HANES Athletic Union Suits and HANES Shirts and Shorts.

See HANES Underwear at your store. If your regular dealer hasn't the complete line for boys as well as men, write P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — TRADE MARK HANES — FOR EVERY SEASON

(*Continued from page 61*)

noted an owner who could act upon impulse almost as well as herself.

"I'll probably wake up in a minute," he continued, "but right now you look young and beautiful. Yes, more than those. Do people go delirious in jails?" he continued earnestly. "Do you suppose I'm just imagining you—like a kind of mirage?"

"I think they go delirious in jails," she answered chillingly. "You certainly act that way."

"I'm sorry," he said in a husky voice. "Of course I know now who you are. You are the jailer's daughter, and you're just home from college, where you won the first prizes for needlework, tatting, piano-playing and good behavior. And me—I'm only a prisoner in your father's jail—less than the dust beneath your feet."

"No, please," said Laura, laughing again—though this time in a lower, different key than before. "I'm—I'm a prisoner, too. My name's Ann Jones. And I'm in for thirty days."

"For what? For looking good?"

"No," she told him. "For running over a poor old man in the road."

"MY NAME'S Johnny-cake Smith," it was now his turn to tell. "John, for short. And I'm also in for thirty days."

"For what? For being saucy to a traffic cop?"

"Worse than that," he told her. "There's moral turp-i-tood in my offense. They found a case of contraband bottles in the back of my car—and it wasn't the first time, either—moral leper that I am."

He dropped the wood in a box, the better to beat his breast; and for the third time Laura caught herself laughing in the Granby County jail. Nor was it the last time. As the week wore on she found herself looking forward more and more eagerly for her morning and evening encounters with Johnny-cake Smith when he came to fill the wood box at the kitchen stove.

On Thursday morning he also brought paint can, a brush and a stepladder.

"Michelangelo," he announced himself. "I've been painting the lockers in the men's quarters, and Wally said if there was any left, I could paint the cupboard in the kitchen here, too."

"You ought to have some newspapers to keep the floor clean," she said, considering.

Outside it was raining—a warm, gentle rainy morning, in the first week of July. Laura found some old newspapers and a step-ladder.

"I don't know whether you'll like this shade of green," he said. "To me it looks a bit remorseful. I'll paint the cornice and you can tell me what you think."

While they worked—he on the stepladder and she in front of the stove sterilizing little Wally's daily bottles—they naturally began to talk, which, as efficiency experts will tell you is always a great danger whenever two people are working within the sound of each other's voices.

"How did you happen to become a bootlegger?" she asked him once.

"Oh, an accident," he largely told her. "How did you happen to run over your old man in the road?"

She checked an impulse to say, "Because I was talking when I shouldn't have been talking," and answered instead, "No; that really *was* an accident. But bootlegging's different. . . . There are so many other things that you could do."

"What, for instance? Painting? Reeling, writhing and fainting in coils?"

Laura could almost have loved him for that alone. The immortal Alice had been one of her father's favorites.

"You could do a lot of things beginning with M," she said, borrowing in turn from Mr. Carroll's masterpiece.

"Why 'M'?" he asked; to which, of course, she triumphantly retorted, "Why not?"

Whereupon they beamed at each other, and answering a mute request, she approved his shade of green.

"Suppose I were to tell you that I'm not a bootlegger," he continued, filling his brush. "Suppose I were to suggest that I am merely a modern young Quixote who, instead of hiring a bootlegger to do his dirty work, makes it a point of honor to do it himself."

"Y-e-s," she said, thoughtfully. "I may be easy to deceive, but I could almost believe that. . . ."

It was a large cupboard—so you won't be surprised to learn that Johnny-cake's work wasn't finished till late in the afternoon. . . .

Saturday came—visiting day—bringing with it a letter from Freddy Mumford. He was frightfully busy going over the books of the General Dairies with Mr. Kenifer's accountants. R. J. hadn't yet specifically agreed to float the bond issue, but the presence of his accountants meant that it was just as good as settled that he would.

Meanwhile, of course, it was vital that Freddy should be in New York, to answer any inquiries or doubts that the accountants might raise. He was sure that Laura would understand. . . .

"P. S.," his letter concluded. "Any time you can't stand it any longer, you have only to send me a wire 'Come at once,' and of course there isn't any sacrifice in the world that I wouldn't make for you—but if you can possibly stick it out a while longer, I shall never be able to thank you enough for all you are doing for me."

"'Sacrifice!'" exclaimed Laura, unconsciously speaking aloud as she threw the letter into the stove. "You don't know what the word means. . . ."

"Do I?" asked Johnny-cake, unexpectedly appearing in the doorway with his morning offering of wood.

"Y-e-s," she said, considering him. "Or if you don't, I think you could learn."

"You'd be surprised at the things I've learned in my short life," he soberly assured her. "Want to hear me say my lessons?" he more cheerfully continued.

LAURA heard a lot of them in the days that followed—lessons, and whimsies, and confidences, and unexpected flashes of deep feeling that were hastily hidden almost as soon as revealed. Once when they were exchanging real confidences she told him exactly how it happened that she was a temporary guest of Mr. Chipp's.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Johnny-cake when the tale was told. "What I'd like to say to Frederic E. Mumford, Esquire!"

"How did you know his name?" demanded Laura in alarm. "*I* didn't tell you."

"No," he grinned, "but the morning you burned his letter you didn't burn his envelope. It was in the wood box, and I was inquisitive enough to look at the name on the flap."

"You—you had no right," she said. "I shouldn't have told you—"

Perhaps in distress at having been disloyal to one whom she was otherwise serving so well, tears filled her eyes, and before she knew what was happening, Johnny-cake had kissed her.

"There ought to be more in the world like you," he said in a husky voice.

After that their confidences had a deeper, more intimate note. Once, happening to mention a remark which a certain young prince had made to her, Johnny-cake stared and said: "How did you meet him?"

"Dad was in the Cabinet," she replied without thinking.

"Secretary Jones?" he quizzically asked.

"Believe it or not, as you want."

Whether or not he wanted to believe it, that night Johnny-cake wrote a letter to one of the younger editors of a Washington newspaper, an editor whom he must have known rather well, because he started his letter "Dear Old Hencoop—"

". . . Her father," he was presently writing, "was apparently in the Cabinet. She has no brothers or sisters. Her mother died when she was six years old. The initial on her handkerchief is 'L.' She is about twenty—blue eyes, chestnut hair, five feet four, and would take first prize in any show for points and breeding. Is familiar with Bryn Mawr, Washington, Buffalo, Bar Harbor, and apparently knows her way around Paris and London. If you can identify her from this, let me know who she is as soon as you can—and I'll begin to believe that you've the makings of a good newspaper man. . . ."

BEFORE the end of the next week Johnny-cake received a letter and photograph from Washington—the picture bearing the imprint of a nationally known news service and endorsed on the back, "Miss Laura Logan, daughter of the late Secretary Lawrence Logan—"

"Well, I'll—be—damned!" said Johnny-cake Smith; and could hardly wait till he saw Ann Jones again.

"Want to see a good picture?" he asked, as soon as he was sure no one could overhear them.

"Yes," she said, though keeping one eye on the thermometer in young Wally's sterilizing bottle.

Whereupon he showed her the photograph from Washington, and for the second time he saw her eyes suddenly fill with tears.

"You—you shouldn't—" she said, quickly hiding it behind her.

"Why not?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to tell?" And after a few moments' brooding thought, "But maybe you can tell me something: What's the matter with this Frederic E. Mumford of yours? Is he crazy—or sick—or what?"

Laura could almost have loved him for that, too.

"He—he isn't mine," she said, and hurried in to Mrs. Chipp, where he couldn't follow her, the photograph hidden in her dress.

The next day Johnny-cake warned her in a truculent voice, "When I get out of here, I'm going to do two things."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

But he wouldn't tell her.

His sentence expired the day before hers—each having a week off for good behavior.

It was this week, no doubt, which threw Freddy Mumford off the track, or he would at least have tried to be there when Laura walked out. Mrs. Chipp cried, and even the baby looked serious when he saw her go; and Wally went down the steps with her to where a ritzy-looking coupé was waiting with a fashionably clad Johnny-cake Smith at the wheel.

"Good-by, miss," said the deputy jailer. "We'll certainly miss you." And in a lower voice, "Good-by, Mr. Kenifer. Don't forget to give me credit for keeping your name out of the papers."

"What did he call you?" asked Laura, as the ritzy coupé turned out of the jail yard.

"Kenifer," said the beaming young man at the wheel.

"I thought your name was Smith."

"Oh, that was only my nom-de-jail," he said with a large, careless wave of his hand.

"But you aren't—you *can't be*—any relation of R. J. Kenifer!" gasped Laura.

"Only his blue-eyed son," said Johnny-cake, more carelessly than before. "Isn't it lovely?" he suddenly laughed. "It's so funny that Dad's forgiven me for being in jail! I wrote and told him how you were taking Mumford's place, and as luck would have it he hasn't closed his deal with Mr. Mumford yet. He's written him to call tomorrow; and, believe me, I'm going to be there, too!"

"But where are you taking me now?" asked Laura, finally beginning to get her bearings.

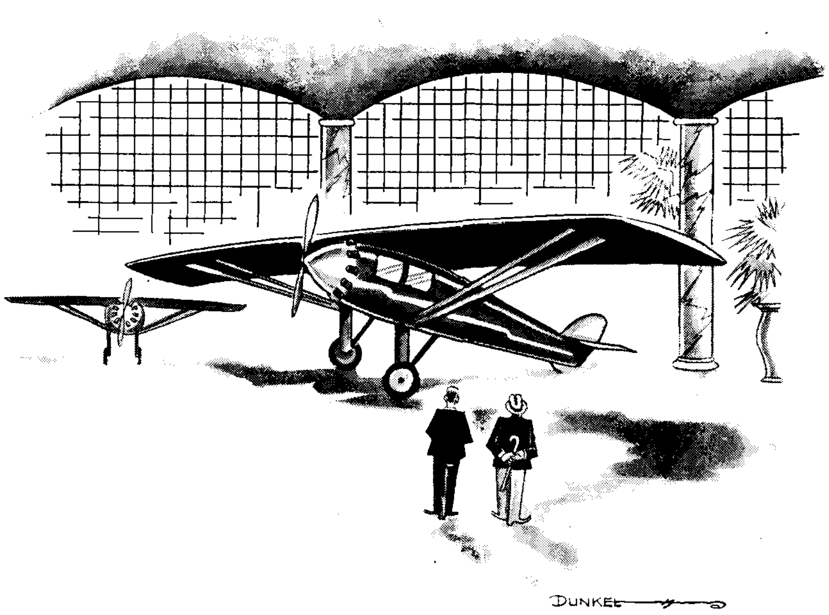
"Home," he eagerly told her. "My dad knew your dad—thinks he's one of the greatest men that ever lived—and he said if I didn't bring you home, he'd come and fetch you himself—"

FOR nearly a minute Laura sat thinking things over in her corner of the swiftly moving coupé.

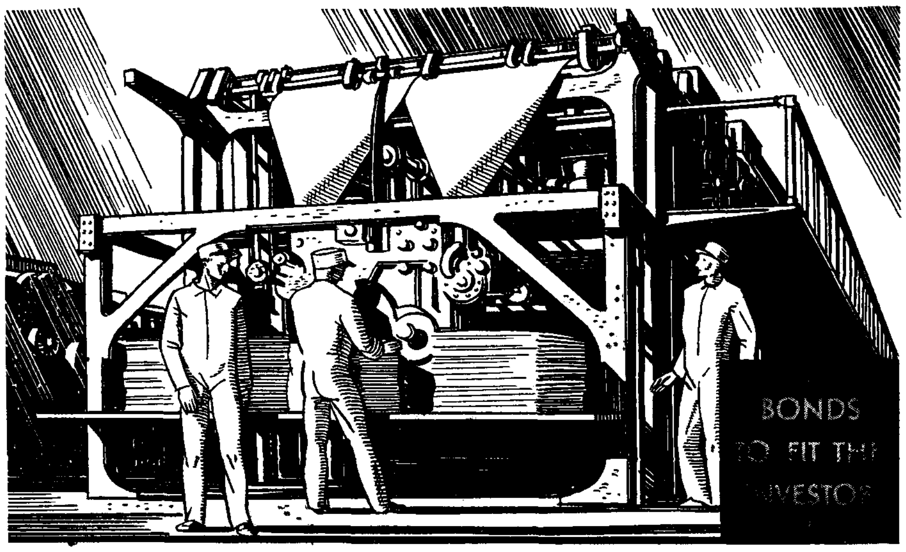
"Aren't mad—are you?" he anxiously asked.

For answer she slowly turned and gave him one of her quiet, eloquent smiles. This time, though, she wasn't wasting it on a Freddy Mumford.

"Wait a moment, dear," said Johnny-cake, stepping on the brake and breathlessly turning to the side of the road. "Wait till I stop this car. . . !"



Salesman: "About how high did you care to go, sir?"



THE INDUSTRY OF ENLIGHTENMENT

MODERN civilization, with its need for quick dispatch of news and views, is served by a great publishing industry far reaching in its usefulness and influence. Few commodities have so large a market as magazines and newspapers. Few services are so necessary to man's cultural and intellectual progress.

Last year, it is estimated that the twenty-eight million families of this country purchased and read over forty-four million daily newspapers—morning and evening—and on Sunday twenty-nine million papers were circulated, about one in each family. In addition, the combined circulation per issue of magazines totaled 120 million—an average approximately, of one for every person in the United States.

The growth in circulation of newspapers and magazines during the past decade has been rapid, going hand in hand with a large and steady increase in advertising volume from which their revenues are largely derived.

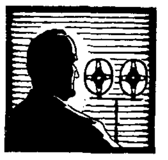
The tendency toward larger units in this industry, resulting from growth, consolidations and chain enterprises, requires large capital resources. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has taken an important part in the financing of newspaper and magazine properties—performing a service both to the industry and to investors seeking safe and remunerative employment of their surplus funds. How securities originating in various fields of investment are investigated prior to purchase and recommendation to our clientele, is set forth in our booklet, *Choosing Your Investment House.* A copy will be mailed on request.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED
CHICAGO, 201 So. La Salle St. NEW YORK, 35 Wall St.
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. ◆ Broadcast over a Coast to Coast network of 37 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. ◆ Music by symphony orchestra.

9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time
8 P.M. Central Standard Time
7 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time



LE MOMENT MALADROIT

[THE AWKWARD MOMENT]

When you "ruinez" (gum) a lady's entrance to the "salon" (pronounced salon) . . remain "tranquille" (tranquil).

Be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

© P. Lorillard Co.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage—or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St. Dept. M-410 Chicago, Ill.

FLIT
Dr. Seuss

The Devil finds a new way to Entertain his Guests. (Advertisement)

The Art of Mr. Sanzio

Continued from page 18

if it turns out no good, why, who started it?

Here was the idea, between ourselves: why should we sell this picture to Mr. Letellier for even a thousand dollars and let him go to the New York Museum of Art and cash in on it? What was the matter with us selling it to the museum ourselves? Understand?

So I phoned the New York Museum of Art. You know the New York Museum of Art.

"Hello," I called, "let me have the party that buys the paintings, please. This is Mr. Hezekiah Spilett, the painter."

"I'll give you the curator," said the girl.

"HELLO," I said again when I had my party. "Mr. Spilett of Edgewater speaking. I got a very valuable painting, and I got good reason to think you might want to buy it for the museum. I'm told that this artist rates high and that you already have several of his examples, and I was thinking that since this is a very good one though rather small, why—"

"You'd better communicate with the committee on new acquisitions, Mr. Spilett," the man advised. "Send them a photograph of the picture, with what details you can give, including the price, and if they're interested, they'll let you know. Yes, communicate with them here; address Mr. Dillon, chairman of committee on new acquisitions."

So that was how. I got the picture out of the shoppe that afternoon and had it photographed. Then I sent the photograph to Mr. Dillon of the museum, telling him by letter enclosed that I had the original and would let go of it for two thousand dollars.

I was fidgeting for the next couple of days—until Mrs. Spilett brought me a letter. "Kiah," she cried, "did you offer the picture to the Museum of Art? Look what they say—"

"You're going to incriminate yourself yet, Tishy, tampering with United States mails," I warned her, taking the letter. Here it is:

> Dear Mr. Spilett:
>
> Your communication with its astonishing tidings is before me. As you admit, with disarming candor, the artist whose work you offer is very well known to me.
>
> Permit me to believe, for reasons that would appear insufficient to you, that you cannot deliver the original of your photograph. On the other hand, I agree that it would be a highly desirable acquisition for us.
>
> You ask if the museum would pay two thousand dollars for the original. With alacrity, Mr. Spilett! Yours,
>
> LAWRENCE DILLON, Chairman.

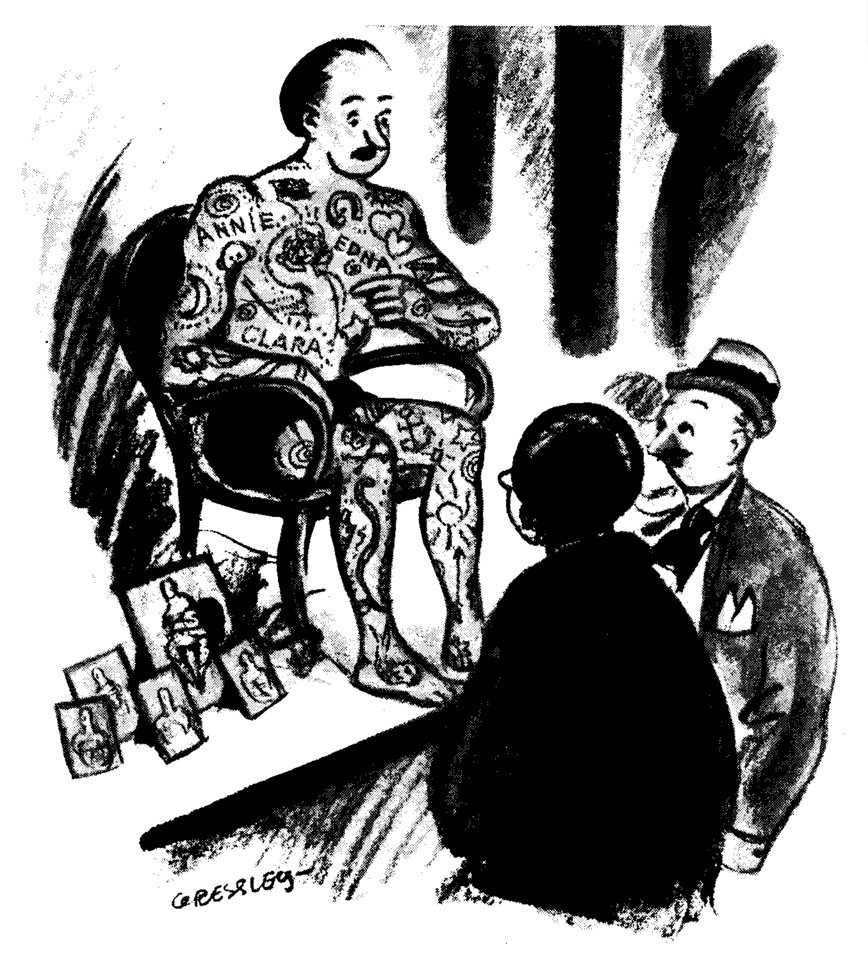
"Oh, Kiah!" said Mrs. Spilett. "Do you think Mr. Sanzio will sell it to us for six hundred dollars when he knows we are going to sell it to the museum for two thousand?"

"He won't know it. I thought that out."

"That's right; he won't know it. But, Kiah, suppose he asks us why we don't let him sell the picture to the museum himself and he will give us ten per cent, what will we say?"

"But he won't know about the museum, Tishy! For goodness' sake, now, don't say anything, will you?"

We were still discussing how we would best handle Mr. Sanzio when Mrs. Spilett went down to answer the doorbell and called out, "Oh, Kiah, here he comes himself! Maybe you'd better talk to him, Kiah. No, I'll talk to him. Hello, Mr. Sanzio! Come right in, Mr. Sanzio!"



"If you want some nice pictures fixed up on yourself any time, lady, just let me know—I do all this work myself."

"I see that you have not yet sold the work," said Mr. Sanzio, looking sorry.

"No, we didn't sell it, Mr. Sanzio," said Mrs. Spilett. "Mr. Spilett and I were thinking we might like to buy that picture ourselves. Yes, that's what we were thinking—hah, Kiah?"

"You think you can sell it for more," said Mr. Sanzio, reading her like a book. I told her.

"Oh, no, Mr. Sanzio," she said. "We wouldn't think of selling it. Would we, Kiah?"

"Well, it would be an old heirloom in the family," I said, "but if such a thing as we ever needed the money, I wouldn't say we wouldn't sell it rather than get all torn up."

"I wouldn't let you sell it," said Mrs. Spilett. "We won't sell it, Mr. Sanzio."

"THEN you can understand how I feel about selling it myself," said Mr. Sanzio, looking heavily up into the air. "I am an artist and you are only people; that picture is like my own child and— But I mustn't stop to think. Give me the money."

"Here's a check for six hundred dollars, Mr. Sanzio," said Mrs. Spilett, all set for him. "You can get down to the bank in ten minutes and cash it, and if they ask any questions just tell them to call us up. Kiah, will you make out a bill of sale for Mr. Sanzio to sign so we can prove we own the picture? Sign right there, Mr. Sanzio, so we can show we paid you—"

Well, no sooner had that check gone out the door than I had a bad feeling. Mrs. Spilett and I had been figuring so hard on getting that picture that we hadn't thought of much else; and now we had it. I'm intelligent, and I get to thinking very quick.

Mrs. Spilett was thinking too, but not along the same lines. "Kiah," she said, "it came over me all of a sudden. Did we do right to take that man's money?"

"It seems to me he took ours, Tishy," said I.

"No, what I mean is did we do right to take all the rest of the two thousand dollars? Now that we only got to go and get the two thousand dollars, I feel all of a sudden that it's not right. It's not honest, Kiah."

"Certainly it's honest, Tishy."

"No, you can't talk to me, Kiah Spilett. I see it now. He gave us the picture to sell for him and take ten per cent, and we went behind his back. We ought to've told him about the museum and took just our ten per cent. That's two hundred dollars, Kiah. We'll have to give him anything over that."

"But how will we give it to him? We don't know where he lives and he might never come back."

"That's so, too," agreed Mrs. Spilett. "Then we will have to keep the whole two thousand dollars, but I know I'm going to feel— Oh, Kiah, I got an idea! Suppose we stop the check. Then he'll come back here to know what's the matter and we'll tell him, and won't he be glad. Don't talk to me, Kiah; I'm going to do it."

So Mrs. Spilett got on the wire right away and told the bank to stop the check and if Mr. Sanzio wanted to know the reason, why, tell him to come back to our shoppe.

We waited around for an hour but he didn't show up, and we figured that he was going to put the check through his own bank. I decided to close my deal with the museum and get their money and then we would have something to talk about when Mr. Sanzio came back. I took the ferry to New York and went down to the museum.

I had a few preliminary bouts with understrappers, and at last I got in to Mr. Dillon, the chairman.

"Oh, yes," said he, smiling gladly. "You're the man who wishes to sell us a picture. You go about your work with a stiff wrist, Mr. Spilett." He pulled out the photograph that I sent him and admired it greatly. "What do you call this picture, Mr. Spilett?"

"I never did hear the name of it, sir," I said.

"I'll name it for you; it's The Flaying of Marsyas; by Raphael Sanzio."

"Right," I agreed. He knew! "Only, I understood he'd changed his name lately, Mr. Dillon."

"Pardon me?"

"Pretty good artist, isn't he, Mr. Dillon?"

"He's well thought of. You said that he changed his name?"

"To Sanzio, Mr. Dillon. I didn't know you knew."

"Sanzio," said Mr. Dillon, groping a little, "was Raphael's family name. He's been known as such for four hundred years."

"Oh, come, Mr. Dillon," I said, laughing, "he's not as old as all that! Well, be that as it may, you offered to pay me two thousand dollars for the original of that photo, and you'll be glad to hear I brought it with me, and a bill of sale from Sanzio."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Dillon keenly. "And did you bring the building with you too, Mr. Spilett? At last reports, it was still in a vault in the Vatican, where Raphael executed it."

I saw that this chap was quite a joker, so I laughed politely again. "No, I didn't bring the building with me, Mr. Dillon, but only the picture."

Mr. Dillon took Sanzio's work in hand and scanned it with great pleasure; and then he scanned me and got quite a kick out of that.

"And here's the bill of sale, Mr. Dillon," I went on in a businesslike way. "You see, Mrs. Spilett and I paid only six hundred dollars for the work, but—"

"You paid six hundred dollars for this? Tell me about yourself, please. Who are you and what do you work at? I gathered from your letter that you were yourself a painter. But I see now that you're not."

"Come again, Mr. Dillon," I said, not relishing that so much. I pulled out my card. "Local 37, and in good standing. Grainer, stippler, finisher—I hope to tell you I'm a painter."

"BUT tell me how you came to buy this," said Mr. Dillon, seeing he was wrong, by the card. "Give me the story in confidence, if you like; I'm entitled to it. You bought a picture from Raphael Sanzio himself, and lived to tell the story. I must hear it."

He listened while I told him of our deals with Mr. Sanzio and Mr. Letellier.

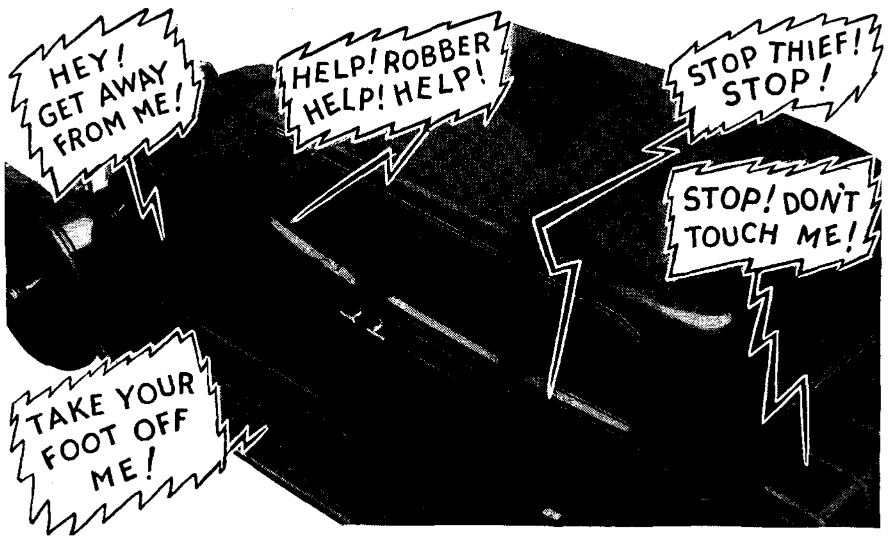
"But you stopped the check?" he said, coughing. "Then, Mr. Spilett, you don't own this picture at all; you can't stop the check and keep the picture too. That lets me out. But let me tell you in any event, now that I've seen the original, I don't think the committee would care enough for it; it's not what we'd consider a museum piece."

"You wouldn't buy it from Mr. Sanzio himself either?" I asked, a little disgusted with him.

"From Raphael Sanzio, the famous painter? By George, I'll promise to do that. Let's leave it so. If he comes into your store again, you hold him in talk and have me called at once, and I'll jump over there and surprise him. Meanwhile, don't buy any more old masters, Mr. Spilett, until you're dead sure of your market.

"I could be more explicit, and will be at another time, but I feel that you'll handle Mr. Sanzio better if you go on your present information. That is, if you see him again. Take this object with you—glad to have met you, Mr. Spilett."

(Continued on page 66)

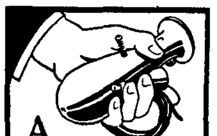

HEY! GET AWAY FROM ME!
HELP! ROBBER HELP! HELP!
STOP THIEF! STOP!
STOP! DON'T TOUCH ME!
TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF ME!

Astonishing Electrical Invention

Protects Your Car from Thieves ...Automatically!

This unquestionably is the queerest, most incredible invention since the first discoveries of radio! A magical, automatic watchman that actually is far more than human! Never sleeps, rests or gets tired! Stands guard over your entire car from spare tire to headlights and steering wheel! Endorsed by police! Approved by Motor Associations! Now offered on generous 5-day test basis! The coupon brings full details.

A Startling, Uncanny Money-Maker For Agents



A Mere Handful

Note the tiny size of this amazing invention in the above picture. The switch, wire and sealed tube containing the "activator" is all there is to it. The entire cost is scarcely more than an ordinary radio tube! Test it. Mail the coupon today.

"WHAT makes it work?" "Where on earth did you get it?" "Bet you five dollars he's got someone hiding in there!" "It simply can't be true." A running fire of comment like this breaks out whenever and wherever this new invention is exhibited. And why not? When no one ever heard of such a startling, uncanny device before! In fact few people would even dare to dream there could be such a thing! So this, men, is something really NEW, something to grip the imagination of everyone, something that sells to every autoist on sheer novelty alone. Distributors, "star" salesmen, every man who wants to double and triple his present income should note carefully the following facts.

The Secret Of A Theft-Proof Car

Now in this amazing new way, every car can be protected from theft for 24 full hours a day. In the garage or parked on the street, if any thief so much as pulls at your spare tire or touches his foot to your running board—ZOWIE! A riot of noise starts instantly! And your car never shuts up till the thief leaves. And listen to this. Even if the thief is wise to what's up, you alone place the secret control button anywhere you want it around the car. The thief can't possibly find it. If he wastes time looking for it—Bingo! He's caught and on his way to jail! This astonishing invention guards your spare tire, headlights and spotlights as well as the car itself.

Installed In 10 Minutes—Costs Nothing To Operate

The inventor has asked the U. S. Government to protect his patent rights in this revolutionary discovery. Because of its uncanny powers and to distinguish it from everything else on earth this queer discovery is now called "Devil Dog." Among its amazing features is the fact that it can be installed by anyone in 10 minutes or less. There is absolutely no cost for operation. It will last as long as the car. Fits any car from Ford to Rolls Royce without adjustment or fussing.

For introductory purposes a special 5-day test offer is now being made. If you are interested in learning about the most astonishing invention since the radio first came in, use the coupon at once. If your present income is less than $50 a week, the profit possibilities as our agent may astonish you. The coupon brings details of all offers. Mail it now.

NORTHWEST ELECTRIC CORP.
Dept. P-630
Pukwana, So. Dakota

AUTOMATIC DEVIL DOG

Northwest Electric Corp.,
Dept. P-630, Pukwana, So. Dakota.
Rush details of your big 5-day test offer and big profits for agents.

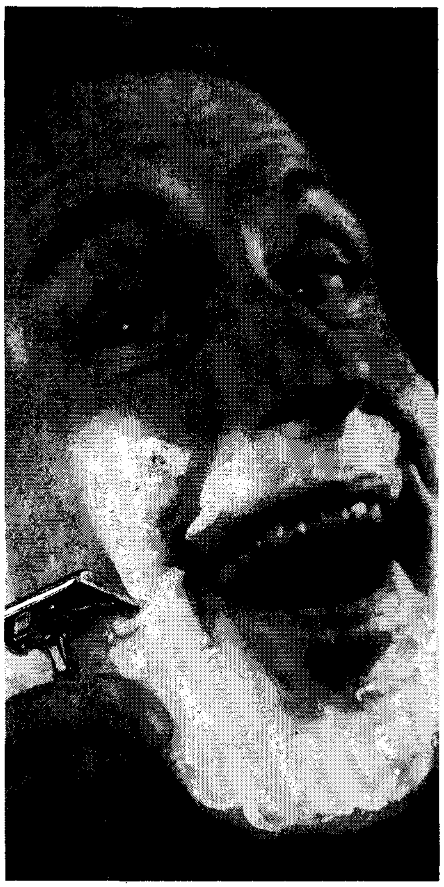
Name..........

Address..........

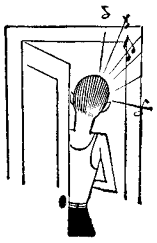
Town.......... State..........

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your own car and not in agents' money-making offer.

The Singing Shave



©A. S. R. C., 1930

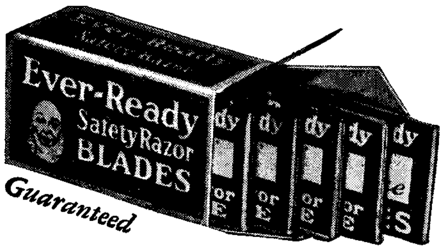


Why the sudden singing in the bathroom? It's because dad is using a remarkable blade . . . so keen that it leaves his face clean and happy all day . . . so durable that he gets a lot more shaves from each blade . . . Since dad uses Ever-Ready Blades and has become a Singing Shaver, the whole household runs more smoothly . . . Go thou and do likewise. Be a Singing Shaver. Just say, "Ever-Ready Blades" to your dealer today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready BLADES



(*Continued from page 65*)

"But, Mr. Dillon," said I, lingering, "what about Mr. Letellier? He's to come back, you know, to get his answer about buying this picture."

"Sell it to him! Oh, indeed. Give him a chance to put up his thousand dollars as he promised, and if he doesn't do it—no excuses, mind!—hold him in play and ring me up and I'll take care of him. Make my apologies to Mrs. Spilett for disappointing her, and ask her to suspend judgment on me for the present."

Well, I don't know what he could have expected in that way: a man that will throw down a written agreement like that. Mrs. Spilett and I, I said to myself, will be in a nice hole if Mr. Sanzio sues us on that check. It's true that Mr. Dillon said he would buy the picture from Mr. Sanzio, but he also said we would not see Mr. Sanzio again.

WELL, he was right there; Mr. Sanzio hasn't shown up in the shoppe since; we have the picture waiting for him on the wall of our living-room upstairs, any time he comes.

And Mr. Letellier never came back either, and that's what made me suspicious—wouldn't it you? It made it look as if that pair were working together to put up a job on us. I don't like to think bad of anybody, but that's how it looked to me when I got studying it over, and that's why I'm glad to tell you some more about Mr. Letellier; he proved himself to be a gentleman.

Last spring it just so happened that I was out of a job, and was watching the papers for something, and I ran across this ad:

> Light and Artistic Employment in the privacy of Your Own Home. Big Profits and Easy Work. No Experience required. We show How!

Well, I am light and artistic and when it comes to staying home from work—I mean to work—and making big profits, why, don't argue; I'd like it, wouldn't you?

I went down to the address given, which was a rear office on the second floor over a steamfitter's. A young lady—a blonde; and I like them—took me in hand and told me that the home work was to make oil paintings by a new and infallible process, and she asked me if I had ever done any painting. Well—hah!—had I? I told her to forget some little pictures she had there and brought her to the window and showed her buildings. And she said I had great talent and would qualify.

This was how they made the paintings: they pasted a photograph on glass and scraped the paper from the back, and then when they painted the exposed film, why, the colors showed right through. She said this laid all over the old style, and I had to agree with her.

She then asked me for a dollar, and I gave it to her, and she went to call the proprietor, saying he would give me a lesson. She got the dollar from me for this lesson before telling me it was going to cost me fifty dollars for an outfit before I could start in to make the big profits. I wanted to hear more about the fifty dollars, and I was waiting for her to come back when the curtains opened and in walked the proprietor—and who was he? Exactly.

"Well, well, Mr. Letellier!" I said, reaching down and getting his hand. "Where you been keeping yourself? What's the matter you haven't been over to see us? Well, you'll be glad to hear we saved that picture for you. You can still have it. I offered it to the Museum of Art and they wouldn't buy it. Mr. Dillon of the museum told me to accept your offer of a thousand dollars."

"The deuce he did," said Mr. Letellier. "Well, I'm not buying it."

"Well, if you don't want it," said I, "you're disappointing me, but I can't blame you. You were going to sell it to the museum, weren't you? Ah, you rogue. All right, forget it, and I'll call Mr. Dillon at once and tell him you don't want to buy it."

"What's the idea of calling anybody?" he said, fretting. "Come inside here, Spilett."

I walked in, and the next thing I knew he had me backed up against the wall and was showing me his fist. "You see that, you shrimp!" he said. "Blackmail me, will you? Set your man Dillon on me if I don't give you a thousand dollars!"

"What is this?" I said, throwing him off and feinting at him. "Don't do that, Mr. Letellier. I might think you meant it."

He sat down, breathing out loud.

"Come and see me next week, Spilett, and I'll give you your money."

"I don't want to sell you the picture at all now, Mr. Letellier," said I. "Not after the way you acted. I'll call up Mr. Dillon—"

"See here, I'll give you a check for the money."

"You never can tell about a check," said I. "It might be stopped. Well, I won't harbor ill feelings; I'll sell it to you."

"You got me, Spilett," said he, throwing up his hands. "Miss Fitzhervey! Get the cash box. I'll give you all the cash I have on hand, Spilett, and that's four hundred dollars, and I'll bring you the rest tomorrow night."

I took his word for it and went home with the four hundred dollars; but, do you know, he didn't show up the next night? And when I went down to bring him the picture, I found his office closed, and the steamfitter said it was for rent.

So that left Mrs. Spilett and I with the picture and four hundred dollars, and we didn't know what to do; we didn't want anything wasn't ours, did we? I called up Mr. Dillon, with Mrs. Spilett sitting right there, and told him the case and asked his advice as a man more familiar with these art deals.

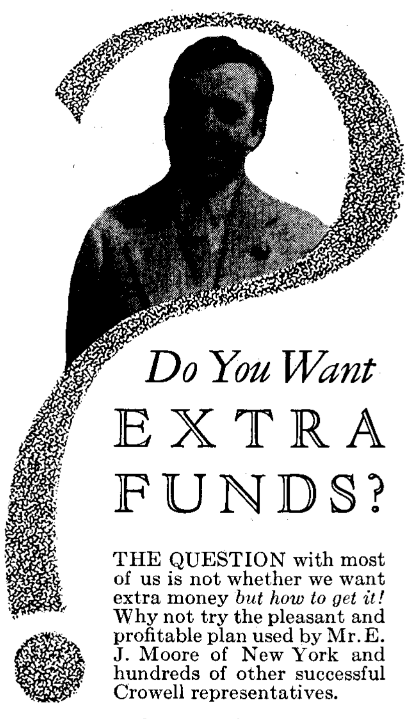
"Your problem, Mr. Spilett," said Mr. Dillon after mulling it over, "would stump a Philadelphia lawyer, but I'll venture an opinion. You and Mrs. Spilett can keep the four hundred and you can keep the picture until Mr. Sanzio calls for it."

"Thank you, Mr. Dillon," said I, pleased. "But one thing more—Hello—Mr. Dillon, I saw a sample or two of the new art-painting down in Mr. Letellier's office and they were mighty like our picture. I wouldn't want to accuse anybody, but—"

"You surprise me, Spilett," said Mr. Dillon. "Don't impute to people when you don't have to. Mr. Letellier, as far as you know, has acted honestly; he offered you a thousand dollars for the picture, and when he was asked to make good, he tried to."

THAT might go for Mr. Letellier, but not for Sanzio. There was something funny about him or he would have come back, and I think he was nothing but a swindler; wouldn't you? But we were too many for him.

That's that; and it's just for instance. What I really wanted to speak to you about was coming over to our shoppe; if you don't want to make a special trip, drop in some Sunday evening when you're caught in the line waiting for the ferry, and have a look around, will you? You'll see something. No hot dogs, false faces or puzzles; but paper-cutters, door-blocks, flasks, punk sticks, bath salts, shakers, back-scratchers, writing paper—everything, so long as it's Arte!



Do You Want

EXTRA FUNDS?

THE QUESTION with most of us is not whether we want extra money *but how to get it!* Why not try the pleasant and profitable plan used by Mr. E. J. Moore of New York and hundreds of other successful Crowell representatives.

JUST AS they are doing, you may earn $1.50 or more an hour in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Write for free supplies, *today!* Look over this attractive offer at our expense.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-109
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How can I earn extra money in spare time?

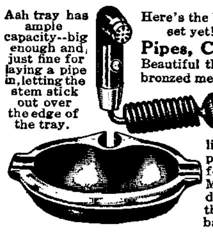
Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

Town……………………………………

State……………………………………

SMOKERS!



Ash tray has ample capacity--big enough and, just fine for laying a pipe in, letting the stem stick out over the edge of the tray.

Here's the best smoker's electric lighter set yet! Only lighter that lights **Pipes, Cigars and Cigarettes.** Beautiful thick, black onyxite glass or bronzed metal tray; lighter stem is of black bakelite. When not in use lighter slips into position in slot in side of tray. You'll like this sturdy, attractive and practical outfit. Only $3.75 for complete set, delivered. Makes a fine gift. At your dealer's, or send $1.00 and pay the balance on arrival. Money back any time if not happy over your purchase.

Sunbeam SMOKER'S SET

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5522 Roosevelt Road, Chicago
40 Years Making Quality Products

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

MEDITERRANEAN

27th CRUISE Jan. 31 $600-$1500

By palatial new S. S. "LAURENTIC," 19,000 tons; Madeira, Canary Islands, Spain (Granada), Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Stamboul, 12 days in Egypt and Palestine; Italy, Riviera, Southampton, Cherbourg, New York.

Summer Cruise, June 29, S. S. "Calgaric", North Cape, $550 up; July, 4, S. S. "Laurentic", Mediterranean—Europe—Norway, $660 up. Easter Cruise, April 2, Bermuda.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

RADIO FREE CATALOG

BUY DIRECT. SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2

Amazing radio bargains. Latest 1931 Super Screen Grid electric and battery operated radios, beautiful cabinets. $49.95 and up complete. Users and agents wanted. Write quick. Midwest Radio Corp., Miraco Dept. 822, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

TREAT that corn intelligently

Why torture yourself by slicing or digging at a throbbing corn? Why let it cut down your quota of exercise and oxygen? Or rob your walking of pleasure and comfort?

Gentle, reliable Blue-jay will end the pain instantly . . . protect the sore spot from pressure . . . turn you foot-loose while it destroys the corn's structure.

The *safe* 3-day *treatment* for banishing corns, Blue-jay leaves nothing to chance or guesswork. It is simple, complete, self-contained, easily applied, bath-proof.

Afterwards, to guard tender tissues and restore them to normal, pop on a Protect-O-Pad, Blue-jay's wonderful *new* comfort-partner. A velvet-soft, oval shield, it also prevents coming corns. At all druggists. Blue-jay 25 cents (In Canada 35 cents); Protect-O-Pads 35 cents.

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
PROTECT-O-PADS
LIQUID BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

Aladdins of the Test Tubes

Continued from page 20

the coal without breaking it up into billions of fine particles. His cornstalk cartridges vindicated him; the coal was lying on the floor of the mine in fine lumps—prime coal for the market with little or none wasted in dust and small pieces.

And now, as a result, the cornstalk is coming into the field of explosives and the coal industry is waking up to the fact that it no longer need shoot down three tons of dust for every ton of lump. It so happens that the old industry is hard pressed by fuel oil and other competitors, so that the cornstalk explosive comes to it like an unexpected check from home.

Coal in Bottles

The modern Aladdin who went to Alabama's fields of cotton fared even better. He traipsed among the weevils, boll and otherwise, till he got a first-hand smattering of cotton-raising, and then got busy with his questions.

"What's that?" he asked a farmer who was coming out of a cottonseed oil mill. The chemist pointed to a drab pile of something on the ground.

"Mister," replied the farmer, "them's cottonseed hulls. They's what's left when the oil's squeezed out o' the cottonseed."

"What are they used for?"

The farmer grinned. Here, indeed, was a greenhorn.

"Huh?" he asked.

"Those cottonseed hulls," persisted the chemist. "What do you do with them?"

"Oh, we jes' leave 'em there. Some are sold for feedin' cattle but they don't take to 'em none. An' some little's used for fertilizer. But mos'ly we jes' leave 'em where they lie."

"Worth anything?"

"No, suh; not hardly."

Thus cottonseed hulls became the chemist's mutton. He spent hours unnumbered with them, asked endless questions and developed into a local nuisance. The natives thought him undernourished above the eyebrows but humored him. And when he had learned all he wanted to know about cottonseed hulls he went to work with test tubes and beakers and Bunsen burners and crucibles and acids and his other whatnots, did his stuff, rubbed his hands and waited.

Presto! As expected, the genii floated up from the cottonseed hulls! Floated up in the form of a rare and wonderful sugar, pure and non-fattening. Known only in a few chemical laboratories up to that time, it was called xylose and fetched one hundred dollars a pound. Aladdin began to manufacture it at a cost of a few cents a pound, or about a thousandth part of its previous selling price.

It was not a chemist, but apparently a man chemically inclined, who first thought of dyeing these same hulls grass color, and behold what the resultant synthetic greens of miniature golf courses have done to our sporting life!

The chap who went to the dairy region got chummy with the vitamins in milk. He discovered that if the milk containing them were boiled very quickly and cooled rapidly, the vitamins didn't have time to get going and the milk lost virtually none of its food value. But if he razzed them by a long, slow tedious boiling and a languid cooling, every blessed vitamin just got up and went away.

With that knowledge he worked out formulas for pasteurizing and canning milk. His research put new manufacturing processes into effect and brought food of greater value to the public. The benefits thus brought about cannot be estimated in terms of dollars.

These government activities, however, are merely bugle calls to the regiments and divisions of chemists engaged in private research. All over the United States—indeed, all over the globe—there are racing pell-mell to nature's kits of secrets. Take Mr. Shigeru Komatso, noted Japanese chemist, and his work on coal, for instance.

Mr. Komatso has made a long study of solids and liquids. He is inclined to believe that practically everything solid can be converted into liquid form. Time, heat and pressure generally are the chief tools necessary to work the change. There are exceptions, of course, but coal isn't one of them.

Hence Mr. Komatso has succeeded in converting solid coal into liquid coal. A report of his latest experiments, brought to this country not long ago, says that the conversion is accomplished under high pressure and by driving off the oxygen in the solid coal, leaving carbon and hydrogen. A great many persons in the coal trade are looking Japanward at his experiments and if his process isn't too costly, he can virtually have Pennsylvania as a swap for his secret.

Over in Germany, where the chemists stand near the top of the whole world in their profession, they are going about the coal problem in a somewhat different way. They are not trying to make liquid coal there, but accomplish much the same effect by grinding the coal into powder so fine that it flows like a stream.

Many carloads of this finely powdered coal, leaving virtually no ashes and forming no clinkers whatever, were used during six months of last year on the government-owned railway system. It was an eye-opener for economy and efficiency. Americans have been experimenting for years with pulverized coal but thus far they appear to have fallen short of the marvelous effects obtained with it by the Germans.

Rocky Road to Oil

The German Aladdins seem to have been magnetized by the possibilities locked up in coal. Not long ago, for instance, there was an epidemic of suicides and fatal accidents from coal-gas poisoning in the households of a prospering German community. The head of the local gas company asked Herr Harald Kemmer, a noted chemist, to help end the loss of life.

"See what you can do," the gas man requested, "to take the carbon monoxide poison out of coal gas."

Herr Kemmer went to work. He built special apparatus and made special tests. In time he worked out a way of washing the carbon monoxide, deadliest of subtle vapors, out of the coal gas by means of acids and alkalis used under pressure. How he did it has not been made known generally. The cost of his process varies between twelve and twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet of gas, according to the methods necessary.

One of the really big secrets still locked up in nature's private vault relates to the vast deposits of oil in shale. Shale is a rock which abounds throughout the world and in many sections it is saturated with oil. Nobody has found a way yet to unlock the oil from the

(*Continued on page 68*)

TOM MIX
$5.50 EACH

WARMTH

Make sure it's the

ORIGINAL GUARANTEED
BUCK SKEIN
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF
JACKET

Wind, Snow and Rain Proof

I have kept warm in a Buck Skein Jacket in weather so cold that the mercury nearly dropped out of the thermometer. My new and improved double-weight Buck Skein Jacket is woven so tight that the heat of your body is locked *in* and the biting cold is shut *out.*

And as for wear—Buck Skein wears like saddle leather—it's that tough. Yet, the Buck Skein Jacket is as soft as velvet—handsome enough to sport at a swell country club, and husky enough to wear in a trench.

No matter how dirty and grimy you get your Buck Skein, it washes beau-ti-fully. No fading, no shrinking, and a written Gold Bond Guarantee tags along with each Buck Skein.

Even after repeated washings, the pure wool belt snaps back into shape. Two oversize flap pockets; double-stitched seams; buttons sewed on to stay on; color Buck Skin tan or Elephant grey; adjustable double-button cuffs keep out the wind. The natty notched collar can be turned up high, protecting your neck from snow, wind and rain. Rain proof and wind proof.

BUCK SKEIN SHIRT $3.50

Big and roomy, of course, with two large flap pockets; coat style; collar attached; color Buck Skin tan and Elephant grey. Looks like a million dollars and wears like a steel plough.

Keep the whole family well by keeping them warm in Buck Skein clothing. Smart, chic and stylish Buck Skein sport coats in all shades for the wife, and comfy Buck Skein playsuits for the kiddies. Your dealer carries the Buck Skein line, but insist on this name—Buck Skein—so you are sure you get the genuine.

If your dealer is all sold out, mail me the coupon below, enclosing the price of your Buck Skein Shirt or Jacket, and I will send yours prepaid myself.

Buck Skein Joe

LUSTBERG, NAST & CO., INC., *Makers*
Dept. W-10, 331 Broadway, New York City

See that I get (*Check Here*)
A Buck Skein Shirt at $3.50 ☐
A Buck Skein Jacket at $5.50 ☐
And a copy of "Purple Nate" free with either.

Neck Band Size............
Here's my check or money order ☐

Name..........................

Address ....
(City) (State)

NASSAU (Bahamas)

The Ideal Vacation Land

Swim from coral tinted beaches—dance in a world-famous tropical garden—golf on a superb course—tennis on championship courts—sail on opalescent seas.

The New Colonial Hotel —modern, luxurious, facing the sea, opens early in the season.

The Royal Victoria Hotel —quaint, charming, is open the year round.

A weekly service is maintained on large luxurious Munson liners. 60 hours from New York. Overnight from Miami. No passports required.

For hotel and steamer reservations, write

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES ▸

67 Wall St., New York

AMERICAN PRINTED STATIONERY

200 note sheets (size 6 x 7) and 100 envelopes—all neatly printed with your name and address (as described over Station W L W). All orders filled immediately. Your money returned if you are not thoroughly pleased. Try a box of this world-famous, high quality stationery. *"You'll never be sorry."*

$1.00 POSTPAID

LISTEN to the humorous and enlightening observations on "events of the day" by Frederick Landis in his amusing program, "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday at 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time over station WLW

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.

100 Park Ave. PERU INDIANA

Don't PEEL POTATOES

Agents! This is brand new! Going like wild-fire! Offers a real chance for $100 a week. Spare-time and full-time sales plans offered. Jump in on the ground floor. Write quick for big-money plans and Free Outfit offer.

AN amazing new automatic invention now makes potatoes peel themselves! No more paring knives! No cut fingers! No mess, muss or waste! Here's something every woman understands and wants the instant she even *hears* about it. A mechanical marvel, almost incredibly small and simple, yet does more than ten pairs of hands! Peels the biggest potato in only a few seconds at the mere turn of a crank! Costs little more than a couple of good paring knives. Pays for itself many times over in saving on potatoes. Test it yourself at once. Write now. Ask quick for Introductory Offer.

GUARANTY PRODUCTS CO., Dept. P-140
Francis Bldg., Washington at 16th St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Home-Study Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. **Free 64-Page Books Tell How.** Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Mod. Salesmanship
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Rail. Station Mgm't
☐ Law: Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Mgm't
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Telegraphy
☐ Business Mgm't
☐ Railway Accounting
☐ Business Corres.
☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Mgm't
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy—Stenog'y
☐ Paper Salesman's Training

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1040-R, Chicago

GREEDY FURNACES Cured At Last!

New Kind of Spring Bronze Weatherstrip SAVES COAL!

Many a furnace has been condemned for wasting fuel when cracks around doors and windows were really to blame. They let cold in and heat out—temperature drops—more coal must be burned to restore comfort. Red-D-Ply, a new type spring bronze weatherstrip seals cracks tight often reducing fuel bills ⅓ to ½! Guaranteed to save own cost in two winters. DISTRIBUTORS: Representatives needed everywhere to supply market. Up to $5,000 a year easily possible. Write for information stating whether interested in selling or for own use.

THE RED-D-PLY COMPANY
Dept. P-41, 1531 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

(*Continued from page 67*)

rock at a cost that would put it on the market at or near present prices. Eventually, when the oil reserves of the world which we now are using so fast are depleted, we will come to shale oil for its gasoline and other mineral oils. And there is enough shale oil in the state of Colorado alone, the government estimates, to last the entire world for nearly five hundred years at the present rate of consumption.

Recently a group of Australian chemists built a long, rambling metal container. At appropriate intervals along the top they punched holes into which they fitted pipes. Then they heated the whole contraption. One end they kept relatively cool, the other they made hot as a vixen's wrath. An endless conveyor of asbestos-like material, traveling at the rate of a mile or so a year, makes a trip from the cool to the ardent end of the container.

Dollars to Cents

Oil-bearing shale is loaded on this conveyor. As it proceeds leisurely into the torrid zones, the oils are vaporized by the heat. The vapors are piped off through the holes in the top and are distilled.

When the shale reaches the end of its sizzling journey it has given up all the oil it ever possessed. And the cunning Australians have caught it, distilled it and bottled or barreled it.

Being canny, they are not saying anything, except about the cost, but the wise men of the oil business the world over are pricking up their ears and turning their eyes to the antipodes. If that Anzac crowd really has found a way to get shale oil cheaply they can write their own price on the tag.

Speaking of oil, one is reminded of one of the outstanding miracles of chemical research last year. The president of a chemical company in Alabama was sitting at his desk one day when the telephone rang.

"Hello," a voice came over the wire, "this is the Blank Oil Company. We hear you make all sorts of chemicals; is it true?"

"Sure," replied the president. "What do you want?"

"Diphenyl; can use carloads at the right price. How about it?"

"What did you say it was?" asked the president, who had never heard of the stuff before. "Spell it."

They spelled it for him, asked him to get busy, and hung up the phone. The president stepped out to the laboratory.

"What in blue blazes," he asked, "is diphenyl?"

They looked it up and found it was a rare chemical costing about forty dollars a pound. After considerable effort they located a pound of it at the Eastman laboratories at Rochester, New York, and bought it.

"Get busy with it," the president ordered. "The Blank Oil Company wants it by the trainload."

During the next few weeks his chemists were exclusively diphenyl-conscious. They hammered it, ground it, burnt it, melted it, bit it, tested it, and finally wore it down to the point where it gave up its secret.

"Six atoms of carbon and five of hydrogen; that's what I am," it groaned from the crucible. "Rare, costly, wonderful."

The Alabama Aladdins climbed the chemical family tree looking for diphenyl's kith and kin. Its nearest relative, they found, was common old everyday benzene. That, too, was carbon and hydrogen—six atoms of each. It contained only one more atom of hydrogen in its make-up than did diphenyl.

"We'll make it so hot for that extra atom of hydrogen that it'll have to leave the benzene," said the chemists. "Then we'll have diphenyl."

Literally, that is just what they did. They built a hot fire under the benzene, using proper precautions, of course, and made it so hot that the extra atom of hydrogen winged its departure in disgust. Then there were only five little hydrogen atoms left. And that was diphenyl.

The president then called up the oil company.

"Ready with your diphenyl," he said. "How much do you want?"

"Oh, a couple of carloads," came the mocking reply. "How soon can we get it and what'll it cost?"

"Three weeks from today and forty cents a pound, in the order named," the president replied.

They are still grinning about that answer. The oil people didn't have the faintest idea that the trick could be turned; didn't dream that the stuff could be made at a hundredth part of its laboratory price. But they were soon disillusioned. They got their order right on the nail and they've been getting trainloads of it ever since.

What do they use it for? Well, you'd be surprised.

They use it as a substitute for steam when they want to heat their lubricating oils to high temperatures, as they have to do in their processing.

Put water in a boiler and shoot the temperature up to dizzy heights. The pressure on the boiler soon becomes terrific.

Put diphenyl in the boiler instead and turn on the heat. At five hundred degrees it doesn't exert an ounce of pressure. It's just hot and stolid, and it lasts forever. Because of the saving in boiler construction and in other ways, diphenyl at forty cents a pound—the price now, I believe, is falling under quantity production—is supplanting water at nothing a pound in certain industries.

Anything can happen in this fascinating realm of applied chemical research. That is proved, for anything has happened. Take, for instance, another Alabama illustration.

Theodore Swann, young engineer, was making ferro-phosphorus in an electric furnace some years ago. The fumes escaping from his smokestack spread over the neighborhood. They killed vegetation and gave the air an edge that cut like a knife when it entered the lungs.

"Hey!" protested the residents. "Cut it out!"

A Profitable Nuisance

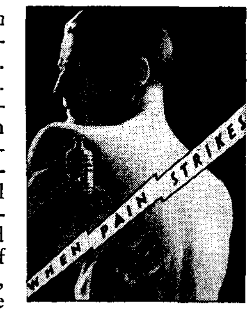
Mr. Swann got busy. What was it that had got the neighbors' dander up? The answer was easy—phosphorus fumes. How could he stop the nuisance? To ingenious youth that, too, was easy.

He would catch the fumes inside the smokestack, imprison them and distill them. Thus he would rid the air of the nuisance and at the same time would get some sort of phosphoric acid from his still. He did it—and with surprising results.

The phosphoric acid that flowed from the spigot of his still was pure and cheap. And the world hungered for pure, cheap phosphoric acid. It used the chemical in hundreds of ways. In one form it comes on most dining tables in the land. The proper amount, rightly prepared, makes wheat flour self-rising.

Within an incredibly short time—a few weeks—young Swann had captured the entire phosphoric trade of the American milling industry and had laid the basis for a fortune that has mounted into the millions.

Your Pains Call for BET-U-LOL

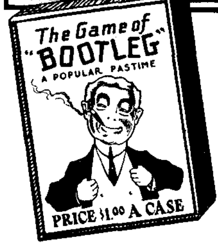


WHEN pain strikes, congestion blocks recovery. Break congestion. Break it quickly—easily—safely—with Bet-U-Lol, the marvelous external application. Bet-U-Lol penetrates. This wonderful green liquid gets to the seat of rheumatic pain, works on the source of lumbago, sciatica and neuritis. Thus it acts to dispel inflammation and stimulate circulation in the painful area. Thus it hastens permanent relief.

A bottle of Bet-U-Lol serves many uses. A remarkable treatment for throat and chest colds, for the bumps and bruises of childhood, the periodic pains of womanhood. Your druggist knows! The Huxley Laboratories, Inc., 175 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

BET-U-LOL

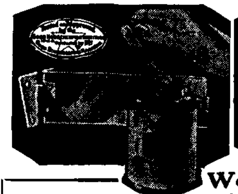
Play the New Card Game BOOTLEG



A THRILL EVERY MINUTE!

There's a big kick in BOOTLEG—the game with a thousand thrills. The Wets and Drys are in it—also bootleggers, hijackers, holdup men and killers, with the sheriffs, police chiefs and judges hot after them. It's a great game—thrills and laughs from start to finish! Get BOOTLEG today at your department store or drug store—$1 per case. Mailed postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

BOOTLEG PLAYING CARD CO.
513 Leib St. Detroit, Mich.



New Kind Of Can Opener

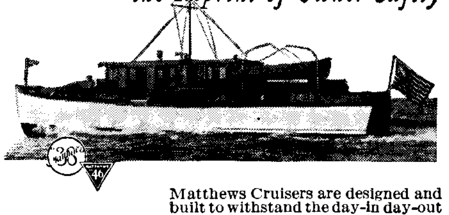
Works Like Magic!

AGENTS Men and Women make up to $6 and $8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST offer.

At last! An **automatic**, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top, leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write to-day for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.,
Dept. M-1274, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Husky Performance Stamps Every MATTHEWS With the Imprint of Owner Safety



Matthews Cruisers are designed and built to withstand the day-in day-out grind of long distance cruising. They are *extremely staunch, rugged, beautifully* appointed, with a world of room aboardship. Their spirited grace and buoyant riding action is a revelation in fine cruiser performance. They can be navigated and controlled by a novice...are dry, safe, responsive and fast. Seasoned by 39 years of boat building experience Matthews Cruisers meet every need for huskiness in a fine boat, coupled with rare good looks and unexcelled cabin luxuries. Built in 38 and 46 foot sizes with speeds ranging from 15 to 30 miles per hour, you have the liberal choice of ten trim models to match every cruising and commuting need afloat. Learn for yourself how competently a Matthews will answer every cruising emergency...fit your own ideals of desirability and privacy. Write for detailed information or consult your nearest Matthews dealer today.

Send me the details on Matthews Cruisers today.

THE MATTHEWS COMPANY
318 Bay Side Port Clinton, Ohio

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 9

to his interrogator. Their glances locked.

"What might you mean by 'on the dodge'?"

"Anybody particular lookin' for you?"

"I daresay. More than one man."

"So I thought. Friend, you have the cut, the eye, the movement, the hand of a gun-fighter. I happen to know the brand."

"Yes? Well, if that's so I hope it isn't against me in Utah."

Here Hays, who had heard this bit of dialogue, interposed both with person and speech:

"Wall, thet's agin a man anywhere in the West, generally. So many damn' fools wantin' to try you out! But I reckon it's a ticket for my outfit."

"Your outfit," declared rather than questioned Wall, as if to corroborate the robber's direct statement of something definite.

"Shore. Don't mind Brad. He's a curious, blunt sort of cuss. Let's go an' eat. . . . Fellers, we'll see you later."

WALL followed Hays into a back room, where a buxom woman greeted them heartily and waved them to seats at a table.

"Red's woman, an' she shore can cook," said Hays. "Wal, fall to."

No more was said during the meal. At its conclusion Jim Wall had to guard himself against the feeling of well-being resulting from a full stomach.

"Have a cigar?" offered Hays.

"Don't care if I do."

"Wal, let's go out an' talk before we join the other fellers," suggested Hays. They returned to the big room. It was empty except for Red, who was filling a lamp.

"They've all gone down to meet the stage. It's overdue now."

"Stage! From where?"

"West, so set easy," laughed Hays. "Thet one from east won't git in till—wal, now, let me see what day this is."

"Saturday."

"Wal, so it is. Then it gits in next Wednesday. By thet time you won't be here."

"No? Where will I be, since you seem to know?"

"You may be in the garden of Eden, eatin' peaches," retorted Hays. "See here, Wall, you're a testy cuss. Any reason why you can't be a good feller?"

"Come to think of that, yes, there is," returned Wall, thoughtfully.

"All right. Thanks for thet much. I reckon I understand you better. An' I don't want to know why," he said, with deliberation. He kicked the smoldering fire, and picking up a chip, he lighted his cigar, puffing clouds of smoke. "Aahh! Makes me think of a store I used to run in West Virginia, years ago. . . . What were you, Wall, once upon a time?"

Wall laughed musingly. "A country school teacher once, for a while, before I was twenty."

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned!" ejaculated Hays. "It do beat hell what a man can be, at different times in his life. But I'm concerned with now. An' I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Fire away."

"You didn't hold it agin me thet I held up the old geezer at the ferry?"

"No. He was about the stingiest man I ever ran across."

"All right. Would you have done thet yourself?"

"Possibly."

"All right. I'd have done it without provocation. Does thet make any particular difference to you?"

"Not any—in particular. It's none of my business."

"Wal, make it your business."

"Hays, you're beating around the bush," returned Wall, deliberately. "Come clean with it."

"I reckoned so," mused Hays, eying his cigar and flicking off the ashes with a slow finger. Then he veered his gaze to the brightening embers in the fire.

Wall felt that this was the first really unguarded moment Hays had showed, although he had appeared nothing if not sincere. It somehow defined his status, if not his caliber.

"You said you was broke?" Hays began.

"I will be when I pay for this night's lodging."

"Thet's on me. I'll stake you to some money. You'll want to set in the game with us?"

"Any strings on a loan?"

"Hardly thet. With me, it's come easy, go easy."

"Thanks, then. I'll take fifty dollars. That'll do me until I can get located."

"Wal, friend, the string is thet I want to locate you."

"Bend over here, so I can get your ear," went on Hays, confidentially, and when Wall had complied he said: "I run true to form today when I held up thet Mormon. But it was a blunder, considerin' the iron I have in the fire. If he wasn't a Mormon, I'd feel uncomfortable about thet. . . . Now, listen. Lately I've got in with a rancher over here in the Henry Mountains. He's an Englishman with more money than sense. Fact is, he's rich an' crazy as a bedbug. It's beautiful country an' he got stuck on it. Bought ten thousand head of cattle an' a lot of hosses. There's some tough cowboy outfits over there, an' more'n one real rustler outfit. Wal, this Englishman—his name is Herrick—got the idee of hirin' all the hands available, cowpunchers, range-riders, gun-toters an' plain out-an'-out bad men. An' to throw this select outfit agin the whole country. What do you think of thet idee?"

"Original, to say the least. But not practical, unless he can reform bad men," replied Wall, much interested.

"WAL, exactly. But I'm not concerned with the practicability of it. Herrick took a shine to me, made me what he calls his superintendent, an' sent me off all over lookin' for hard-shootin', hard-ridin' men. An' thet's how you happened to run into me. I call it good luck for us both."

"You've taken me for one of the hard-shooting, hard-riding kind, eh?"

"Shore. I only need to clap eyes on a man. . . . An' don't overlook, Wall, thet I'm not askin' questions."

"I haven't missed that. Go on."

"Wal, I want you in my outfit," resumed Hays. "Brad didn't cotton to you, I seen first off. But he's a gun-thrower himself, a suspicious, jealous, queer sort, as most of them fellers air. He's done for I don't know how many ambitious-to-be killers. All the same he's in my outfit an' I reckon you might get along. It's Heeseman who sticks in my craw."

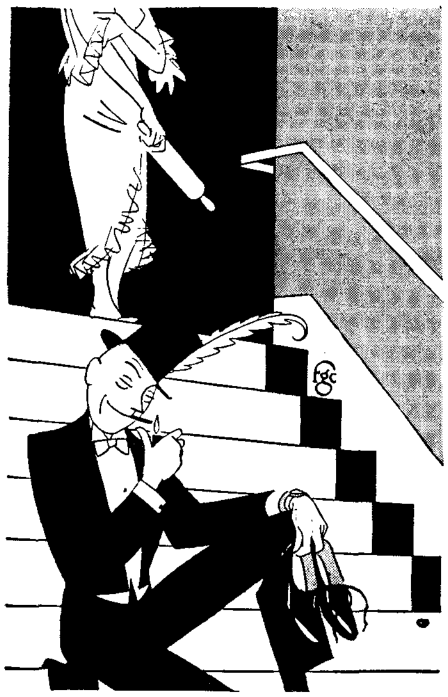
"Heeseman. Who's he?"

"You'll take this as confidence, in case you don't want to throw in with me?" queried Hays, earnestly.

"Yes. I'll regard it all that way."

"Wal, Heeseman is the rustler of Dragon Canyon. None of the ranchers even 'round here know thet, but *I* know

(*Continued on page 70*)



When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

BETWEEN • THE • ACTS

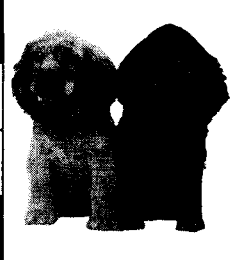
LITTLE CIGARS

BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS
© P. Lorillard Co.

10 FOR 15¢

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

IN BLACK AND WHITE



How to keep your DOG well ~

IF your dog is listless, feverish, off feed, has dull, watery eyes—these are danger-signals. *Heed them at once.* He needs Sergeant's Special Medicine and should receive all the care and attention you can give him.

A Famous Dog Book Free ' ' '

For complete information on how to care for dogs, write for a *free* copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains information on the care, feeding and diseases of dogs. A new edition is now ready. 48 pages, illustrated. *Write for your copy.* Our veterinarian will advise you about your dog without cost.

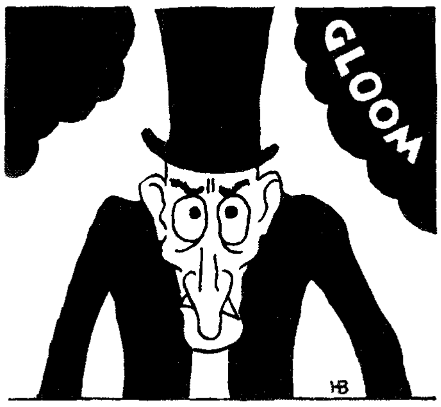
Give your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1399 W. Broad Street : Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*



A TIP TO HEARSE-DRIVERS

It has been forced to our attention that the world is full of gloomy fellows whose only satisfaction is in never being satisfied. Many of them are writing sad, pitiful novels. Others are painting mystic, angular pictures designed to immortalize on canvas the truth that all is lost save honor. To these fellows a flower is only a hiding-place for a bee.

With the kindest intentions in the world, we offer such chronic mourners this bit of paternal advice: Never, never try shaving with an Enders razor. It is ruinous to any man who makes his living by being gloomy. When you're used to a shave which confirms your belief that the world's all wrong, avoid the Enders as you would a plague. For when you take the little thing in your finger-tips and let it float through your whiskers you may get a little pleasure out of it, despite yourself.

MUTTER
MUTTER

As for the Enders blades, they're bad offenders, too. Hunt as you will, you can't find a dull one to mutter about. They're much too keen to satisfy a believer in Utter Disillusionment.

It's sad, isn't it? This week a few more thousands of shavers will buy Enders razors and be cheerful every morning. Ah me! Ah me! Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders

RAZOR

The Hair Test

New Enders Razor
with 6 blades $1.00. Blades, 5 for 35c. If you can not find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Fall Holiday Cruises
to or from
CALIFORNIA
thru PANAMA CANAL
via HAVANA

Your cruising home—a new 33,000-ton electric liner—*Pennsylvania, Virginia* or *California.* You visit Havana—pass thru the gigantic Panama Canal—go ashore for sightseeing at Panama City, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco. 5,500 miles in 13 days.

Thousands have discovered that this trip is a wonderful holiday cruise at any time of year, and particularly now...Fall weather on the Recreation Route is mild, yet bracing. Fortnightly sailings. The trip every American counts on taking.

Apply for the interesting booklet "My Trip Through the Panama Canal." Address Panama Desk, No. 1 Broadway, New York; also 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized S.S. or R.R. Agents.

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE IMM

Panama Pacific Line
• ALL NEW STEAMERS •
International Mercantile Marine Company

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

After.. Smoking

When your throat tickles, you will enjoy your next smoke more after a Bunte Cough Drop. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS MENTHOL HOREHOUND 5¢ COUGH DROPS

BUNTE BROTHERS
CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 69*)

it. He's got a small outfit, but shore enough bad. An' in some way he got wind of Herrick's scheme. Damn me if he didn't pack over to the Henrys with his outfit an' start ridin' for him."

"Heeseman saw the same opportunity as you?" queried Wall, quietly.

"Wal, yes, I was comin' to thet," resumed Hays, gruffly. "I got the upper hand, though, an' I'll be the boss. Thet'll lead to friction, shore as hell. There'll be two factions sooner or later, an' the sooner thet fight comes off the better."

"I see. Less of a division of spoils."

"Wall, I'm no rustler," snapped Hays, annoyed.

"Excuse me. If it isn't impertinent, may I ask just what you are?"

"Ever hear of Henry Plummer?"

"Can't remember if I did."

"WAL, Plummer flourished some ten an' more years ago, first in Montana an' later in Idaho. He was the greatest robber the West ever developed. Educated man of good family, born in the East. But the gold fever called an' he was not the kind of a man to dig. He operated on the placer mines. Was an officer of the law while he was head of the biggest robber gang the frontier ever knew. From Bannock to Lewiston he kept the miners, the stages, the Wells Fargo in terror for years. . . . Wal, I seen Plummer hanged. I was one of his gang, a young man then in years."

"Thanks for the confidence, Hays," returned Wall, in surprise. "You must have strong interest in me to tell that."

"Shore I have. But I don't care to be classed as a rustler."

"Too low down, eh? Well, then, what's your plan with Herrick?"

"It certainly ain't any two-bit cattle stealin'. . . . However, thet's not the point between you an' me. What I want to know is, will you take a job in my outfit?"

"That depends, Hays," returned Wall, ponderingly.

"Any scruples about it? Remember, I come clean with you."

"No. I broke jail in Cheyenne."

"What was you in for?"

"Shot a man. They were goin' to hang me."

"Ahuh. Was thet square?"

"I didn't think so. . . . Had to kill the jailer to get out."

"When was all this, Wall?"

"Some years ago."

"An' since then?"

"Been shooting my way out of one jam after another. I just couldn't steer clear. So I've come far out West where no one ever heard of me."

"Much obliged," replied Hays, feelingly. "I feel better, now you've returned the compliment. I've a hunch you haven't sunk to stealin'. Am I right?"

"Not yet. But I've been on the verge often," replied Wall, bitterly.

"Wall, you're a hunted man. You're broke. It's about where you cross the divide."

"ONE more question. What about this Herrick's family?"

"Wal, he ain't got any," rejoined Hays. "We heard somethin' about a sister comin' out, but she never turned up."

"Sister? It'd be a hell of a note if she did."

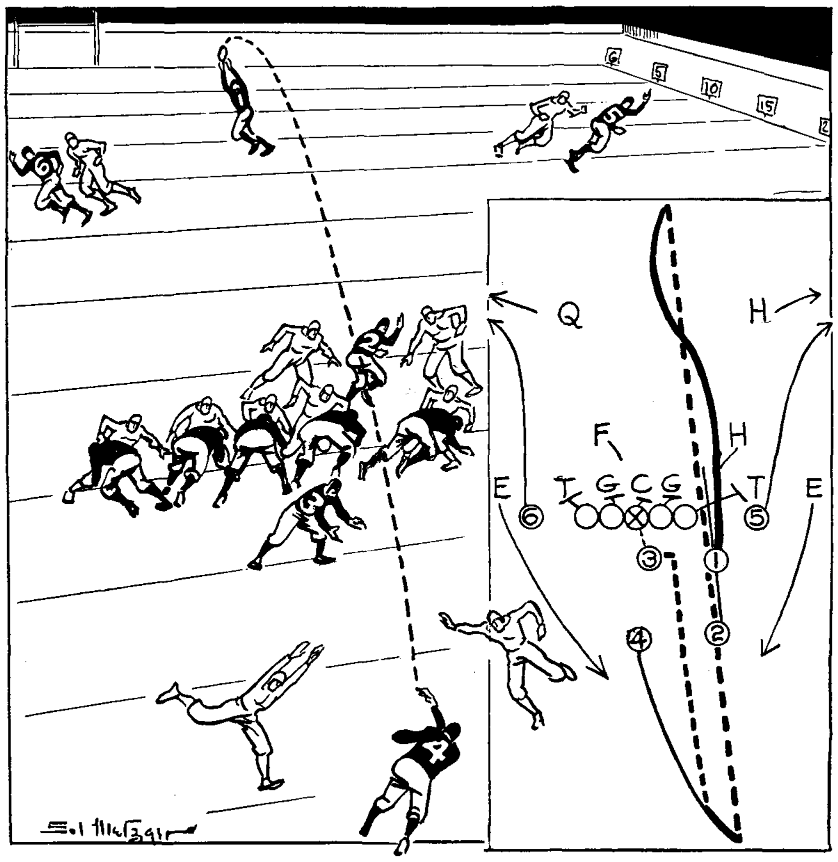
"Wal, this shore ain't no country for women."

It seemed to Jim Wall that this sally completed a definite conscious feeling in his mind toward the self-confessed robber. If it had not been dislike and disgust before, it certainly fixed at that now. Wall sensed a gathering interest in the situation he had happened upon.

A thirst for adventure had played no small part in the event which had started him on his rolling-stone career.

Hays called for drinks and insisted on a handshake which he executed solemnly, as if it were a compact which implied honor even among thieves. Shortly afterwards the saloon gradually began to fill with loud-voiced, heavily-booted men.

Among them were Happy Jack, Lincoln and a giant of a man with a russet beard, whom Hays introduced as Montana. He might have been a miner once, but his hand, which he offered agreeably, was too soft to have been



Purdue Stages a Comeback

By Sol Metzger

DECEPTION plays an important rôle in football. And Jimmy Phelan's Purdue team sorely needed it, starting the final quarter of its first Conference test last season, the Michigan game. There had been a feeling the Boilermakers were primed and ready.

But starting that final quarter the Wolverines were ahead, 16 to 6. Hope seemed lost as Michigan had effectively changed its defense between halves from a diamond-shaped backfield set to a square one to stop Purdue's off-tackle smashes and end runs, plays that had netted five first downs in the opening periods—five more than Michigan itself had made.

But a football game is not over until the last man is downed, the last kick dead. Big Yunevitch got his pile-driving legs under way. His line smash carried along a ton of opponents for twenty yards. A defense swerves over such things.

Three plays later, with the ball on Michigan's thirty-five-yard line, he started on another bull-like stampede. Pest Welch (1) led him through the secondary defense and kept on going. Exactly as before, Johnny White (3), quarterback, went through the motions of handing Yunevitch the ball. Exactly as before, Harmeson (4) faded to the rear, not an unusual move of backs who can be of no aid in a plunge.

That was the decoy, the bait. Michigan hungrily seized it. Behold then the fast flight down-field of the Purdue ends (5 and 6), then out toward their respective side-lines.

This latter move, the tip-off for a forward pass, split the Michigan defense wide open. Its two rear backs of necessity covered these ends. Its two front ones were already engrossed with the lunging Yunevitch, whose arms, to all appearances, hugged the ball.

But the ball went back to Harmeson. And into the wide gap in Michigan's secondary defense streaked a runner—Welch. Five, ten, twenty yards he ran. Then his head turned, his arms went up and into them fell the perfectly thrown forward pass from Harmeson. He was downed ten yards short of a touchdown. Welch was up and the next play saw him rip off-tackle for the score.

Michigan 16, Purdue 12. This was a football game. But this play had cracked Michigan. And then the landslide—three more touchdowns by Purdue. Twenty-four points in the quarter! More than ever before scored on the Wolverines in a like span of time. Shades of "Hurry Up" Yost! Ghost of the old-time point-a-minute machines! Here was a record almost doubling the proudest boast of Michigan athletic lore.

That quarter, and chiefly this deceptive play, was the turn in the tide that swept Purdue through to its first Conference title and put a high price on the head of that gay young deceiver, Jimmy Phelan. He is now coaching at the University of Washington.

Next issue—the forward pass Notre Dame used to beat the Navy, the most bizarre play of 1929.

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thermo
KNITTED COATS

More Stylish
Than a Sweater

Thermo is an attractive looking knitted coat for indoors or outdoors.

Virgin wool or camel's hair fabrics assure exceptional wearing qualities.

Thermo coats have tailored sleeves with regular coat cuffs—loose at the wrists—can't crush shirt sleeves.

See the newest Thermo patterns and colors at your retailers. Look for the Thermo hanger in the neck. Illustrated folder sent on request.

We also make Mercury Coats—
big value at lower prices

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
345 Broadway Dept. C New York

For Indoors or Outdoors

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

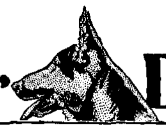
in good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Free Opinion whether it comes within Patent Office Rules. *Prompt, Efficient Service. Easy Payments.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

HEALTH HINTS
for
Your DOG



GLOVER'S
Condition Pills
Liquid Iron Tonic
and Laxative Pills
to keep up a good condition.

GLOVER'S Mange Medicine for treating Sarcoptic Mange. Kills mange mites and germs. An antiseptic, stimulating the healing of inflamed skin.

FREE a valuable, illustrated 104 page treatise—based upon over 50 years experience in the treatment and feeding of dogs.

Write:

GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

lately associated with any kind of hard labor.

By tacit acceptance of a situation not vague to Wall, these men kept off to themselves, and were quiet and observing. Brad Lincoln had the hawk eyes of a man who was not going to be surprised.

Jim Wall sat back with interest and a certain enjoyment long unfamiliar. Saloon and gambling halls were well known to him, from the notorious Dodge City to Kalispell, but he had not seen any like this of Green River, Utah. There was not a typical black-frock-coated gambler present, nor a half-naked dance-hall girl, nor a long-haired four-flush gunman looking for an easy mark to add another notch to his gun.

COWBOYS were conspicuous by their absence, although before supper Wall had seen three. Teamsters, prospectors, cattlemen were there to the number of a dozen, and the others, making a score in all, had to remain problematical to Wall's keen observance. Then a man, undoubtedly a trapper, entered. He wore buckskin and seemed out of place in that crowd. The bartender, Red, did a thriving business, selling only whisky, at four bits a glass.

"Seems to be no lack of money," observed Wall to the watchful Hays. "Where do they get it?"

"Wal, you're surprised, I see. So was I. This burg here is a stage stop for points in Utah an' west. Lots of travel. But there's big cattle ranges off toward the Henrys. South is most Mormons."

"I see. But at that bar there are half a dozen men who are not travelers or ranchers or riders."

"Wal, for thet matter, all men in these diggin's have got to be riders. It's a long way from one waterin' place to another. But you hit into things at thet. There's four or five fellers I never seen before."

"Who's the tall one, with his hat pulled down, so you can only see his black, pointed beard?"

"Thet's Morley. Claims to be a rancher. But if he ain't the boss of the Black Dragon outfit, I'll eat him."

"And the loud fellow—the one with the plaid vest?"

"His name is Stud somethin' or other. Seen him before an' ain't crazy about him."

At this juncture the door slammed open, propelled by a vigorous hand and a stout woman entered with a fierce mien. She had a red shawl tied round her head, and she tramped like a man in heavy boots.

"Sam Butler, you come out of this," she shouted, peremptorily, to a man in the front rank of drinkers. He detached himself with alacrity from his fellows and, amid their boisterous bantering, followed the woman out.

"Now thet's the kind of a wife I oughta had," observed Hays.

"Let's play poker."

"Shore, but not just among ourselves."

"Got any money, Hank?" asked Happy Jack.

"Did you ever see me broke? Brad, go dig up some suckers. But not thet hombre they call Stud. He didn't get thet name playin' solitaire."

There were only two large gaming tables, one of which was in use. Lincoln went among the men to solicit players, returning with Morley and the russet-bearded giant, Montana. There was no formality or greeting between Hays and these men. It was dog eat dog, Wall grasped.

"Make it six-handed. Come an' set in, Wall," said Hays. "Friendly little game of draw. Sky limit."

Wall laughed. "I couldn't play penny ante."

"Wal, I'll stake you."

"No, thanks. I'd rather watch."

"Excuse me, sir, but we don't care for watchers," interposed Morley.

No sooner had they seated themselves than the man Hays had called Stud strode up. He was a little fellow, but forceful, not one who would be good to meet in a narrow, dangerous place.

"Am I bein' left out of this on purpose?" he demanded, and evidently he addressed Hays.

"Lincoln got up the game," replied Hays, coolly, returning glance for glance.

"You ask my friends to set in, an' not me."

"Wal, if you're so damn' keen about it, why set in with us," went on Hays, fingering a deck of cards. "But if you want to know bad, I'm not stuck on playin' with you."

"Mean thet to insult me?" Stud queried, sharply, his right hand rising to the lapel of his open vest. If Wall had not observed the bulge of two guns inside this vest he would have divined from Stud's action that there was one at least. Probably this fellow was a surly, cross-grained type whom contact with the bottle made unreasonable.

"Not at all," replied Hays, leaning back in his chair. That significant movement of Stud's had not been lost upon him. A little cold glint appeared in his pale eyes. "Reckon you're too slick a poker player for Hank Hays. I want a run for my money."

"Slick, eh? Wal, I don't mind bein' called thet. It's a compliment. I've yet to see the gambler who wouldn't be slick if he could. But when you ask my pards to play an' not me—thet's different."

"Set in, Stud," rejoined Hays, civilly, as he began to shuffle the cards. "I feel lucky tonight. Last time you had it all your way."

The game began then with Happy Jack and Wall looking on. Morley made rather a pointed move and remark anent Wall's standing behind him.

"Shore I'll change seats with you," replied Hays, obligingly, but it was plain he felt irritated.

"Never mind, Hays," interposed Wall, deliberately. "The gentleman evidently fears I'll tip off his cards. So I'll stand behind you, if I may."

FROM the very first deal Hays was lucky. Morley stayed about even. Brad Lincoln lost more than he won. The giant Montana was a close, wary gambler, playing only when he had good cards. Stud was undoubtedly a player who required the stimulation and zest of opposition. But he could not wait for luck to change. He had to be in every hand. Moreover, he was not adept enough with the cards to deal himself a good hand when his turn came. He grew so sullen that Wall left off watching and returned to the fireside.

But presently he had cause to attend more keenly than ever to this card game. The drift of conversation, if it could be called that, and especially from the gambler Stud, wore toward an inevitable fight. These men were vicious characters. Wall knew that life out here was raw. There was no law except that of the six-shooter. Back in Wyoming and Montana, where it was tough enough, Wall thought, there were certain restraints bound to affect any man. There were sheriffs, courts, jails, and something wonderfully calculated to check outlaws, desperadoes and cowboys run amuck—and that was the noose. Wall had seen many a man strung up to the limb of a cottonwood.

While he bent a more penetrating gaze upon Stud, to whom his attention gravitated, Wall saw him perform a trick with the cards that was pretty

(*Continued on page 72*)

Lady-like
MAN-like
-recipes

ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI

Shoot Coupon for Cocktail Encyclopedia—in Bridge Pad

Salute to the stars! An epicurian cocktail, made with Martini & Rossi Vermouth, is to beverages what grand opera is to music, what Turner is to painting! Fifty of the leading cocktails have been mixed with Martini & Rossi.

Our Special Bridge Pad Collection gives the authentic recipes of thirty—some which men like, some ladies like. But all are liked by all. Some are full of life. Recipes of youth! All are snappy. Some are dainty, unique, exotic, colorful. Decorate the palate, glorify thirst.

You'd pay a dollar — but never mind that

You'll have use for your shaker, fancy use, entertaining use, when you receive—gratis—our Bridge Score Pad Cocktail Recipe Collection.

Food and beverage shops everywhere sell Martini & Rossi Vermouth (Regular and Dry) and the other ingredients mentioned. Then—lovely crystal—clinking ice—the gurgle—and you dally with it. It always goes too fast.
(Beware imitations)

IMPORTED
Martini & Rossi Vermouth
(non-alcoholic)

W. A. Taylor & Co.,
94X Pine St., New York, N. Y.

Please send free new enlarged 1930 Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes, containing recipes of World's Most Famous Cocktails in Bridge Score Pad (Auction and Contract) in book form.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

____

DEALER'S NAME____________________

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

MOST STYLES
$10

The Florsheim SHOE

It's what you get that counts

In the long run it's the service not the price of shoes that determines their economy. In FLORSHEIM SHOES you will enjoy style that is smarter, comfort that lasts, and a capacity for good, hard wear—that's economy. The GEM... Style M-406

"FLORSHEIM SHOE FROLIC"—on the air every Tuesday night—N. B. C. network

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · Manufacturers · Chicago

Now on the Air

Collier's NEW Radio Hour

4th Season

RADIO'S first and oldest magazine feature—yet always the newest because it is made from the current issue of Collier's.

Mystery, adventure, love and romance, spiced with music, humor and dramatic novelties—a "speaking edition" of Collier's—in your living room every Sunday evening.

Broadcast to all America over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

TUNING TABLE

Every Sunday Evening

East... 8:15 P. M.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WLW WJR

West...7:15 P.M. Central Time
6:15 P.M. Mountain Time
KYW WREN KWK KOA KSL

Pacific Coast... 5:15 P.M.
KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

ALL STAR – ALL ACTION – ALL AMERICA

(Continued from page 71)

clever, and could not have been discerned except from Wall's position.

Nevertheless, fickle fortune most certainly had picked on Stud. He bet this hand to the limit of his cash, and then, such was his confidence, he borrowed from Morley. Still he could not force Hays to call. He fell from elation to consternation, then to doubt, from doubt to dismay, and from this to a gathering impotent rage, all of which proved how poor a gambler he was. When at last he rasped out: "Wal, I call! Here's mine."

HE SLAMMED down an ace full. Hays had drawn three cards.

"Stud, I hate to show you this hand," drawled Hays.

"Yes, you do! Lay it down. I called you."

Whereupon Hays gently spread out four ten spots, and then with greedy hands raked in the stakes.

Stud stared with burning eyes. "Three-card draw! . . . You come in with a pair of tens?"

"Nope. I held up one ten an' the ace," replied Hays, nonchalantly. "I had a hunch, Stud."

"You'd steal coppers off a dead nigger's eyelids!"

"Haw! Haw!" bawled the victorious gamester. But he was the only one of the six players who seemed to see anything funny in the situation. That dawned upon him. "Stud, I was takin' thet crack of yours humorous."

"Was you?" snapped Stud.

"Shore I was," returned Hays, with congealing voice. His pale eyes took on a greenish cast.

"Wal, I didn't mean it humorous," Stud retorted.

"Ahuh. Come to look at you I see you ain't feelin' gay. Suppose you say just what you did mean."

"I meant what I said."

"Shore. I'm not so awful thick. But apply thet crack to this here card game an' my playin'."

"Hays, you palmed them three ten-spots," declared Stud hotly.

Then there was quick action and the rasp of scraping chairs, and the tumbling over of a box seat. Stud and Hays were left alone at the table.

"You're a —— of a liar!" hissed Hays, suddenly black in the face.

Here Jim Wall thought it was time to intervene. He read the glint in Stud's eyes. Hays was at a disadvantage, so far as drawing a gun was concerned. And Wall saw that Stud could and would kill him.

"Hold on there!" called Wall, in a voice that made both men freeze. He stepped clear of the chimney, against which he had been leaning.

Hays did not turn to Wall, but he spoke: "Pard, lay off. I can handle this feller."

"Take care, stranger," warned Stud, who appeared to be able to watch both Hays and Wall at once. They were, however, almost in line. "This ain't any of your mix."

"I just wanted to tell Hays I saw you slip an ace from the bottom of the deck," said Wall. He might as well have told of Hays' irregularities.

"Wot! He filled his ace full thet way?" roared Hays.

"He most certainly did."

"All right, let it go at thet," replied Stud, deadly cold. "If you can say honest thet you haven't pulled any tricks—go for your gun. Otherwise keep your shirt on."

THAT unexpected sally exemplified the peculiar conception of honor among thieves. It silenced Hays. The little gambler knew his man and shifted his deadly intent to a more doubtful issue. Such fascination of uncertainty had been the death of untold Westerners.

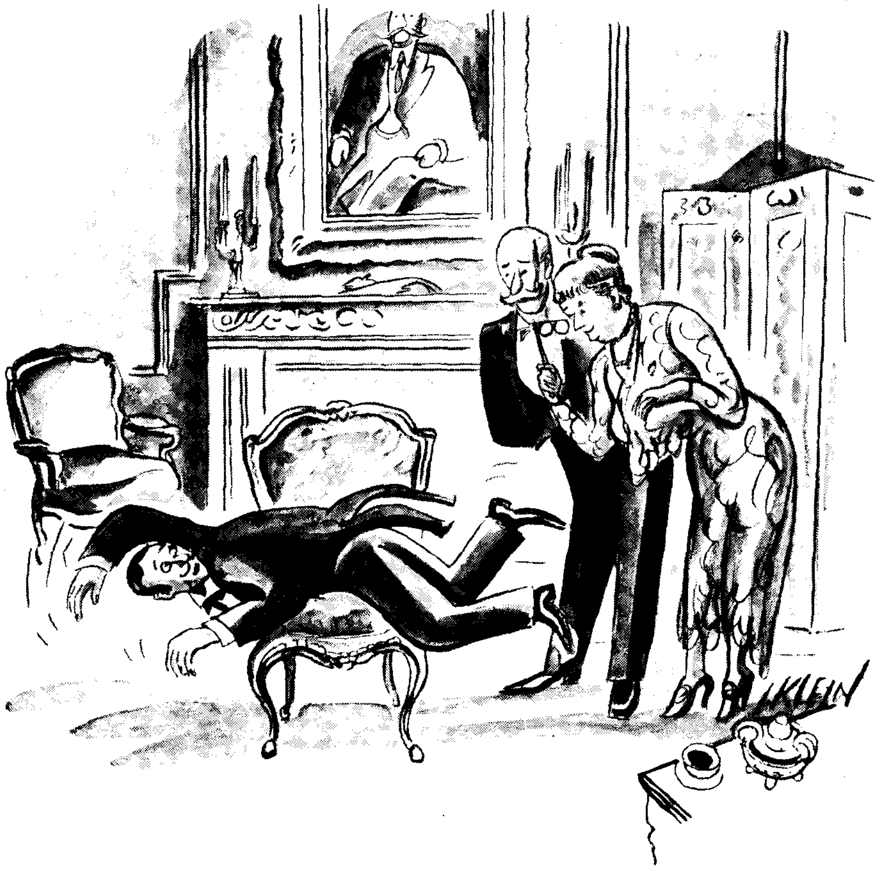
"Jim Wall, eh?" he queried, insolently.

"At your service," retorted Wall. He divined the workings of the little gambler's mind. Stud needed to have more time, for the thing that made decision hard to reach was the quality of this stranger. His motive was more deadly than his will, or his power to execute. All this Jim Wall knew. It was the difference between the two men.

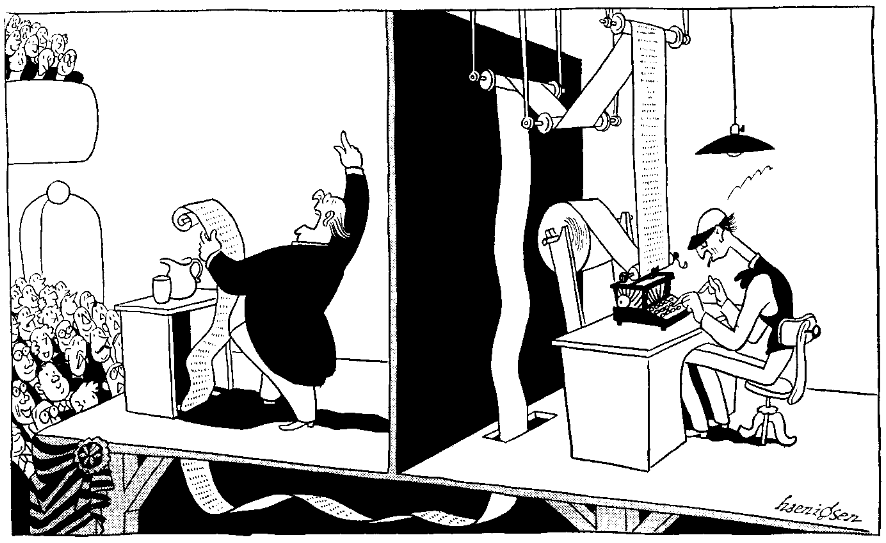
"I'm admittin' I cheated," said Stud, harshly. "But I ain't standin' to be tipped off by a stranger."

"Well, what're you going to do about it?" asked Wall, while the spectators of the drama almost held their breath.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Now this is the stroke."



Ghost Stories

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

CHARLES MICHELSON, former newspaper correspondent and now publicity man of the Democratic National Committee, ought to feel highly flattered. So far as I can recall he is the first party publicity man to become a national issue.

Mr. Michelson is charged by the Republicans with writing attacks upon the Republicans in the White House and in Congress, and with getting Democratic senators and representatives to sponsor these attacks. Having a constant eye upon the vulnerable points in Republican conduct, he would write a piece, submit it to Pat Harrison, T. H. Caraway, Tom Walsh or some other Democrat, and it would reach the press as a statement by Pat Harrison, T. H. Caraway, Tom Walsh or somebody else.

Because of this nefarious work of Charles Michelson's pen, the country is asked by Will Woods, chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee, to elect a Republican Congress in November. And by the way, I wonder if Will Woods wrote his statement exposing the diabolic work of Mr. Michelson or if some high-salaried Republican press agent wrote it for him!

Representative Tilson's bill of particulars against Mr. Michelson proves only that the Democrats do not like the Hoover Administration. But what would Mr. Tilson have the Democrats do? Point with pride to Mr. Hoover, claim him as their own, steal him away from the Republicans, make the Republicans the opposition? It was hard to tell whether they were or were not doing that during the session of Congress.

Phantom Pens

Charlie Michelson is the ghost writer of the Democrats. Is Mr. Will Woods attacking the great ghost-writing industry in Washington? I hope not, for what a dull place Washington would be and how uninteresting our statesmen would be without their ghosts! For after all I suppose it would be no exaggeration to say that nine tenths of the speeches, statements, even bills introduced in the Senate and the House, are the work of ghosts.

For example, here is Five-and-Ten Jones, senator from Washington, caught in a political jam because the Republicans of his state have gone wet, crying out that the famous five-and-ten prohibition law is not his at all! It is a changeling. He merely fathered it to please some of his dry friends. A ghost handed it to him. It is a ghost law.

Even our Presidents have their ghosts. Jud Welliver wrote practically all of President Harding's speeches for him and practically all of President Coolidge's speeches during the earlier part of his administration.

A singular thing about these ghosts is their sense of fitness. The five-and-ten law was just the law that Senator Jones might, could, would and should have written, yet it was the legislation of a ghost.

The Greatest Ghost

Mr. Hoover has a literary secretary, Mr. French Strother, a former magazine editor. I dare say he does something to earn his keep. That facile man with a pen, ex-college president Dr. Simeon Fess, made a speech recently replying to Mr. Jouett Shouse's Democratic speech. He stumbled through it over the radio in such a way as to suggest that he had never seen it before he began to read it into the mike. Some ghost must have rewritten it for him at the last moment.

A reporter wrote the questions at the oil inquiry that got Harry Sinclair into jail for contempt. Even when you hear a senator say yea or nay on a roll call you cannot be sure that it is he that is speaking. Some ghost, some interest, someone with an organized bloc of votes in the senator's state really says yea or nay.

It is, of course, monstrously unfair that the Democrats should have found such a fine ghost. Theoretically the business of an opposition is to oppose. So you might expect that thirty-nine Democratic senators and nearly two hundred Democratic representatives would unaided think of a lot of unpleasant things to say about the party in power.

But it is not so. Senators and representatives are each of them thinking about getting themselves reëlected, doing favors for their constituents. None of them thinks about the party as a whole. So a party ghost is a godsend to them.

And it is easier to be the ghost of the opposition than of the party in power. The opposition ghost can hit anything that the party in power does. But so catholic is the party in power in its ends and aims that it cannot hit anything without hitting itself, and it cannot praise itself without damning itself.

So the Republican ghost, if there is one, has had a dull time of it. If he wrote, he must have written mostly for the wastebasket. I cannot think of any possible important piece of Republican ghost writing except that which makes Charlie Michelson the major issue of the campaign.

The Business Leaders of Today Are the I. C. S. Students of Yesterday

THE HIGHEST BRIDGE in the world, spanning the famous Royal Gorge, near Canon City, is an engineering masterpiece in the midst of the Colorado Rockies. It stretches across the "Grand Canyon of the Arkansas," 1053 feet high and 1260 feet long.

Four of the most prominent men engaged in the designing, construction and operation of this bridge are former or present students of the International Correspondence Schools. The training they secured by spare-time study helped them master the problems involved in this engineering feat.

George E. Cole, a graduate of Tufts College, the designing and contracting engineer, enrolled for the complete I. C. S. civil engineering course 25 years ago. *F. L. Rice,* superintendent of construction, studied the I. C. S. course in bridge engineering back in 1908. *Otis Witcher,* who surveyed the incline railway, steepest of its kind in the world, which terminates at the bridge, is now applying himself to the I. C. S. surveying and mapping course. *W. W. Blair,* manager of the Royal Gorge Bridge and Amusement Co., enrolled with I. C. S. several years ago.

Thousands of successful men have found in I. C. S. courses the training they need to make greater opportunities for themselves, earn more money and gain recognition in a world that looks to *trained men* for leadership. You, too, through spare-time study, can create a new and greater destiny! The I. C. S. students of today are the business leaders of tomorrow.

Mark and mail the coupon today!

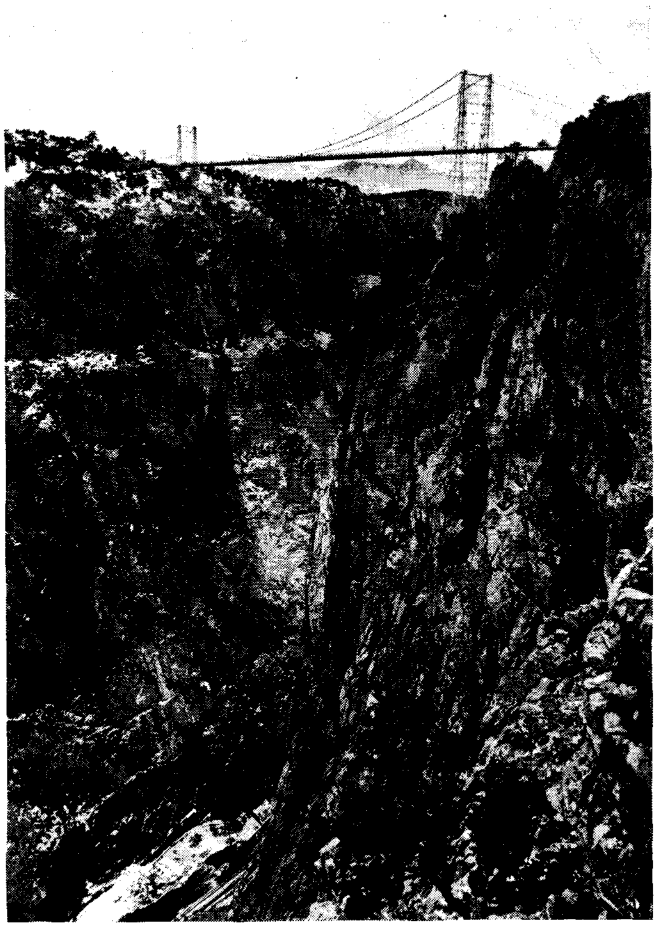
W. W. Blair

George E. Cole

F. L. Rice

Otis Witcher

●



World's highest bridge which spans Royal Gorge, the Grand Canyon of Arkansas River.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 4076-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Secretarial Work
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ English
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Grade School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineer
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Mining
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing and Heating
- ☐ Steam Engineering
- ☐ Radio ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architects' Blueprints
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Aviation Engines
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

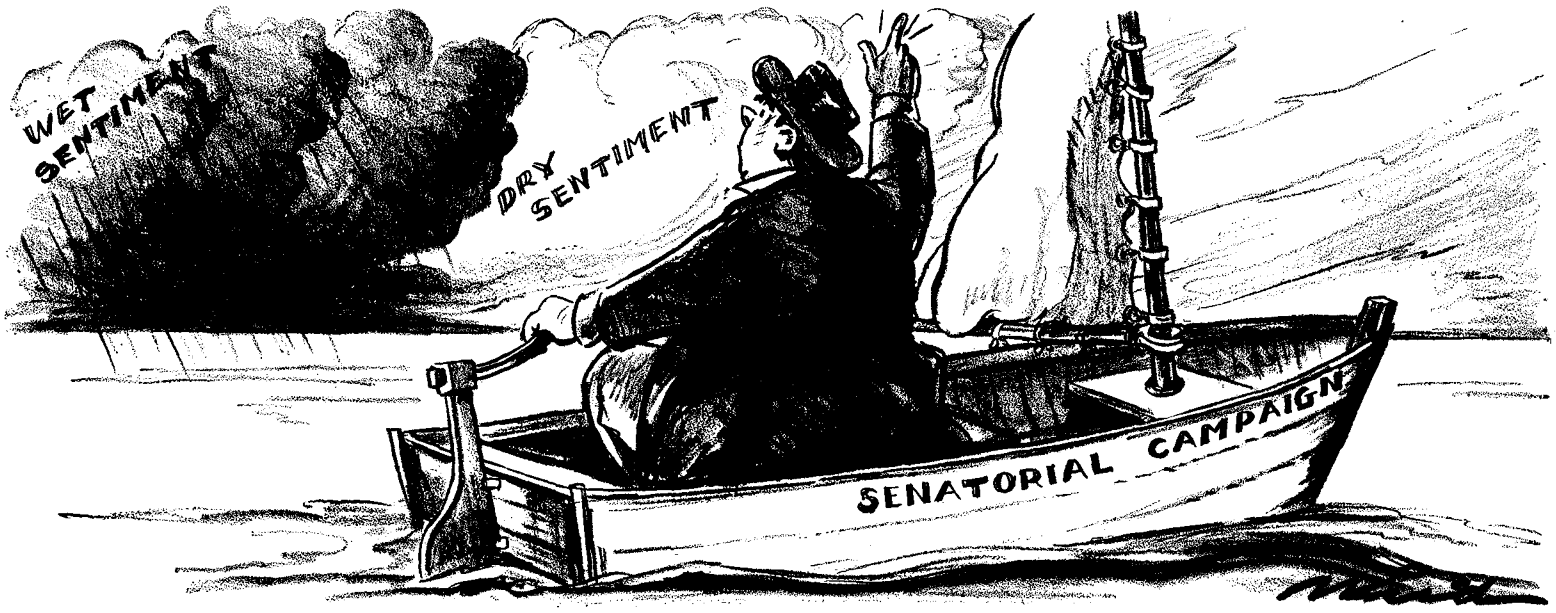
Name..Age..............Street Address..

City..State..

Occupation..

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor



Should Leaders Follow?

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK was elected representative at large from Illinois as a dry two years ago.

After her recent nomination for senator she was quoted as saying: "I'll run as a dry and I don't switch on things."

That remark was hasty. Although she is unquestionably a sincere dry, she also sincerely wants to be elected senator. Consequently, when her fellow Republicans sponsored a prohibition referendum, she declared: ". . . If a majority are recorded as favorable to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, I stand ready, when elected senator, to obey their mandate and I shall vote to submit the question of its repeal to the several states."

Mrs. McCormick isn't alone in her uncertainty. Senator Wesley L. Jones of Washington, father of the drastic five-and-ten-year law, was one of the very first to proclaim his willingness to trim his sails to catch whatever new winds were blowing.

Other men, including that stern old investigator, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, an honest dry, have announced their willingness to subordinate their own beliefs to the opinions of their constituents.

Prohibition is becoming the shibboleth by which candidates are being judged regardless of their general merits.

The emerging issue goes far. The defeat of such an outstanding public servant as Thomas J. Walsh merely because he is a dry would be unfortunate. It would be disastrous to demand that members of Congress hold their principles lightly and repudiate whatever seemed for the moment to be unpopular.

Statesmanship is made of sterner stuff. The men who signed the Declaration of Independence concluded their document with these words:

"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our Sacred Honor." The men who founded this republic evidently were willing to risk for their faith even more than the opportunity to hold office. The responsibility, however, rests with us as voters quite as much as with the candidates who seek our favor.

Learning on the Wing

AIRPLANES shrink maps. Cameras facilitate learning because they unfold a maximum of knowledge with a minimum of study. Allied, these mediums have lifted dullness from at least one school hour—the geography class. Lindbergh and the picture of his flights did more to familiarize our children with Central America than Balboa did for us. Captain Stevens, going up several miles over western Oregon and pointing his camera by compass, then having Mount Rainier, 227 miles away, on his developed plate, does more to impress the curvature of the earth on modern young minds than our old-fashioned pedagogue did with his tedious "When a ship is approaching which shows first, the masts or the hull, and why?"

This is a good thing. For we older Americans, possessors of a country that runs more spectacularly than any other the whole gamut of physical geography, have been far too ignorant of its beauties.

An American woman, a resident of Juneau, was visiting friends in Santa Barbara. She wrote a letter to her family and presented it to a postman. He said you couldn't play such a joke on him; he knew Alaska was in the arctic, inhabited by Eskimos and polar bears, and nothing and nobody else went there in winter.

Juneau, of course, is not as far north as the north coast of Scotland. Look it up. You may see some other interesting things.

If we expect to be intelligently represented at Washington we have got to learn to respect the integrity of the man we elect and to recognize his right to independent judgment. His constituents may think rightly that he should be supported regardless of his views upon a particular subject, or they may think otherwise. But elected or defeated, the candidate who wins our utmost respect stands up boldly for the faith that is in him.

The question goes to the very fundamentals of our government. The Constitution provided for a selection of senators who would be aloof from the changing currents of popular sentiment. A senator was to be an elder statesman, a leader, not a follower.

In a different world the idea might have succeeded. It did not work. The Constitution was amended and direct popular elections were provided.

Now that the voters do the electing, a senator is as much a representative as a member of the lower house. He must represent or he will be defeated by someone better able or more willing to echo the sentiments popular in his community.

This necessity does not make for courage and independence of thought. The tendency is to avoid saying or doing anything which might rouse opposition back home.

A Senate or a House made up of men and women intent only on finding out which way the political wind is blowing is not likely to produce satisfactory laws. A legislator cannot be merely a rubber stamp or a loud speaker if he is to serve.

the radio of the future is here today!

NOW you can buy a Radio with the assurance of permanence!

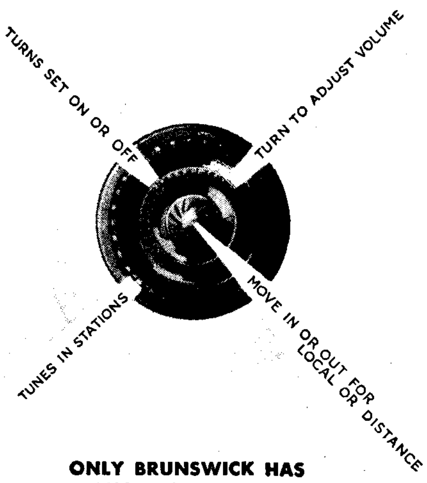
The strides you expected Radio to take in the next few seasons have been made years ahead of time in the 1931 BRUNSWICK.

Amazing improvements which will be standard equipment for all radios in those distant days when cities tower into 'plane-clouded skies . . . Construction perfection that produces tone, power and selectivity which experts predict will not be bettered for years to come. . . . *All this you will find already incorporated in Brunswick's new Futura Models!*

No wonder that from the massed ranks of Radio the new Brunswick has suddenly leaped to leadership! It gives you everything that others offer, *plus* the certainty of years of prideful ownership—at no extra cost!

Inspect *your* new radio today . . . There are Brunswick dealers everywhere.

BRUNSWICK RADIO CORPORATION—MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO, PANATROPE AND RECORDS—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, TORONTO—SUBSIDIARY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.



ONLY BRUNSWICK HAS THE UNI-SELECTOR

The amazing Uni-Selector, a single control to operate the set, performs 7 functions and takes the place of the usual unhandy series of knobs. Only the Brunswick is completely equipped with this and such other revolutionary improvements as the Rigid Tuning-Scale, All-Armored Chassis, and Tone Control.

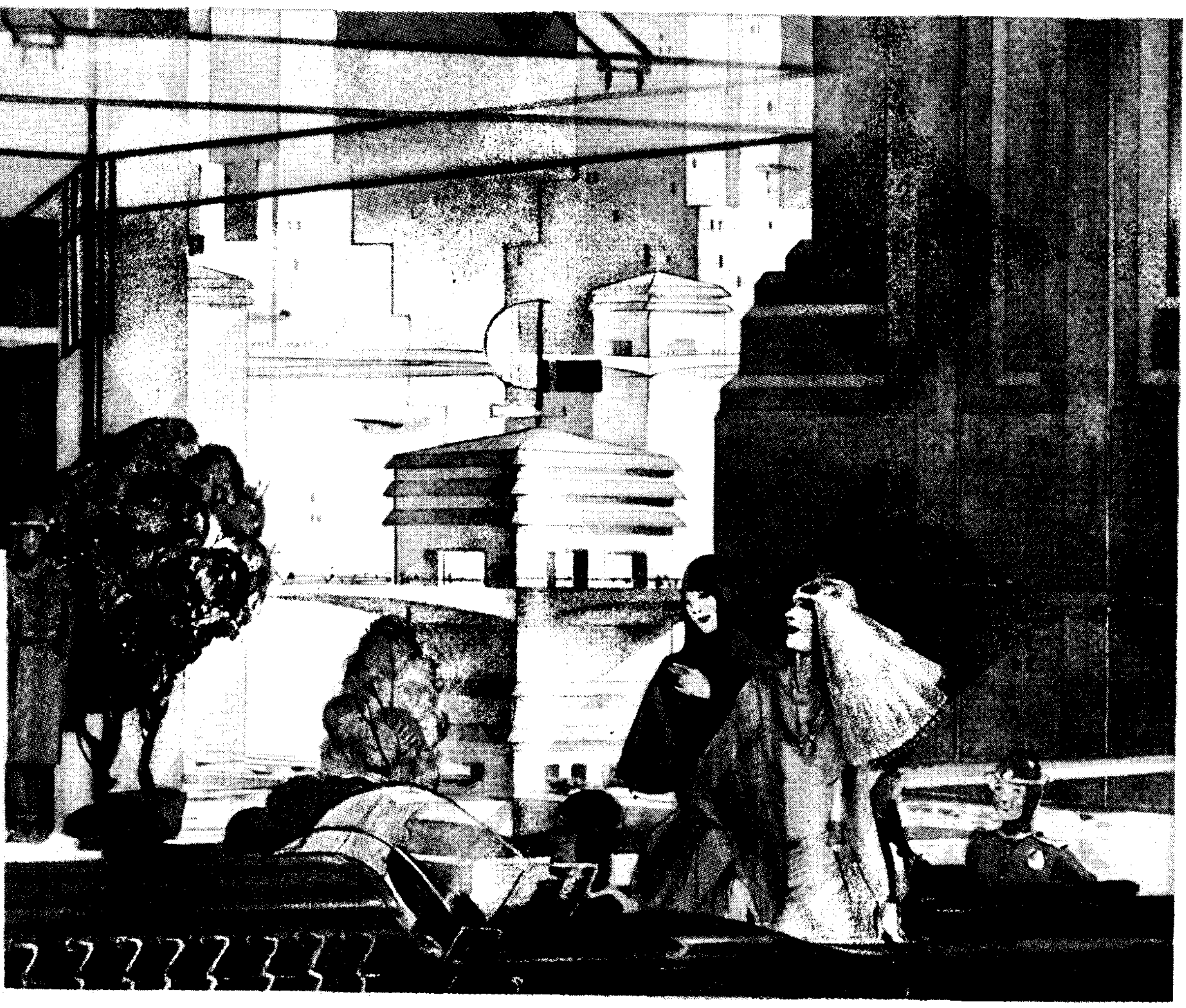
●

GLORIOUS NEW CABINETS

The new Highboy, Model 22 (pictured below), is of richly grained and carved walnut, with French doors and distinctively curved corner panels—**$170** . . . The Lowboy, Model 15, is priced at **$139.50.**

The Automatic Panatrope-with-Radio, Model 42—$480; and the *Radio-with-Panatrope*, Model 31—$185.

Tube equipment of all models includes 4 Screen Grid Tubes. All prices less tubes.

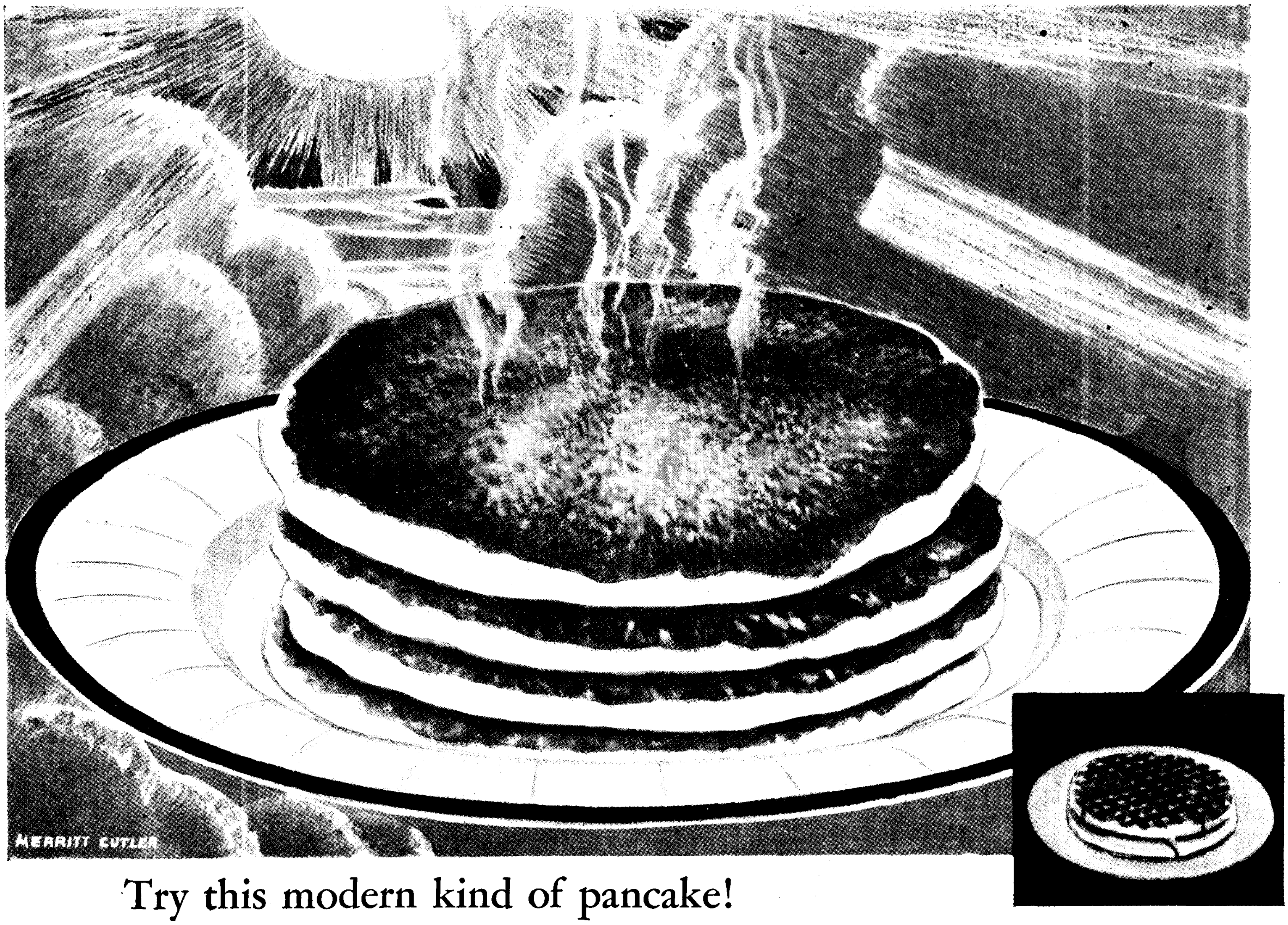


THE NEW 1931

Brunswick

RADIO FUTURA SERIES

It's almost fun to get up… when breakfast is worth getting up for!



Try this modern kind of pancake!

Nobody except a starving man has ever grown excited about mere "food." And a little excitement in the morning is a valuable thing. Our spirits need a little jogging up. One of these good, wholesome, thoroughly dull breakfasts won't serve the purpose. It requires a good, wholesome, *interesting* breakfast. Tomorrow morning have these "modern" Pillsbury's pancakes. Here's a breakfast that brings a sparkle to a man's eye. And don't think a sparkle in the morning isn't important—it's really just as important as proper nourishment.

Try Pillsbury's pancakes. They're easy to prepare — simply add water or milk, stir and bake. See how much better these "modern" pancakes taste—so much better than the old-fashioned kind — so light and tender, warm and delicious. Notice what a difference this breakfast makes in your ideas of life—see how much brighter the morning seems when breakfast is good cheer as well as good food!

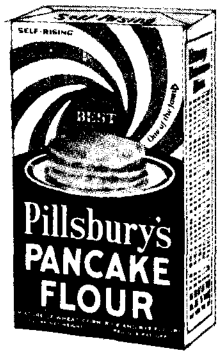
"Modern" may seem a queer word for a pancake

— but it's exactly the right word for Pillsbury's pancakes. The fine, soft delicate flours used in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour are different from the flour used in old fashioned pancakes. They produce a pancake that is unusually light and tender, extremely easy to digest, yet completely nourishing. The sort of breakfast ideally suited to modern life — rich in energy, quickly digestible, easy to prepare. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Pancake Flour — in the blue and red whirligig package.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flour

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour



Made according to a modern improved recipe